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JANUARY 1902
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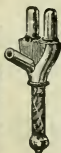


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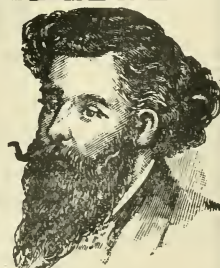
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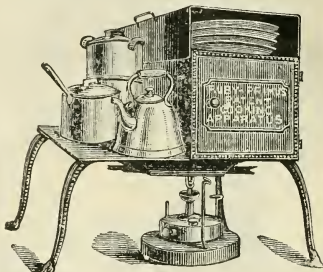
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"Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTBURY."

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"THOMASON, CHATER & CO., Wholesale Chemists."

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"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and here some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. M'DONALD, Trinky, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

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"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

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"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

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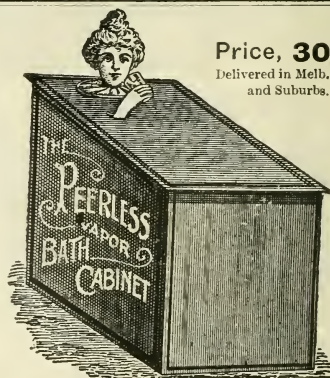
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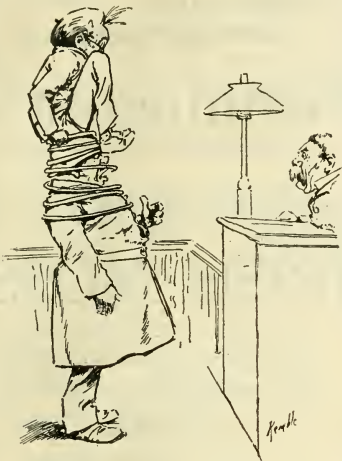
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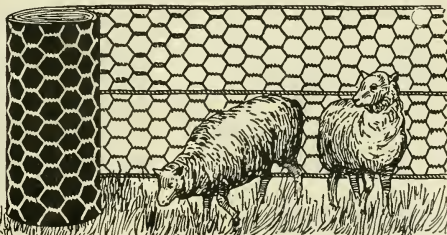
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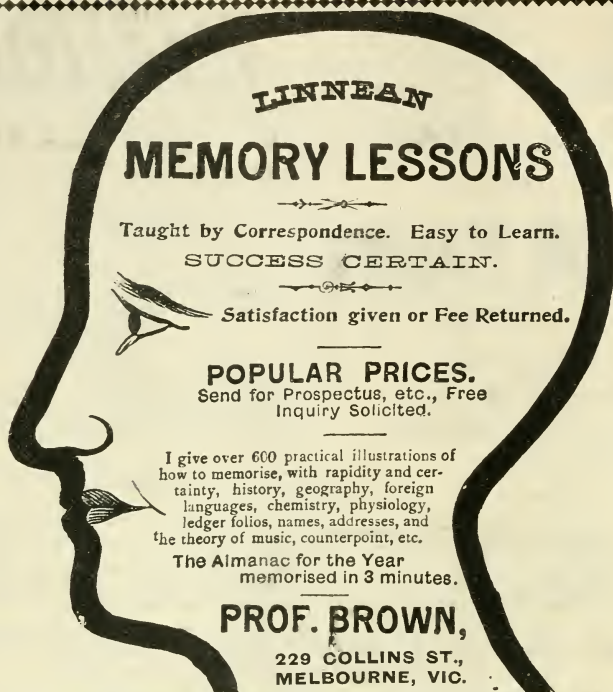
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"I have great pleasure in certifying, after fourteen years' experience of Professor Brown's System of Memory Training, that I have found it to be of great value to me. In my position of Inspector of Accounts on N.S.W. railways, I have occasion to carry a great many things in my memory. I have found that the improvement of memory gained by learning the System is permanent, and that it enables me to constantly store facts and figures in my mind, ready for use at any time. I highly commend this System. By it I easily memorised the mileage distance of every railway station in N.S.W., and can instantly give the distance of any station from Sydney."

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PROFESSIONAL LAME MAN—"Why do you fellows
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ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—The Visiting Staff consists of eighteen experts of the highest standing, including the very best Teachers in Music, Singing, and all forms of Art.

BOARDERS are assured of wise training in social habits, perfect comfort, refined companions, and a happy College life.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.—Each Boarder attends the Church to which her parents belong, and is under the Pastoral Charge of its Minister. Regular Scripture teaching by the President.

The following are unsought testimonials to the work of the College, taken from letters of parents received during 1901. They are samples, it may be added, of scores of similar letters received:

A parent whose girls have been, for some years, day-girls at the College, writes:

"Now that their school years are coming to an end, it is a great pleasure to me to be able to say what I hope will be the life-long benefit they have derived from being alumnae of the M.L.C. Their progress amply repays my wife and myself for any sacrifice we have made to secure them this great advantage."

A country banker, whose two daughters were residential students, writes:

"I am satisfied that my daughters have the good fortune to be where they have every advantage that talent, tone, and exceptional kindness can give to school-girls."

From a country minister:

"The College was a very happy home to our girl for the two years she was there. She is never weary

BOARDERS FROM A DISTANCE.—Girls are attracted by the reputation of the College, and by the pre-eminent advantages in Health, Happiness, and Education it offers, from all the Seven States.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.—Young Ladies are received who wish to pursue Special Lines of Study without taking up the full course of ordinary school work.

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES.—At the last Matriculation Examinations, fourteen students of the M.L.C. passed, out of seventeen officially "sent up," and two of the unsuccessful missed by only one point each! This is the highest proportion of passes secured by any college. There were no failures in Greek, Algebra, French, German, Botany, Geography, and Music, and only one in English and Physiology. Thirteen "Honours" were obtained in English, French, and German.

telling us of the great kindness and care she always received."

A South Australian lady writes:

"I wanted my girl to be brought up amongst lady-like companions, and to be happy; and I must congratulate you on accomplishing what is not only my desire, but what I am sure, is the desire of hundreds of other mothers as well."

From a parent whose daughters have been day-students:

"I look upon the M.L.C. as a real temple of purity, kindness, and happy girl-life."

The "Young Man" (England):

"British readers will probably have but little idea of the national importance of this institution. It has earned the reputation of being one of the best High Schools for girls, not in Australia only, but in all the world."

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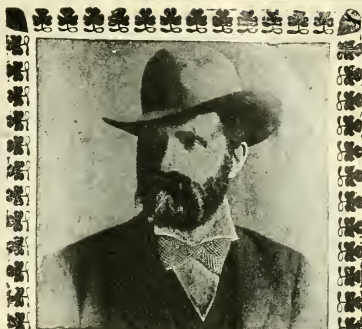
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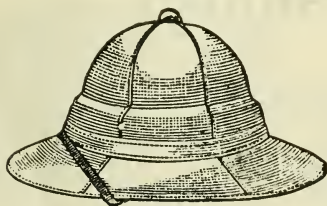
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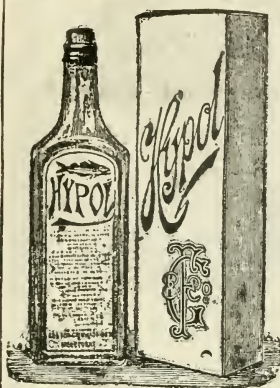
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Prescribed for the Patients in the Melbourne General, Women's and Children's Hospitals, Melbourne, and Consumptive Sanatorium at Echuca and Macedon.

HYPOL is a valuable remedy for Coughs and Colds, and is highly recommended in Pulmonary Affections, Debility, Loss of Weight, Weakness from Influenza, and Wasting Diseases generally.

TESTIMONIAL.

JULY 28, 1901.

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(Signed) DUNCAN TURNER,

Consulting Physician to the Consumptive Sanatorium.

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BUT I HAVE NOTHING IN THE WAY OF A TIP FOR YOURSELF."

"LET ME ADD UP THE BILL AGAIN, SIR."

—Moonshine.

FOR THE HAIR ROWLAND'S MACASSAR Oil

It is the most reliable and the best preparation for the hair, you can obtain. 110 years success proves this. It

PRESERVES THE HAIR

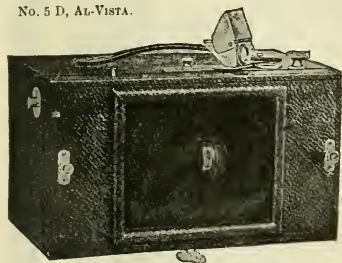
restores it when thin or withered, cures baldness, eradicates scurf, is specially adapted for Ladies' and Childrens' Hair, and is also sold in a

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The AL=VISTA Panoramic Camera



Has a patent swinging lens which takes in a scope of 180 degrees or half an arc. With this camera you can take a picture 5 inches deep by 12 inches long. Broad landscapes, field sports, yacht races, are taken as easily as an ordinary camera takes a single object. Time or snap shot exposures; can be loaded or unloaded in broad daylight. Patent attachment allows you to regulate length of negatives.

The **AL-VISTA** is the most wonderful camera in the world; it obtains effects that are marvellous, yet in construction and action it is simplicity itself, every lens of the highest quality—fully tested

before leaving factory. When you buy a camera buy a good one. With an **AL-VISTA** you have "many cameras in one and but one in itself." For catalogue with reproductions of views taken with **AL-VISTA** cameras, apply to

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Reduced from original.

MR. PARKS, of California Gully, Bendigo, Victoria, Swears that VITADATIO has Cured him of

Cancer in the Tongue.

To MR. PALMER—

31/5/01.

I, Frederick Parks, of California Gully near Bendigo, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that this is my Testimonial to you on behalf of my cure. I have been a sufferer with Cancer in the mouth for the past six years. I went to the hospital, and the first thing they did was to take the tongue right out. In two months' time, after the operation, the Cancer grew again; it got larger than before. The doctors said that nothing could be done, so I went home and was put to bed. I asked my wife to get me a bottle of VITADATIO. I took half a bottle that night, and in three days I was able to take oatmeal and sago, and have had no other medicine but VITADATIO within my mouth. I can solemnly declare that the world does not know the power of VITADATIO. I am the only one living out of forty-five cases of Cancer treated last year, and can solemnly swear that only for VITADATIO I would not be here now, so I think you can guarantee a cure for Cancer, as mine was a very bad case; there being no hope, the doctors said, and now I can take any kind of food the same as before the operation. And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of an Act of Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

F. PARKS

Declared before me, at Bendigo, in the State aforesaid, this 14th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

J. M. DAVIES, J.P.

Since the above Testimonial was published, the doctors at a meeting of the hospital committee stated Mr. Parks was never a patient there. The following letter from Mr. Parks appeared in the Bendigo "Advertiser" of July 24, 1901:—

A CANCER CASE.

(To the Editor of the "Advertiser.")

Sir,—I noticed in your columns recently in the report of the hospital committee meeting a reference to Mr. Parks' Testimonial re Cancer (that is myself), and objecting to the Testimonial I sent Mr. Palmer, with reference to my being an inmate of the Bendigo Hospital. Well, Sir, I will explain. When this Cancer first took me I was a resident of Woodend. It took six years growing, before I had it operated upon. At the end of that time I went into the Kyneton Hospital, and they removed my tongue, and as soon as my tongue was removed the Cancer grew more rapidly than before. I was an inmate of the Kyneton Hospital for six weeks. Then they told me they could do no more for me. From Kyneton I came to Bendigo, and went to the Bendigo Hospital, and showed it to the head doctor, the assistant doctor, and the head warder, and they said, "Parks, there is no hope for you. In three or four days you will be no more," and also said, "You had better go home, and go to bed." By this time my throat was almost closed, and I could only get a small portion of liquid nourishment down. I went home, and told my wife to go and get a bottle of Vitadatio, which she did, and I took half the bottle that night, and finished the remainder during the next few days. I felt so much better after taking it that I continued it, and as I went on taking the Vitadatio my throat gradually opened, and in a little over a week I commenced to take a little sago and beef tea, and improved every week during the whole time I was taking Vitadatio until I took 50 bottles which completely cured me. After I was cured I went to the Bendigo Hospital, and showed my cure to the head doctor, the head warder, and the porter, and they were quite astonished to see me, thinking, of course, I was in the cemetery. They asked me what cured me, and I told them Vitadatio. I showed it to the doctor, and he said I was completely cured. Sir, the committee say I was not a patient. No, I was not. They would not admit me, saying there was no cure for me, but told me to go home and go to bed; it was only a matter of a few days. But to-day I am still alive and well, and am as free from Cancer and as healthy as any man, and I solemnly declare I was cured by Vitadatio and nothing else; and, sir, what makes it more wonderful, the doctor told me they had had 44 cases of Cancer in the hospital, and all have died. The more I think of my wonderful cure, the more I think what a wonderful medicine Vitadatio is, and I can recommend it to anyone with a case like my own.—Yours, etc.,

California Gully, Bendigo.

F. PARKS.

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Correspondence Invited. Write for Testimonials.



Over 100 Years have proved their Value.

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for all impurities of the blood. Invaluable for Skin Diseases. Prices, 1s. 10d. and 2s. 6d. each of Medicine Vendors, or post free for Stamps from Sole Makers, BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd., BRIDPORT.

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GUARANTEED BEST AT ANY PRICE.

Invaluable for Rheumatism, Colds, Fevers, Skin Diseases, etc. Should be in every home. Prolongs life, saves medicine and doctors' bills. Valuable Book of Directions and Formulas—a real guide to health—Price complete, 2/-; Head and Face Steaming Attachment 3/6 extra. Carriage paid to any railway station in Victoria. Write for Pamphlets.

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Under the title of the Masterpiece Art Series, the proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" have published, to date, SEVEN PORTFOLIOS, containing 88 beautiful process reproductions of famous copyright Pictures, and in addition to the Portfolios NINE MAGNIFICENT COLLOTYPE PLATES, also representing the Masterpieces of the Masters. The Pictures contained in the Portfolios are of an average size of 13 x 10 inches each, and the Colotypes are of an average measurement of 20 x 25 inches each.

PORTFOLIO NO. 1: MODERN PICTURES.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 9½ each, with Presentation Plate.

No. 1 consists of a portfolio of twelve pictures, reproduced by a special process, with a good margin of white paper, which are quite sufficient for the four walls of any single room in an ordinary house. It is a picture gallery in miniature, containing many specimens of some of the best work of our best-known modern painters. The presentation plate is one of the most famous pictures of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, entitled "The Golden Stairs."

Portfolio No. 1 contains pictures by such men as Sir E. J. Poynter, Leighton, Millais, Leader, Gilbert, Constable, Tissot, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

MURILLO FOR THE MILLION. PORTFOLIO NO. 2.

6 Plates measuring 13 x 16 each, with Presentation Plate.

By the kind permission of Mr. Alfred Beit, we have been permitted to reproduce the famous set of pictures by Murillo, illustrative of the parable of the Prodigal Son, as Portfolio No. 2. There is no doubt as to the Murillo pictures of the Prodigal Son being masterpieces. They tell the whole story of that marvellous parable with great feeling and dramatic force. The presentation plate is that of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," that perfect embodiment of womanly beauty, of maternal love, and of childlike grace and glory.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF ANIMALS. PORTFOLIO NO. 3.

18 Plates measuring 12½ x 7½ each.

The third Portfolio differs in character from either of those which have preceded it. Instead of using six or twelve pictures, with the presenta-

tion plate, we have published eighteen pictures. We thought it well to try the experiment as to whether the six extra pictures would not be preferred to one presentation plate.

The pictures in No. 3 Portfolio consist exclusively of animal subjects. The Portfolio contains several of the best-known specimens of Landseer, and three of Mme. Ronner's imitable cats and kittens.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. PORTFOLIO NO. 4.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 9½ each, with Presentation Plate in Colotype.

Our fourth Portfolio is devoted to types of female beauty. The presentation plate is Mr. Edward Whitley's celebrated portrait of the Princess of Wales (now Queen of England), and there are twelve pictures, reproducing some of the most famous paintings of beautiful women by English and foreign artists.

PORTFOLIO NO. 5

Contains 9 Pictures measuring 10 x 12 each with two Presentation Plates by Rossetti.

Portfolio No. 5 is perhaps the most popular of those yet issued, on account of the two fine colotypes of pictures by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, entitled "Joli Coeur" and "Bliss Bower."

In addition to these two presentation plates, the Portfolio contains nine other pictures, each measuring 10 x 12, by such artists as Raffaele, Linell, Vicat Cole, Constable, Pilo Lesai, Ward, etc.

PORTFOLIO NO. 6: THE ROYAL PORTRAIT PORTFOLIO.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 10 each, and one Presentation Plate in Colotype.

This Portfolio is devoted entirely to pictures of Royalty. It contains various portraits of Her late Majesty, at different periods of her life, as well as of living royalties.

PORTFOLIO NO. 7: TWO FINE COLLOTTYPES.

Instead of a number of pictures, with a presentation colotype, Portfolio No. 7 is made up of two fine colotype plates only—"THE CHORUS CHOIR," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, R.A., measuring 16 x 13½ inches, and "VENICE," a picture of worldwide fame, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., measuring 13½ x 9 inches.

COLLOTTYPES.

It is impossible here to describe in detail the large and very beautiful colotypes that have been published, in addition to the Portfolios already described—beyond repeating the opinion of the Director of the National Gallery, Melbourne, that they surpass photographs in steel engraving.

The following is a list of the colotypes issued to date, any one of which will be sent to any address for 2s. 6d.

- 1.—"BLOSSOMS," by Albert Moore, R.A., measuring 28½ x 11½ inches.
- 2.—"THE TURNING TEMERAIRE," by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., measuring 20 x 25 inches.
- 3.—"JUNE IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL," by J. C. McWhirter, R.A., measuring 20 x 25 inches.
- 4.—"A SUMMER SHOWER," by C. A. Perugini, measuring 20 x 25 inches.
- 5.—"THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN," by Sir Edwin Landseer, measuring 20 x 25 inches.
- 6.—"BEATA BEATRIX," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, measuring 25 x 20 inches.
- 7.—"THE CORNFELD," by Constable, measuring 25 x 20 inches.
- 8.—"THE VALLEY FARM," by Constable, measuring 25 x 20 inches.
- 9.—"CUPID'S SPELL," by J. Wood, R.A., measuring 15 x 22 inches. "PROSERPINE," by Rossetti, measuring 15 x 22 inches.

Any five Portfolios and any five Colotypes will be sent to any address, post free, on receipt of 20s. Single Portfolios may be obtained for 2s. In Cash or Money Order, or 2s. 3d. In Stamps or Postal Notes. Colotypes for 2s. 6d. In Cash, or 2s. 9d. In Stamps or Postal Notes.

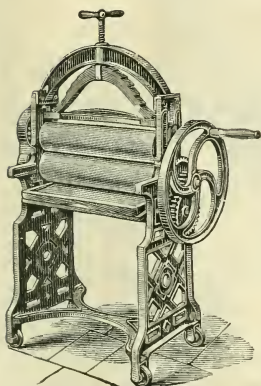
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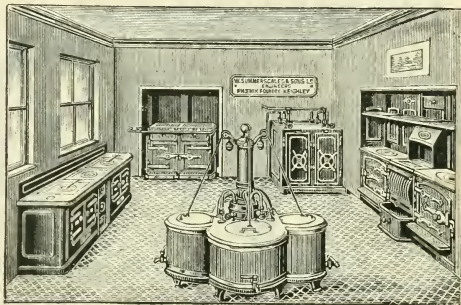
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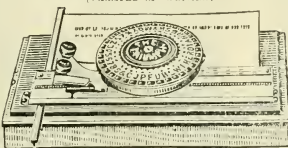
will write Good Business Letters quickly, on full size letter paper, exactly in this style.

[EXAMPLE OF WRITING]

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Writing Machine
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Writes 74 Characters

Including Capitals and Small Letters, Figures, Punctuation Marks, &c.

**Does work equal
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Costing £25.**

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**HEALTH, BEAUTY
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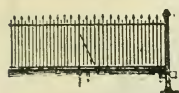
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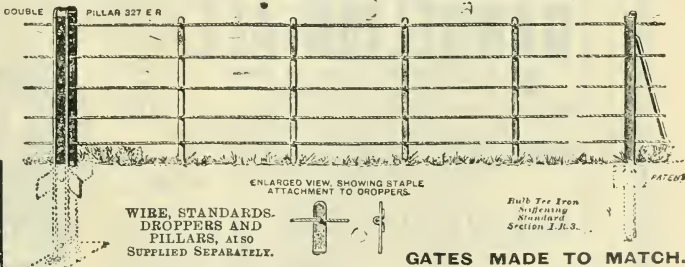
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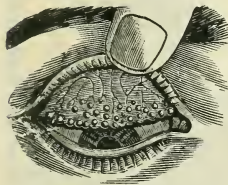
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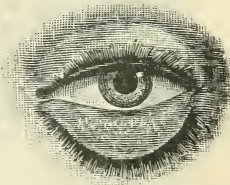
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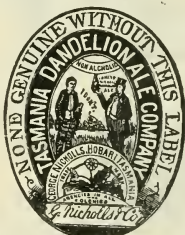
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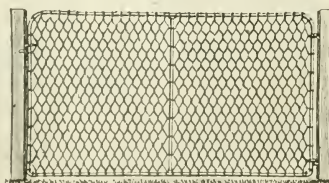


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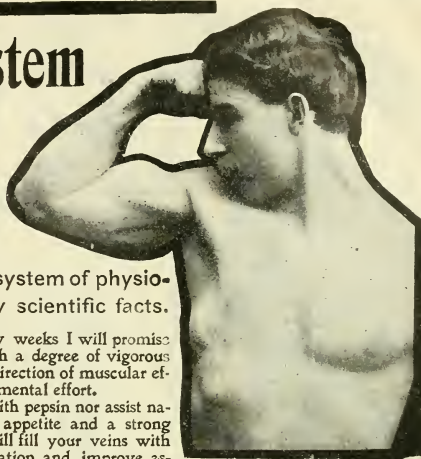
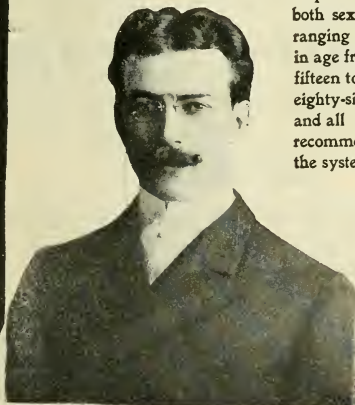
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the standard of physical and mental energy. I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure.

You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable. I can promise you all of this because it

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	At beginning.	In 60 days.
Chest normal	33	38½
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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

Slanders.

The campaign of slander against Great Britain which has suddenly taken such a scale on the Continent has provoked a resentment almost too deep for words both in New Zealand and Australia. We know these slanders to be mere lies, and they are lies marked by a certain Dutch heaviness of invention. Can even a German Professor really believe that British soldiers, after ravishing Boer women, use them as human sandbags against the fire of Boer rifles! The Continent, for the moment, seems one vast factory of lies! Many of these slanders are of quite helpless imbecility. Some of them must have found their cradle in the brain of a filthy lunatic. We give examples elsewhere of some of the scandalous caricatures which the German press has been emptying on a disgusted world. The cablegrams report one which must be held as probably the most astonishing example of lunacy in caricature yet produced. It represents the Queen, surrounded by her daughters, presenting a medal to a British soldier who had repeatedly outraged Boer girls! What reply is possible to such lunacy? Now loyal sentiment throughout Australia and New Zealand is quick and generous in temper. The Australasian contingents are part of the British army in South Africa, and so these slanders touch them. But they are resented throughout Australasia not on that selfish ground, but because they assail the common honour of the whole Empire.

The New Contingents.

The response to the call for new contingents has been both instant and ample. New Zealand wants 1,000 men, and more than 4,000 have volunteered. The Commonwealth wanted

1,000 men, and the rush of volunteers has been overwhelming. If 5,000 had been wanted, they would have been forthcoming. And the quality of the new contingent is at least as high as those previously sent. In some respects it is higher. The men are in the prime of life, of splendid physique and health, and at least half of them are veterans who have gone through the fire of the South African war already, and have shown themselves to equal, in every soldierly quality, the best troops of the Empire. The German press sneered at the New Zealand and Australian contingents as "toy soldiers." When they understood what real warfare meant, then, according to the German press, "the Imperial idea" would vanish, and with it the Australian contingents! The present rush of volunteers is a sufficient answer to that slander. New Zealand has already sent eight contingents to South Africa; the Commonwealth has sent in all nearly 12,000 men; and yet in answer to a new appeal some 10,000 volunteers in New Zealand and Australia offer themselves!

How It Happened.

It seems odd that while New Zealand sends 1,000 men, Australia, with five times its population, should only send a contingent of the same size; and the explanation is curious. Mr. Barton, it will be remembered, declared he would wait till England asked help before he gave any; and he pledged himself to the Labour party, on the day the Federal House adjourned, that he would send no contingent without consulting Parliament. That Mr. Barton misread public sentiment cannot be doubted. His natural slowness, and his desire to please the Labour party betrayed him. Public opinion rose steadily in fervour. In



"Westminster Gazette."]

THE GERMAN CONCERT.

The German: "Ach zo! You bite my leg—I blay to you!"

Victoria, the State Legislature exploded in an angry and unanimous resolution; and had the other State Parliaments been in session, there would have been a general fusillade of such resolutions. At this point, a member of the Victorian Cabinet, Mr. McCulloch, told Mr. Henniker Heaton, in a private conversation, that he could raise in a day 1,000 men, all good riders, in Victoria alone. Mr. Heaton cabled this to Mr. Chamberlain, who, apparently, accepted it as official, and cabled back to Mr. Barton that "the Imperial Government would accept the services of a contingent of a further 1,000 men." So the Australian contingent is limited to that number. Mr. Barton, in his Maitland speech, complained of what he called "the unwarrantable interference of private individuals" in the matter; but this is a painful example of ingratitude. Mr. Chamberlain's cable enabled the Federal Cabinet to slip out of an impossible situation. The Imperial Government would probably not have formally asked for a contingent, and it is easy to imagine what would have been Mr. Barton's fate if, when the Federal Parliament met again, while the Continent was foul with slanders on the Empire, and New Zealand had set an example so

noble, the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth had done nothing.

The Federal Parliament met again on January 14, and its first business was to pass two emphatic resolutions:

Australian Loyalty.

(1) That this House takes its first opportunity, in view of the despatch of a Federal Contingent to South Africa, to express its indignation at the baseless charges made abroad against the honour of the people and the humanity and the valour of the soldiers of the Empire. (Cheers.)

(2) That this House affirms the readiness of Australia to give all requisite aid to the mother country, in order to bring the present war to an end.

The first resolution was passed on the voices; the second was carried by 45 votes to 5, and was followed by three stentorian cheers for King and Empire. The debate on these resolutions had some remarkable features. Mr. Reid had written a private letter to Mr. Barton, declaring that—

the false and scurrilous attacks made upon the good faith of the British people and on the conduct of His Majesty's troops called for some public expression of our united and whole-hearted condemnation,

and the Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition vied with each other in the vigour and earnestness with which they upheld the

challenged honour of the Empire. Thus Mr. Barton said:

There had been a perfect riot of slander in Europe against the Empire to which we were proud to belong, and the situation which existed now was in degree much worse than on December 11, when he made the statement to the House. It now became abundantly plain that it was the right thing for us to repel these accusations, these jeers and taunts, these absolutely unmeasured and wicked statements against the country to which we in Australia were bound, and to which he hoped we would always be proud to be attached. We should be ready, within our capacity, to do what we could to bring to an end a war which was conceived in treachery and conspiracy, and which was carried out with equal treachery and cruelty by those who had conspired against the land from which we were sprung, and who desired the injury and downfall of that country—injury and downfall which we were bound, by every sacred tie, to help her to avert.

Mr. Reid was equally emphatic:

Great Britain had been fighting at one and the same time two great wars—one against the Boers and another against the hypocritical campaign of lies upon the Continent of Europe, which was probably the result of a wholesale and scandalous system of bribery. (Cheers.) "Luc men who were directing these operations in Europe were living in comfort, but his mind turned to those poor, heroic, scattered commandos of Boers in South Africa, who were enduring untold hardships, because they were deluded by this systematic lying to believe that help was coming—that European intervention was about to take place. It was a part of this campaign of malevolence against the mother country to try and persuade the Boers that Australia had changed its mind, that Australia was sick of the war, that Australia was prepared, in its changed attitude, to encourage them to fight, and to keep on fighting. It was time, high time, therefore, we made our position and attitude clear before the whole world—(cheers)—as a matter of mercy to the Boers—as a matter of justice to the Empire to which we belonged. (Cheers.) Never in the history of the world had lies been carried to such lengths. . . . What was it that enabled us so heartily and so willingly to stand by the old country and the old flag? It was because, conspicuous amongst all the older nations of the earth, that flag had more often shielded the weak struggling for freedom and justice than any other flag that had ever waved. (Cheers.) And it was because he never felt prouder in his aspirations for liberty and freedom than when helping to maintain an Empire that had done so much for us that he supported and seconded the resolutions.

Mr. Watson, the leader of the Labour party, thought the resolutions **Criticisms.** "unnecessary," but he voted for them. Mr. Higgins protested that he was as loyal as the best, and if England were in real peril he would fight for her; but he went on to declare his opinion that "the war was unjust," that "the real traitors are those who will not grant the Boers fair play;" that "our volunteers at 5s. a day" were "going to fight men who get nothing and have nothing to hope for but the approval of their own consciences." To the question whether children ought not to help their mother, Mr. Higgins replied by enquiring: "Would you help you mother to rob a hen-roost?" But Mr. Higgins carried only four members with him

on the division; and probably of those four not more than one agreed with his rhetoric.

English Feeling.

The resolutions passed by the Federal Parliament awoke admiring echoes in Great Britain. The "Daily Telegraph" rhetorically says that "nothing has sent a more passionate thrill of pride through the brains of Englishmen than this historic resolution." All the English papers, though in more sober terms, express the same view. What has astonished—and perhaps disquieted—the Great Powers throughout the whole South African war has been the revelation of the strength of the colonies, and of their resolute loyalty to the mother land. French and German colonies bear to their parent States much the same relation that a goitre does to the patient afflicted by it. They do not add, that is, to the national strength; they drain it. The colonies of Great Britain are for the mother land generous, quick-blooded, strong-handed allies; and the tempest of German slanders which has so suddenly swept over the political landscape has drawn mother land and colonies into still closer union.

The New Year.

The new year fills the skies of Australasia with a not uncheerful light. New Zealand, rich in natural gifts to a degree unshared perhaps by any other civilised community, is the most prosperous of the States of Australasia. But in the Commonwealth, too, trade is vigorous, the volume of what may be called natural products expands with every sunrise, and the general standard of comfort is at least as high as any known under any other sky. There exists, visibly, it has to be admitted, a certain impatience, not to say a soreness, with existing political conditions. Queensland is grimly wroth over the Kanaka Bill. The new tariff, if only by the length of time it takes to get itself settled, acts as a blister on trade. There is an uneasy sense that we are borrowing too freely, and are making some perilous excursions into socialistic legislation. One sign of that discontent is the emergence in Sydney of a political union "to promote economy of government, to oppose unwise socialistic legislation and Government interference with private enterprise." This is a movement which may take an unexpected scale. But these are mere dead flies in the national pot of ointment. Mr. John Sandes, with a poet's insight, welcomes the first anniversary of the Commonwealth in some musical verse:

TO AUSTRALIA—ON HER FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Child of the South, the year that saw thee born
Hath passed, and lo! we greet thy birthday morn.
Heir of our longings that were not in vain,
Born of a people's very heart and brain,
We give thee joy. And, when our day hath fled,
May countless happy birthdays crown thy head.

Thus wert thou born, with gladness, not with tears,
To count thy life by aeons, not by years,
And if thy baby tongue hath wrought offence,
Ours is the fault, misteaching innocence,
And ours the penalty. We but acclaim
Fair hope. Our sons shall sing thy crescent fame.
Contemptions Death, who us to dust shall fling,
May not come nigh thee on his baleful wing.
From strength to strength, while epochs wane or
grow,
And centuries move onward, thou shalt go,
The infant now—

The mother yet to be
Of all the Peoples of the Southern Sea.

**Political
Soreness.**

The sense that Federation has not at once produced all the happy results expected, that the Federal Government has been feeble, that the Labour party under Federation has found a new and disquieting authority, no doubt chills enthusiasm in many quarters; but the transition from theory to fact for any great idea in politics is sure to be attended with a certain amount of disillusion. Lord Hopetoun, in a speech at Kalgoolie, spoke an emphatic and generous word in defence of the Federal administration:

He knew that there was some little disappointment, a sense of displeasure, and some feeling of impatience, because the Commonwealth, which was only a year old, had not so far been able to give everyone the advantages which they hoped in the first instance that it would give. . . . From the position which he occupied, he ventured to tell his hearers that he was able to look at such matters from a point of vantage outside the dust and noise of party politics. He had seen something of Parliaments, both in the old country and in these new countries, and he most emphatically declared that a large amount of work had already been done by the Federal Parliament. The ambitions which they entertained, and which they believed they would realise during the next four months, would astonish any Parliamentary man, except an Australian.

Lord Hopetoun was venturing into a somewhat perilous realm in making this speech; for a Governor-General must have no politics. Yet his appeal was both generous and timely, and will influence public opinion.

**Too
Many Par-
liaments.**

There can be no doubt, it may be added, that at the present moment the six States of Australia suffer from too many Parliaments and too much legislation. The State Parliaments, except in South Australia, have not yet adjusted themselves to their new political conditions. Their functions have shrunk one-half; their scale and cost remain undiminished. So for a population less than that of London we have fourteen Houses of Parliament, with some 771

members, nearly all being paid; and all of them clothed with power to borrow money and to enact laws. Both operations, it may be added, are pursued with great energy. The State Parliaments, according to one estimate, floated £12,000,000 of new loans during the past year. They passed, on a moderate estimate, some 500 new laws! The new year, it may be taken for granted, will witness a great reduction in the scale and cost of the State Parliaments.

**Limiting
the
Output**

In the United States, it is instructive to remember, the existence of an efficient central Parliament has been attended with a severe limitation of the functions and activity of the State Legislatures. Out of the forty-five States which compose the Union, only six hold annual sessions of their Legislatures. In thirty-nine the State Legislature meets only once in two years. In Alabama a law has been adopted which limits its Legislature to a fifty-day session once in four years. In States where the Legislature meets once in two years, efforts are being made to reduce them to once in three years. The example of the United States, of course, scarcely applies to Australia, where the State Parliaments are charged with larger functions than the American State Legislatures possess. But it can hardly be doubted that in Australia at the present moment there are too many Parliaments.

**What
Australia
Wants.**

In his notable address at the Guildhall, the Prince of Wales declared that in his judgment the great want of the colonies was more population:—

No one who had the privilege of enjoying the experiences which we have had during our tour could fail to be struck with one all-prevailing and pressing demand—the want of population. Even in the oldest of our colonies there were abundant signs of this need. Boundless tracts of country yet unexplored, hidden mineral wealth calling for development, vast expanses of virgin soil ready to yield profitable crops to the settlers. And these can be enjoyed under conditions of healthy living, liberal laws, free institutions, in exchange for the overcrowded cities and the almost hopeless struggle for existence, which, alas, too often is the lot of many in the old country.

Can anyone doubt that this judgment is sound? The colonies at this point, curiously enough, invert the policy which America has followed, and which in the course of a single century has created the greatest and freest nation the modern world knows.

**A
Human
Tide.**

How much the United States owe to the constant influx of immigrants can hardly be expressed in figures. In the year ending June 30, 1891, the United States received 562,868

immigrants. This is equal to the creation, in a single year—and every year—of a new city like Melbourne or Sydney! Nay, the immigrants, in one sense, exceed in value the population of a great city. There are no old men amongst them, no paupers, not many infants; they are nearly all in the prime of life, nearly all know trades, and most of them have money. They actually produced for inspection on arrival nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ million dollars! Many of these immigrants, it is true, belonged to the cheap races—Poles, Italians, Hungarians, etc. But how it would transfigure the future of Australia to have a flow of new population—smaller in volume, but purer in blood, than that which has made the United States a giant amongst nations! The labour idea, of course, is that every new arrival is a competitor. But he creates work, as well as shares it.

Australian Artists.

The Australian, someone has prophesied, will be "an Italianated Englishman." He will have, that is, by right of race the tough fibre of the Englishman, and, by gift of climate, the artistic faculty of the Italian. Climate does subtly affect the national character; and in Australia we have a longer and more radiant summer than Italy knows, with nothing of the harshness of Italian winters, made bitter with winds that blow from the frozen summits of the Alps and Apennines. So we may be expected to produce singers, musicians, and artists of the first rank. Facts certainly seem to justify that forecast. The English papers mildly wonder over what is described as "the prominence of Australia in the world of music." Madame Melba, Miss Ada Crossley, and Miss Amy Castles—all Australians—are the singers who at the present moment most delight London; while an Australian boy-pianist—Percy Grainger—is described as showing "splendid capabilities." One of the daily papers computes that within a short period over seventy Australians have left their native land to "achieve celebrity" before admiring audiences on the other side of the world. The Australian climate has some oppressive features, but it promises to give those born beneath it the vocal chords of great singers, the sense of colour and form which only great artists know.

Sea-Defence.

The article on "The Problem of Australian Sea-Defence," published in our last issue, appears also in the London "Spectator," and is made the text of a powerful article in that journal. The Spectator says:

We hold most unhesitatingly that the Commonwealth should organise and possess a naval force of its own, manned by Australians, and should not hire naval defence from the Mother-country by a cash contribution any more than she hires military defence. We say this quite as much in the interests of the Mother-country and of the Empire as of Australia. . . . The cash contribution made by Australia does not in reality add to our naval strength. It merely relieves the British taxpayer. If we had no contribution from Australia, we should not spend a penny less on the Fleet, but should estimate our naval needs exactly as before. If, on the other hand, Australia spent her money on providing a naval contingent of her own, the naval force provided by her would be a real addition to our naval strength—just as her military contingents are a real addition to the Imperial land forces. She would have called into existence not only extra ships and guns, but what is far more important, extra men—for in the end sea power rests on the men behind the guns and on the men in the stakehold. . . . An Australian Squadron would make the people of Australia turn their attention to the sea as nothing else would, and those who pay most attention to the sea best understand the Empire. But we do not wish the movement to stop at Australia. We should like to see Canada also possessed of a navy of her own. New Zealand, in the same way, should possess a small sea-going force, and so, in time, should South Africa. . . . If we keep our present navy, but gradually add to it the local navies of the self-governing nations of the Empire and of India, we may depend upon it that we shall be far stronger at sea than we are now, under a system by means of which the Admiralty contrives to obtain a few contributions in cash from communities, which have never learnt to take a real and personal interest in sea power and its maintenance.

A Wise View.

This view is shared by many of the English journals, and private letters received show that at least two distinguished admirals heartily approve of the position taken in our article. There can be no doubt that if Sir John Forrest



PERCY GRAINGER,
The Australian Boy Pianist.

will include in his policy the creation of at least the germ of an indigenous Australian navy, public opinion in Britain, as well as in Australia, will heartily support him. And why can we not, on sea as well as on land, prove ourselves capable of discharging that first duty of a free nation, the duty of self-defence!

Queensland Lord Hopetoun assented in due course to the Kanaka Bill, and that measure came into force on New Year's Day, though the necessary regulations have not yet been gazetted. Mr. Philp seizes every occasion to publicly assail the Bill, and it is a curious question, capable of loud debate on both sides, how Queensland opinion itself stands on the whole question. The State Parliament is overwhelmingly against the measure, and sees in it nothing but ruin. The Federal Representatives of Queensland are almost to a man in favour of the Bill, and regard it as the crown and triumph of a great and wise policy. It is a curious situation. Queensland has two sets of representatives, who, to the perplexity of mankind, vociferously contradict each other! Mr. Philp, in a speech at Townsville, said "he looked to the State polling in March next to reverse the decision given in the Federal election." That may well happen; and all Australia will watch keenly when March comes to see the true mind of Queensland express itself. If Mr. Philp wins a decisive victory at the polls, the representatives of Queensland in the Federal Parliament will be left in the air.

Western Australia. Politics in Western Australia have become clearer during the month, but not very much. Parliament has been in existence eight months, and during that brief period no less than five Cabinets have flitted, ghost-like, across the stage. Mr. Leake's Cabinet is complete, and its members have all won their seats again; so he is entitled to claim that the country is with him. But in the House itself he has a majority of only microscopic dimensions. Mr. Leake, however, is a man of ability and energy; he has some able associates in his Ministry, and his Cabinet may prove of unexpected vitality. Western Australia itself is visibly entering upon a new cycle of prosperity. The public revenue shows a surplus of £167,000 for the half-year. The population has increased by 15,145 during the last twelve months, and now closely approaches 200,000. These figures may, perhaps, seem small; but when before has so small a community added so

much to the wealth of the world? Mr. Lefroy, the Agent-General for Western Australia, has been giving a London audience some remarkable statistics about his colony. In mere space Western Australia is greater than France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, and the German Empire put together! During the first six years of its active existence the Rand produced 3,000,000 oz. of gold; the output from Western Australia during the same period was 4,000,000 oz.! The rich jarrah forests of the State cover 24,000,000 acres; it is so rich in agricultural lands that it is able to give away farms of 160 acres, the only consideration required being a few improvements. It is an expressive proof, both of the scale and of the unguessed wealth of the State, that a totally new pastoral district, with 6,000,000 acres of first-class pastoral land, rich in running waters, and with a rainfall of 40 in. per year, has just been discovered. What must be the future of such a colony?

On "Cutting the Painter." The London "Daily News" is at present a sort of literary pit into which every kind of discontent flows. Or, to vary the simile, it is a sounding-board for all kinds of pessimistic prophecies. Its columns are occupied just now by a very unpleasant debate on "the Australian outlook." That "outlook," it seems, is one of mere ruin and revolt! One correspondent after another assures alarmed mankind that Australia is "wire-pulled by adventurers," or by conspirators whose guilty object is "entire separation from England." "The late fuss over the visit of the Duke of York," England is assured, "was a mere blind, and the contingents that went to South Africa went merely to learn to fight for 'Australia for the Australians'!" Fragments of debate in the Federal Houses of Parliament are quoted to show how a bitter ferment of disloyalty is at work amongst us. Australian hands, if these writers may be believed, are tingling with eagerness to "cut the painter"!

The Truth of It. All this is, of course, mere wrong-headed nonsense. Australians have sense enough to know that to "cut the painter" would be, politically, to cut their own throats. How could this tiny garrison of less than 4,000,000 people hold a continent at once so vast, so rich, and so empty against the hunger and the ambitions of the Great Powers of the world? In the recent debate in the Federal House on the contingent, it is true that one Labour member, Mr. McDonald, announced that "the time would

come when Australia would be a great independent nation;" a political prophecy of a very cheap and meaningless sort. As a matter of fact, no public man in Australia could make a speech in favour of separation without committing political suicide. The correspondence in the "Daily News" is but another proof of how many political cranks there are at large in the world.

**Sunken
Seas.**

A paper on "The Water Supply of Australia" was read by Mr. W. Gibbons Cox before the Royal Colonial Institute, which has attracted much attention in London and bristles with statistics which may well delight Australia. Australia is geologically a huge basin with tilted edges, and no particular watershed. It has only one great river system, the Darling-Murray streams; and its arid surface seems wasted—in patches, at least—with perpetual drought. But under the dry crust of Australian soil sleep subterranean waters, dark fresh-water seas of soundless depth and almost measureless area. In England it has been found that each square mile of dry chalk, one yard in thickness, is a calcareous sponge containing $3\frac{1}{2}$ million gallons of water. Now, Australia has not the chalk-beds of England; but over two-thirds of its area it has a sponge-like sandstone which rivals the chalk-beds of England or France in water-carrying qualities. In Queensland the water-bearing sandstones have been tapped to a depth of 700 feet. Already there are 839 artesian wells in that State, only 6 per cent. of them made by the Government. The aggregate length of these bores is 185 miles; their total flow is 321,653,629 gallons per day. This is more than ninety-five times the water supply of a city like Brisbane. London itself could only use two-thirds of the waters which leap daily out of the soil of Queensland! Here is the secret force which can turn the arid wastes of Central Australia into drought-defying pastures!

**Lost
Australians**

There is a curious exodus—not of volunteers, clad in khaki, but of civilians with well-lined pockets—taking place at the present moment from Australia to South Africa. It has been notified that emigrants to South Africa must secure an official permit before being allowed to land there; and, amongst other conditions, must possess at least £100 in money. Within a few days over 500 persons in Victoria alone secured such permits. The number of permits granted in the other States, though not so

great, is still very considerable. An emigration from a young, free, and vigorous community like Australia seems to invert all natural order. These emigrants represent exactly the type of inhabitant Australia most needs. They are young, strong, enterprising, educated, and they have money in their pockets. The 500 permits granted in Melbourne represent to Victoria the loss not only of 500 producers, but of £50,000 in capital. What should make such an army, composed mostly of native-born Australians, flee from their own shores in search of larger opportunities elsewhere? The fact that the exodus is largest from Victoria is not without its significance. It can hardly be doubted that much of the semi-socialistic legislation of that State is defeating its own purpose. It does not enlarge, it narrows, the possibilities of life to the young and the enterprising.

**A
Science
Congress.**

A Science Congress has been held in Hobart during the month; and alike by the scale of attendance and the ability and interest of the papers read, proved a notable gathering. The Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science was founded in 1888. It has held nine meetings, and yields ample proof of the keen interest in science, and the high standard of scientific knowledge, which obtains in New Zealand and Australia. The papers covered a very wide range of subjects, from the doctrine of Evolution to the percentage of water in butter; from the tidal theory to the amusements of Australian aborigines, and the dimensions of Australian babies. The twenty-seven papers read will compare in value and interest with proceedings of much more venerable and ambitious bodies elsewhere. That in a community so young, and so necessarily preoccupied with material interests the standard of scientific knowledge should be so high, and the interest in scientific matters so keen, is a very striking and hopeful fact.

**Attacking
a Judge.**

An odd and unpleasant incident has marked the administration of labour laws in New Zealand during the month. A deputation from the Thames Miners' Union waited on Mr. McGowan, the Minister of Justice, and demanded the removal of Mr. Justice Cooper from the office of president of the Arbitration Court. The miners had cited the principal companies before the Court on a question of wages and other concessions; and Mr. Justice Cooper had been guilty of the astonishing offence of giving the decision in favour of the companies! The

miners hereupon declared that they had "no confidence" in Mr. Justice Cooper. He had been "brought up," they complained, amongst the representatives of the companies; in his early days he had been a solicitor to one of them, and was still on suspiciously friendly terms with the chairman of at least one company. On this evidence the miners declared he was unfit for his office, and had betrayed justice. Mr. McGowan made a wise and courageous reply. The safety and rights of the community, he said, depended on keeping the courts free from anything approaching political influence. Mr. Justice Cooper, he was confident, was an upright judge; and he told the miners plainly he had no intention of endeavouring to remove him from the Arbitration Court. The whole business of arbitration by the courts, it is clear, would break hopelessly down if, whenever a judge gave a decision in favour of one side, his removal was indignantly demanded by the other side.

Mr. Barton delivered a long and important speech in defence of the tariff at Maitland, a fact which is sufficient proof of his political courage. He had a great audience, a patient hearing, and his speech overflowed the columns of all the Australian newspapers. Mr. Barton offered a strenuous defence of his administration, and of the measures it has introduced, including the tariff. "We are not such fools," he said, speaking for himself and his colleagues, "as to claim that we have made no mistakes." But he claimed that his Cabinet had "made an honest attempt to face the difficulties that presented themselves to Australia's first Government;" and that claim may be frankly conceded. As to the much-debated tariff, Mr. Barton contends that he had kept faith. It is neither free trade nor protective, but hits a happy mean betwixt the two extremes. If this is true of the measures as originally proposed, it can hardly be true of the measure as it now exists; for it has been very seriously reduced at a hundred points.

The notable feature in Mr. Barton's speech is the proof it offers that he thinks the whole Australian press is in quarrel with him, and that for all his apparent phlegm he is keenly sensitive to criticism. The comments of some

editors, Mr. Barton says, leave him "in doubt whether Ananias is really dead" or is still extant, and occupied in writing leading articles! In spite of "Hansard," with its 9,000 pages, and of the labours of hundreds of newspapers, mankind, Mr. Barton holds, still possesses "no reliable statement as to the character of the work of the Federal Parliament." Mr. Barton describes as "false and devilish" the charge that in the tariff he has sacrificed New South Wales. As to some editors, they "regard no rule of truth or honour." Mr. Barton complains that he has been exposed to "a saturnalia of slander;" and cries it is time that he had "a little fair play." They are simply "wicked persons" who have brought charges of extravagance against the Commonwealth. Mr. Barton's defence of his Government was both able and courageous, and has influenced public opinion. But the charge that practically all the newspapers of Australia are joined in a wicked conspiracy against him shows that Mr. Barton has a defective sense of humour.

The second test match was a brilliant win for Australia; and the story of "How We Lost the Match," told by Mr. MacLaren on another page, will be read with keen interest both here and in England. The game was notable for its dramatic and sudden changes. Never before, perhaps, have wickets fallen so fast as they did in the early stages of the contest; and never has the tail of a team so completely outshone the head, as it did when Duff and Armstrong were defending the last Australian wicket. It was a dramatic close to a sensational match when Trumble took the last three English wickets with three successive balls, thus crowning the game with the "hat trick." The match stretched through nearly a week, was watched by vast crowds, and awakened universal interest. Each stroke of the bat and each rattle of falling wickets was, in a sense, audible over the whole continent! In all the great Australian cities each incident of the game was reported, from moment to moment, by huge placards in front of the newspaper offices. Immense crowds through all the hours of play stood in the streets watching the changing record, and cheering the incidents of a game being played, say, 500 miles distant! Australians, where cricket is concerned, take their pleasures strenuously.

**Mr. Barton
in Defence.**

**The Second
Test Match.**

**A Wicked
Press!**

LONDON, Dec. 2, 1901.

**Lord
Rosebery's
Debut.**

Slow Music! Enter Lord Rosebery, to make a fresh debut upon the political stage from which he departed four years ago. The scenic preparation, the orchestral overture, and arrangement of the coloured fires have been almost too elaborate, and the expectation of the public has been kept almost too long on tenterhooks. But at last the curtain is about to rise, and the long-lost leader will make his bow to the applauding multitude, which will join in the chorus, "Oh! Primrose, we have missed you." Applications for 25,000 tickets have been made a fortnight before the date of this momentous deliverance. Arrangements have been perfected to make the re-appearance at Chesterfield an event of national and imperial importance. It is to be the occasion of a public holiday, the pits are to be laid idle, and Chesterfield for the moment feels itself the centre of the universe. Let us hope that the utterance for which we are all waiting will be worthy of the occasion and of the man.

**What will
the
"Common
Stock"
Receive?**

A month ago, after much solicitation and coy hesitation worthy of a prima donna, Lord Rosebery intimated that he had at last come to the conclusion that it was his duty to accept the appeals of his admirers to re-enter the political arena, "because I feel that at a crisis in the fortunes of the country, which I am persuaded is grave and daily increasing in gravity, I should put my views into the common stock." Lord Rosebery's capacity to excite the interest of his fellow-countrymen is equalled by his capacity to destroy the hopes which he has raised. He is a good starter, but not a good stayer.

**What
Will He Say?**

It does not matter very much what Lord Rosebery says. The question is what he will do. It is an easy thing to make one speech, and even two, amid the cheers of enthusiastic multitudes. What the country wants to know is whether or not Lord Rosebery means to take his coat off and set seriously to work to organise an effective Opposition to the Government. He has got the capacity to make an eloquent speech, but whether he has the capacity in him to get the country out of its present trouble remains to be seen. Those who have most felt his fascinations must hold their judgment in suspense.

**Mr.
Brodrick's
Arithmetic.**

Mr. Brodric's speech seems to show that, whether from a desire to allow the provisioning of concentration camps, or whether it is because the system of block-houses has really secured the safety of the lines, the number of successful attacks upon the railways has now diminished almost to vanishing point. He also asserted that the number of Yeomen sent back as unsound was much fewer than had been currently reported. His chief point was that the Boers were being steadily worn down. He claimed that we had taken 42,000 Boer prisoners, and had either killed, or wounded, or put out of the way, 11,000. There were, therefore, now, he reckoned, only 10,000 Boers in the field, who were keeping our 200,000 men busy. We were feeding 150,000 women, children, and Kafirs in concentration camps. The Boers themselves profess to regard their military position as much more favourable for themselves than it was twelve months ago. There are many more than 10,000 Boers still in the field, their ranks having been increased by recruits from the Cape Colony. Not only are there more than 10,000 actually on the warpath; there are many more living in those regions north of Petersburg, and even in the Orange Free State, which have not been swept with fire and sword by our mobile columns.

**The End of
the Clayton-
Bulwer
Treaty.**

Lord Pauncefote has signalled his return to his duties at Washington by completing arrangements which terminate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and leave the United States free to dig the Isthmian Canal where, how, and when she pleases, without any interference on the part of the British Government, which contents itself with securing a promise of the free use of the Canal. The surrender of an untenable position appears to have been complete, and has been accepted with natural satisfaction by the American public. We congratulate Lord Lansdowne and Lord Pauncefote upon this satisfactory ending of a controversy which, in less conciliatory hands, might easily have involved the Empire and the Republic in a very nasty quarrel.

**War
and Peace—
Central
America.**

The cutting of the Isthmian Canal is still in the dim and distant future; but the duty of the United States to protect the transit across the Isthmus of Panama was illustrated last month by the landing of troops to protect the railway from Aspinwall to Panama. Civil war has been waging over the whole length of the international railway, and as the United

States Government is bound by treaty to keep the trains running, we have had the extraordinary spectacle of American troops guarding the line, and American officers securing from both the insurgents and the Government forces a promise that they would suspend their firing while the trains went by. The attempt of the Pan-American Congress, which has been sitting at Mexico, to compose the quarrel between Colombia and Venezuela, has not been very successful. The proceedings of the Congress, although of considerable interest, are not watched very closely in this country. Note a curious fact—that the delegates of the United States were not able to speak Spanish, and that their easy-going ways and complacent assumption of superiority have occasioned considerable friction among the sensitive Latin-Americans with whom they are meeting in Council.

**Mr. Hay on
the Monroe
Doctrine
and the
Golden Rule.**

By way of reassuring the world in general, and the South American Republics in particular, that the United States meditates no designs upon the independence of her neighbours, Mr. Secretary Hay last month made an important speech, in which he proclaimed that American policy was based upon the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule. The Monroe Doctrine is construed to forbid even the acquisition of a coaling station by any European nation or the transfer of any existing European colonies to another European flag. In some quarters a disposition exists to carry the Doctrine still further, till we have the "New York Journal" actively declaring in favour of a Monroe Doctrine for trade, which is nonsense. Mr. Hay waxed eloquent in assuring the world that consciousness of strength brings to the United States no temptation to injure any Power, the proudest or the humblest. While fully admitting that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Hay has the least desire to injure anyone, they are but human after all, and they would be more than human if the possession of a giant's power did not sometimes expose them to the temptation to use it like a giant, with but small regard for the beetles under their feet. They do not mean to injure the beetles, but if the beetles will not get out of their way, why, then it is their own fault if the inevitable occurs. Now there are a good many beetles crawling around the path which Uncle Sam is treading in Central America.

**The Defeat
of
Tammany.**

The election to the mayoralty in New York, which was fought out with immense vigour on both sides, resulted in a brilliant victory for Dr. Seth Low and Mr. Jerome, who, on January 1, will become Mayor and District Attorney for the second city in the world. Tammany's bold move in nominating Mr. Shepard, the high-toned moral reformer, as its candidate, failed to stem the tide of moral indignation which swept through the city and carried all before it. If Tammany had been consequent, and had dismissed Devery, the head of police, and had refused to nominate the retiring Mayor, Van Wyck, for one of the highest judicial functions in the gift of the electorate, Mr. Croker might possibly have triumphed; but Tammany was probably too deeply committed to Van Wyck and Devery to take this logical course, so the battle was fought upon the old issue, and Tammany was defeated. It is seldom that there has been such a rally of all good citizens to overthrow the system of organised blackmail which has made Tammany so long supreme in New York.

**"The
Cadets"
of New York.**

Mr. Croker, whose ethical education, like that of Mr. Rhodes, has been somewhat neglected, failed to realise even at the last moment the force of the moral sentiment which had been aroused by the revelations of the extent to which the Tammany authorities and the keepers of houses of ill-fame were hand and glove with each other. Londoners who remember the storm of indignation which raged after the publication of "The Maiden Tribute" can form some conception of the force of the popular feeling which carried this election. One hideous revelation which did not a little to seat Dr. Seth Low in the mayoral chair was the fact of the existence of an organised band of young men known as "the cadets," whose sole profession in life appears to be the purveying of innocent country girls to houses of ill-fame. They went through a form of marriage with their victims, and promptly deserted them after receiving their blood money from the keepers of the houses in whose custody the girls were left unwilling prisoners, with no chance of escape. New Yorkers can stand many things, but this was just a little too much. So the decent citizens arose in their thousands, and defeated Mr. Croker's nominee by a sweeping majority. So for two years' time Mr. Jerome, as Public Prosecutor and District Attorney, will have an opportunity of ridding New York of cadets and similar abom-

inations. Neither he nor anyone else will be able to moralise vicious New York, but he can at least deprive the keepers of dens of infamy of the protection of the police.

London and its Telephones. But while New York is rejoicing in having broken the shackles of Tammany, London is groaning under the latest revelation of its impotence in the hands of vested interests. For a long time past Londoners have been living in hopes that they were at last going to get a telephone for which they would not have to pay more than twice as much as the citizens of Glasgow pay for the municipal telephone. In the expectation of this boon Londoners endured patiently the ripping up of their streets by the Post-office authorities for the purpose of laying down telephone wires. But last month they experienced a rude awakening by the publication of the prices at which the Government undertake to supply the public with telephones. The London County Council has offered, if it were permitted to do the work, to supply any subscriber with a telephone at £10 a year. In Glasgow they only pay £5, but the Government announces that it cannot supply a service telephone for less than £17 a year. Result—an outburst of indignation in which the London County Council, and, strange to say, the City Corporation, find themselves for once entirely in accord; and when Parliament meets it is probable that Ministers will be sorely put to it to defend this latest spectacle of administrative bungling.

The Americanising of London. The task of Americanising London is going on apace. Parliamentary notice has been given of schemes for constructing one hundred miles of tubes, and for electrically worked railways across and under London. The County Council decided in favour of a scheme for building the tramway system, and for uniting the trams south of the river with the northern trams, which at present do not come nearer the centre of the city than Holborn. It is easier, however, to decide in favour of a shallow trench tram than to explain how it is to be manoeuvred through the network of piping, to say nothing of the main drain, which presents a barrier sunk ten feet below the surface. The trams cannot climb over it, for there is no room between the top of the drain and the roadway, nor can they sink under it without losing the distinctive characteristic of shallowness. It is stated that to make this shallow trench under the new road from the strand to Holborn will cost £360,000 per mile.

Municipal Progress. The electrification of our towns goes on apace, and the next five years will see a great scattering of the population beyond the congested districts over the surrounding country. Mr. Yerkes is said to intend to carry out the design of running electric express trains along a tunnel (for which Parliamentary powers have already been obtained) which would pass underneath the present Underground. What we shall come to in time is the construction of an entirely new system of underground railways at a depth which would enable them to clear all the obstacles which embarrass the engineer. We have hitherto taken it for granted that ingress to and egress from the stations must be obtained by steps. But when once we have lifts, there is no reason why we should not make our subways deep enough to be laid out on a systematic plan which would entirely disregard all considerations but that of affording the quickest possible transit from one part of London to the other. Hardly a week passes but one or other of our great towns inaugurates some improvement either in methods of locomotion or in providing institutions and appliances necessary for the humanisation of the life of their citizens. Last month, for instance, a very interesting account was given of the way in which the Cardiff Municipality was housing all its officers in a spacious park, an example which very few towns can follow. In the Christmas number of the "Quiver" there is an interesting series of maps showing the number of public gardens, parks, and open spaces in the great towns of the United Kingdom. There are still far too few, but we are getting on.

Parliamentary Prospects. Parliament will probably meet in January, and, to the astonishment of everyone, Mr. Ritchie announced that he was going to bring in a considerable measure of Temperance Reform. The one Bill that will not be brought in is a measure reducing the number of the Irish representatives. The Cabinet is hopelessly split upon that subject, and, as always follows in such cases, Ministers will take the line of least resistance, and do nothing. The advocates for cutting down the Irish representation are now reduced to proposing that, some time before the dissolution, Ministers should bring in a resolution declaring that there should be a redistribution of seats based upon the principle of one vote one value. We shall discuss that resolution when it is introduced. It is sufficient to note that all talk of cutting down

Irish representation in this Parliament has now been abandoned, even by its authors.

Settlement of the Franco-Turkish Dispute. The dispute between France and the Sultan has been settled with unexpected facility. After the usual preliminary wrangling, the French fleet was sent to enforce French claims by the occupation of the island of Mitylene. No sooner did the French fleet go through the form of taking possession of the Mitylene custom-house than the Sultan proclaimed that he submitted to force majeure, and issued an irade yielding all along the line to everything the French asked. He promised to pay the moneys claimed by French subjects, and confirmed the rights, privileges, and immunities accorded to French schools, hospitals, and religious establishments in the Ottoman Empire. The French appear to have confined their demands strictly to such matters as concerned their own special interests. They resisted all temptation to use their position of vantage for the exaction of securities for good government either of the Armenians or of any other people in Turkey. These matters, no doubt, belong to the European Concert, but if France had insisted upon the due execution of the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, it is difficult to see how the signatories of that treaty could have objected.

The Americans and their Missionaries. The brilliant and immediate success that followed the armed intervention of France in Turkish waters has naturally strengthened the pressure in favour of American intervention in the same region. The captured American missionary, Miss Stone, at the moment of writing, has not been recovered, either by ransom or by force. She was reported to have died in the hands of her captors, in which case the one difficulty in the way of a punitive expedition will have disappeared. The State of Macedonia, in which the capture took place, is a disgrace to Christendom, and especially a disgrace to Great Britain and Austria, by whom the unfortunate province was thrust back to the uncovenanted mercies of the Sultan.

The Greeks and their New Testament. It is curious that at a time when the seizure of an American missionary in Macedonia threatens to involve the United States in the Eastern Question, another disturbance should have arisen in the Near East as the result of religious enthusiasm. Queen Olga of Greece has taken an active interest in the production of a new translation of the New Testament into the

language which is spoken by her subjects. Thereupon the Greek students headed an agitation, which rapidly attained the dimensions of a general riot, and culminated in a Ministerial crisis. The explanation of this extraordinary outburst against the addition of one more to the many translations of the Gospels into the vernacular is said to lie in the fact that the Greeks perceive a subtle design on the part of their Russian Queen to undermine the independence of Greece by the issue of this new translation of the Gospels. Human nature is a strange compound, and nations, like horses, sometimes shy at the most innocent objects which at other times they would pass with utter indifference. No one proposed to impose the new version upon the Greek Church; but if a translation is bad, it is a case for criticism, not for riots.

Death of Li Hung Chang.

The chief event of the month in China was the death of Li Hung Chang, who had long been ailing. A somewhat difficult interview with M. Lessar seemed to have given him the coup de grace. Yuan Shi Kai was appointed his successor, but it will be a long time before any Chinese statesman acquires the position which Li Hung Chang held for the last quarter of a century in the estimation of Europe, if not of his own countrymen. The completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, now officially announced by M. Witte, which will be in operation at the beginning of next year, will still further increase the pressure which Russia is able to bring to bear upon the Chinese. Our Foreign Office will do well if it recognises that for all practical purposes M. Lessar will be almost as supreme in Peking as Lord Cromer has been in Egypt. It is no use kicking against the pricks, and we are very lucky to have so sensible, sagacious, and pacific a man as Russian Resident in Peking.

The Marquis Ito at St. Petersburg.

The Marquis Ito, in the course of his European tour, was received at St. Petersburg in the last week of November. It is very satisfactory to see the cordiality with which he was welcomed by the Emperor and his Ministers. He was decorated with the highest order but one in the gift of the Russian Tsar, and everything was done to emphasise the desire of the Russians to establish a good working modus vivendi with the Japanese. The pestilent school which believes that British interests are best served by setting our neighbours by the ears will complete this rapprochement between Japan and Russia with profound alarm. ♥They

have always counted upon being able to command the support of Japan in any war with Russia. The more effectively that hope is trampled out of existence the better for all concerned. The Marquis Ito will find that his reception in London will be no less cordial because he has been so well received at St. Petersburg.

Waldeck-Rousseau have displayed remarkable good sense; they have avoided many pitfalls and have achieved no small measure of success. And the excursion to Mitylene is not intended to open the door for a more adventurous policy abroad. The Premier, speaking at a Republican gathering last month, repelled the suggestion that the Republic should embark upon a more active foreign policy than that which it had hitherto pursued. He said:—“You may rest assured that we do not dream of Imperialism at home and abroad. The question is no longer that of extending our colonial dominion, but of keeping and organising it. It is, then, not a greater France of which we dream, but a France made greater by the efforts which her commerce and social progress unceasingly bring to fruition.”

The Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry.

One of the most remarkable things in Continental politics is the superior stability of Ministries in countries where they used to change their Cabinets every six months or oftener. In Italy the Giolitti Cabinet is still flourishing, strong in the support of the King on the one hand and the Radical-Socialist Left on the other. But the survival of the Cabinet of M. Waldeck-Rousseau has been still more remarkable. When it took office it was expected on all hands that, while it might be able to survive till the Exhibition

was over, the close of the Exhibition was to be the signal for the installation of its successor. It is more than twelve months since the Exhibition closed. M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his colleagues are still in office, and last month they succeeded in triumphantly repelling the attacks which were made upon them by their allied enemies. This is by no means altogether due to good luck. President Loubet and M.



MR. ARTHUR LYNCH AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.
(Mr. Lynch in centre.)

Mr. Lynch was, in November last, elected Nationalist member for Galway, in the House of Commons. Mr. Lynch, who is a Victorian, was, it is alleged, colonel of an Irish Brigade that fought with the Boers against the British. A warrant has now been issued for his arrest, on the charge of treason.

The Queen of Holland.

Whatever differences may at present divide the popular sentiment of Britain from that of the Netherlands, it has not prevented a universal expression of sorrow at the premature confinement of Queen Wilhelmina. The little Queen is universally popular, not only in Holland, but in Britain, and it was with very widespread regret that we received the news of her misfortune. It is to be hoped that her illness may have the effect of banishing those

view the popular sentiment of Britain from that of the Netherlands, it has not prevented a universal expression of sorrow at the premature confinement of Queen Wilhelmina. The little Queen is universally popular, not only in Holland, but in Britain, and it was with very widespread regret that we received the news of her misfortune. It is to be hoped that her illness may have the effect of banishing those

untoward rumours which are prevalent in Holland as to the relations between the Queen and her husband. Altogether, apart from the important question of domestic felicity, it would be most unfortunate if there were to be any ill-feeling between the Dutch and German royalities.

A well-known passage from Lord Macaulay protested against the prevalent belief as to the fickleness of popular opinion. He pointed out that, so far from being fickle, the masses of the people were much more steady in their devotion to their favourites than either Sovereigns, aristocrats, or the educated minority. If Macaulay had still lived he would probably have pointed to the demonstrations in honour of Sir Redvers Buller as the latest illustration of this general truth. Two years ago Sir Redvers Buller was not only a popular idol, he was the favourite of Society. The King, then

Prince of Wales, went to see him off at the station; the Press was loud in his favour; and among our men of light and leading hardly a word could be heard save that of eulogy. Two years have passed; the King, the War Office, Society, and the Press have turned against General Buller; he has been thrust out of his command, and lies under the censure of his Sovereign, his Commander-in-Chief, the Ministers, and almost all the papers, save those which represent the popular feeling. But the masses are still true to their favourite General in their fanatic faith. On a recent Sunday they assembled in thousands in Hyde Park to protest against his supersession, while a more select but still distinctively popular assembly of Devonians met in the Hotel Cecil on the 30th of last month to do honour to the General, whom they acclaimed as the Saviour of Natal.

Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

The "Pall Mall" Christmas number is characteristically good. Of its profusion of pictures Holy-oake's "Good Impression" claims the palm; and Mr. Fitton's picture of London Bridge as it is to be is a fine piece of work. Marie Van Vorst's sketch of the popular illustrator, Steinlen, and Lieut.-Colonel Newnham Davis' satire on "Good Form" call for special remark. The most notable article, mentioned elsewhere, is Mr. Henley's protest as "devil's advocate" against the canonisation of Stevenson.

Additions to our native flora are, according to a most interesting paper by the Rev. John Vaughan in "Longman's," frequently being made. There are said to be very nearly 2,000 species now growing wild in Great Britain; but many plants once reckoned as outlanders have now become naturalised citizens. The Roman nettle and the saffron crocus probably came over with the Romans. The milk thistle is said to have come from the East during the Crusades. The wallflower is an alien, perhaps dating back to Roman times. English wild flowers have spread luxuriously in America; and in return England has been invaded by the American wood-sorrel, the *Mimulus*, the Canadian pond-weed.

There is not a more solid periodical in the English language than "Mind," which is devoted to metaphysics and psychology. Imagine then the bewilderment which is occasioned this month among the uninitiated by the publication of what purports to be a "Special Illustrated Christmas Number" entitled "Mind!" It is issued by the same publishers, and has the same cover, size, and appearance. But the whole 150 pages are filled with a long series of elaborate burlesques, the nature of which may be imagined from some of the titles. Ten pages are filled with "Letters from Elizabeth," describing her visits to various philosophers, from Socrates to Hegel. "Snarkopholus Snobs" contributes "A Commentary on the Snark." The frontispiece, which purports to be "Its Immanence the Absolute," is a totally blank page, but the instructions are characteristic. "Turn the eye of faith, fondly but firmly, on the centre of the page, wink the other, and gaze fixedly until you see It." Its local allusions will probably delight the members of Corpus Christi College, from which it appears to emanate. But its price is 4s., and there is a needful caution that "Mind!" is not included in the subscription to "Mind."

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT.

A Testimony to the "Review of Reviews for Australasia."

His Excellency the Governor of the Seychelles sends a generous testimony to the merits of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia":—

"The magazine is, in my opinion, entitled to take so high a rank among the magazines of the United Kingdom and of the United States of America, with the best of which I am familiar, that I am afraid, either of failing to do justice to the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia,' or of appearing to fall into the language of flattery. It is, I think, therefore, safer for me to content myself with congratulating Australasia on being able to produce a magazine of so excellent a class, and with wishing the 'Review of Reviews' and its editor a long career of continued prosperity and success."

Pictorial Geography.

Mr. Hulme, a Victorian State-school teacher, writes:

"As the teaching of descriptive geography, treated pictorially and otherwise, is being made a prominent feature in school work at present, it has occurred to me that the recent Royal visit to the various British colonies could be treated as a direct means of education to many others than their Royal Highnesses and suite. The various illustrated papers and magazines, besides the souvenir booklets, published in the different possessions, and 'at home,' should provide a splendid collection of views, both of interest and of educational value. My object in writing is to suggest the collection and publication of such a volume of views, with a very brief letter-press, on pages of fairly large size. As the various resources and objects and places of interest were displayed before the Royal party, and have doubtless in each part of the Empire been locally represented in picture form, it is hardly likely that such another chance of doing this work will present itself.

"The 'Review of Reviews' management must, of course, be in a better position for such work than any other body with a smaller scope. Some views of Diamond Jubilee celebrations and Burial of Queen Victoria, the Accession and Coronation of King Edward VII., and the Proclamation at Delhi next year could also form another valuable volume. I should think that, with such an enormous number of schools in the Empire, the publication should prove commercially safe."

"Tattersall's."

A Tasmanian correspondent writes:—

"There is every likelihood now of Tasmania being permanently saddled with that State-aided institution known as Tattersall's—a workshop of the Evil One. At Cup and other busy times between thirty and forty young men are employed, and their employment at such an office must exert a harmful influence on their lives. The betting and horse-racing element has obtained a terrible dominion over the youth of this State, principally fostered by Tattersall's. In the chief burial-ground there is a large sarcophagus, erected to the

memory of a very wealthy young Tasmanian—the life-size representation of a race-horse, on top, with equestrian scenes carved in bronze on the sides. This race-horse seems terribly out of place, looking down on hundreds of stone and wooden crosses, and humble slabs, with inscriptions, 'Simply to Thy cross I cling,' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' etc., etc. The late Cnas. Kingsley, writing to his young son, says: 'Of all habits gambling is the one I hate most, and have avoided most. Of all habits it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow. Of all habits, however much civilised men may give way to it, it is one of the most intrinsically savage. Historically, it has been the peace excitement of the lowest brutes in human form for ages past. Morally it is unchivalrous and unchristian. From it proceed all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits. I say the Devil is the only father of it. Betting is the way of the world. So are all the seven deadly sins, under certain rules and pretty names; but to the Devil they lead, if indulged in, in spite of the wise world and its ways.' So strong was Mr. Kingsley's feeling about gambling that he would never, in his own house, allow a game of cards to be played for money. In the large Australian cities the papers frequently record cases of men possessed of many virtues, and surrounded with every blessing which God could give, bringing bitter shame and ruin not only on themselves, but on those they loved, because they were too weak to shake off the one passion of betting and gambling."

The Boer War.

"W." writes from Tasmania:—

"It was in a speech in Parliament, in January, 1898, that the Duke of Wellington made this celebrated remark. He said: 'My lords, I entreat you, and I entreat the Government, not to forget that a great country like this can have no such thing as a little war. They must understand that if they enter on these operations, they must do it on such a scale, and in such a manner, and with such determination as to the final object, as to make it quite certain that these operations will succeed, and that at the very earliest possible period.' What would have been the opinion of the Iron Duke on the seemingly interminable Boer War?"

A Voice from the Outposts.

A correspondent from a remote station in Western Australia sends a letter, which gives, unconsciously, an almost pathetic picture of life at the outposts of civilisation:—

"I am a squatter, and have lived in this outlandish place for twenty-seven years, leaving England at the age of twenty; so you will understand I have lost much interest in the politics of Europe. I have never been to the other colonies, and take little interest in them, and especially am disgusted with Federation, which I voted against. I am the only one on the place that ever opens the 'Review of Reviews.' I seldom or ever meet a man who can converse on the subjects in the 'Review,' as they invariably talk sheep, horses, and cattle; and, last but not least, the 'native question,' about which most people's ideas are erroneous. I was

never fond of literature in its best sense, my hobbies being mechanics, and, lately, botany. No doubt you will conclude that all this shows a mind going backwards. But what can you expect from one whose nearest neighbours for years are twenty and forty miles away, and, at that, have no ideas in common? As to the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia,' the history of the month has always been interesting, especially the English part, and I think one knows more, with half an hour at it, about the world, than can be obtained by a day's reading elsewhere. The 'Episodes in British History' are only too brief."

The Sea-Defence of Australia.

Mr. Gerald Purton writes from Lavender Bay, North Sydney:—

"In your interesting article on Australian Sea-Defence, you omit any practical suggestion on the chief obstacles to the forming of an Australian Navy, i.e., Manning and Maintaining. Where are the seamen and stokers, engineers, lieutenants, and commanders to come from, and where is the money to maintain them and the ships? The present contribution to the Imperial Navy would be very small compared to it. I trust, for the benefit of your many readers, that you may be able to enlighten them further."

Mr. Patrick Archer Butler (Brisbane) writes:—

"You deserve the thanks of all citizens of the British Empire for the very able and interesting article which appeared in the December (1901) number of the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia,' headed 'The Problem of Australian Sea-Defence.' This subject of British supremacy on the high seas will, I trust, receive the earnest and thoughtful consideration of military, political, and commercial men throughout the Empire. While military commandants assemble at home and abroad to formulate and improve the defence of our frontiers, let us hope that the naval authorities will not be behind-hand in this respect, but will go and do likewise. Let us hope and trust that the old days of salt junk (pork) and hard biseuits (that tasted like resin), with small pay, will be a thing of the past. By altering, and doing away with this system of old Europe, the modern King of the Britons will be able to procure first-class officers and men to protect our commerce and colonies on the high seas, and the same will be the case in regard to the land forces, organised to defend our shores, and command respect wherever the Union Jack is hoisted. You speak correctly, when pointing out the necessity of a better class of war vessel being sent out to guard our shores, as I think the present fleet in Australian waters is not strong or swift enough to cope with any serious emergency that might arise in or around the Australian island continent. I am of opinion that if the rates of pay were large and reasonable enough, and the food supplied to our men on both sea and land was of a better kind, His Majesty's ships would be manned, and his regiments filled with a better and finer type of the manhood of not only the British Isles, but of the whole Empire over which he rules. Of course, no one wants to underrate the usefulness of Jack Tar and Tommy Atkins at pre-

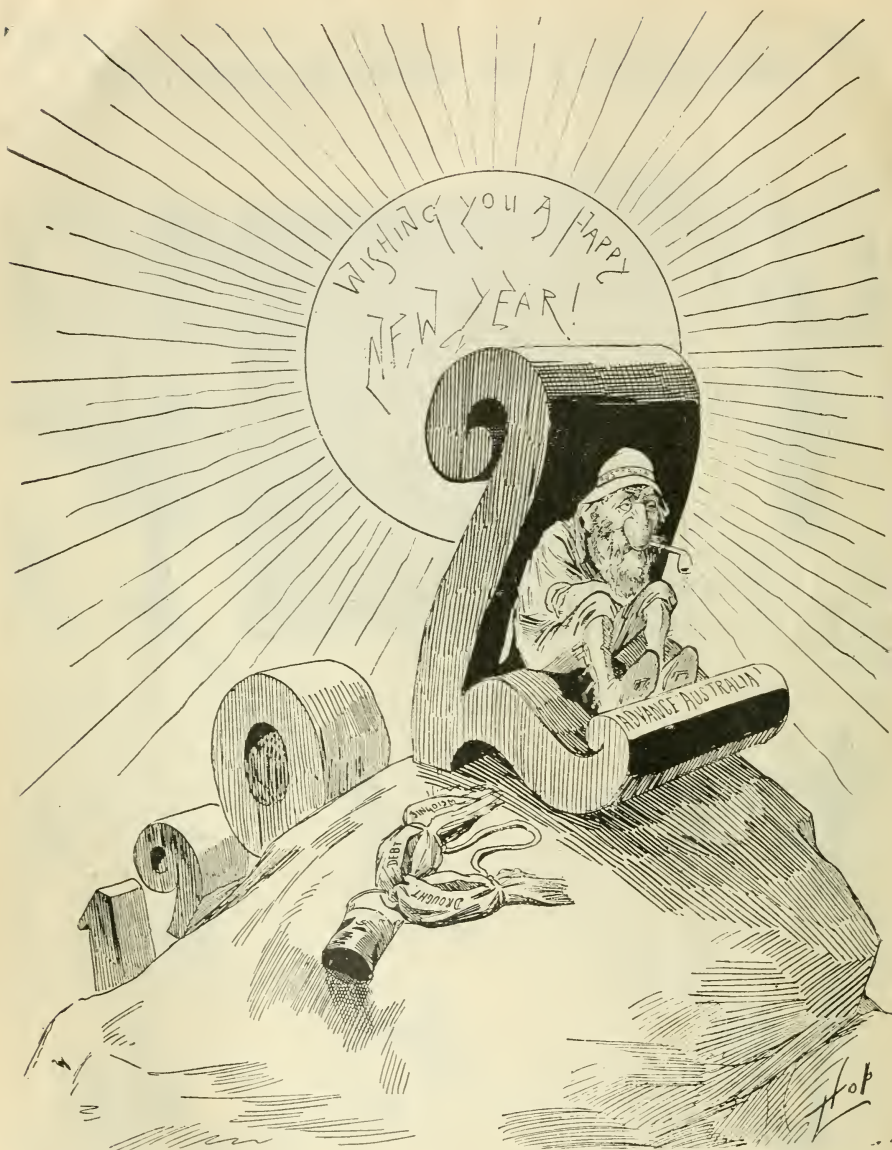
sent serving in the King's Navy and Army, only that, by improving the service, their condition will be bettered, and the authorities at home and abroad will have the pick of the mercantile and wharf hands to man the ships, and the sturdy Bushmen of Australia, New Zealand and Canada (the same class of men who made such a name for themselves in South Africa), to fill the ranks of the army in any part of the world they think fit to send them. It would also be an improvement to smarten up our 'Tar' and 'sotcher,' while on active service, by adding to his education, and teaching him some useful trade or calling, so as to remove a lot of the profound ignorance now existing in the overcrowded cities, towns and districts of the world, and make the task of the authorities who watch over the welfare of the human family easier and less perplexing; in fact, make them citizen soldiers, instead of professional machines. By doing this we will add to our already powerful influence, and the people will not read of the decadence of British commerce and the advancement of other nations who, a few decades back, were far and away behind us in this respect; for if the tales told in British and foreign publications can be relied on (and there is every reason to believe the accounts therein given), we are fast losing ground, owing to the deep interest taken by these nations in creating and building, not only powerful and swift naval, but also merchant ships, which will oust us in the carrying trade if we do not awake to the dangers that surround us, and regain our former position. By this system only can the Empire be kept together, thereby maintaining our prestige and civilisation on this planet. Surely, my dear friend, we have gained enough experience by reading the causes and effects that led to the rise and fall of past empires and dynasties to guide and teach our leaders the necessary wisdom to prevent ours, the greatest of all Empires known to mankind in ancient and modern history, to decay and fall away, and in a few years or decades be a dream of the past. I say this must not be! The empires of the past were the creations of individuals, whose followers were mostly slaves, while this, the best and freest ever established by the genius of the human race, is the work of an enlightened, educated, and liberty-loving people. Mark you, 'people!!' Therefore it is vital and will be more lasting. The men who serve in our armies, navies, and mercantile service must be of a superior stamp, to protect our persons, homes, and property, and to demand respect for our flag, no matter what port or harbour British ships may enter or in whatever land our soldiers may be found, in either times of peace or war. I trust that other abler and more experienced pens and brains will not let this patriotic subject drop; but that soldier and civilian will give us their help by writing to your, and other, valuable journals, ventilating their views, and offering their advice to those on whose shoulders will rest the responsibility of safe-guarding our interest, wherever we have a colony or trading communication with other races of people, in the new or old world. Let us hope, before this subject is dropped, that a scheme will be worked out and adopted, which will be a credit to the intellectual capacity and administrative power of the British race. I trust that these suggestions of mine will receive courteous consideration, and bear good fruit."

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.



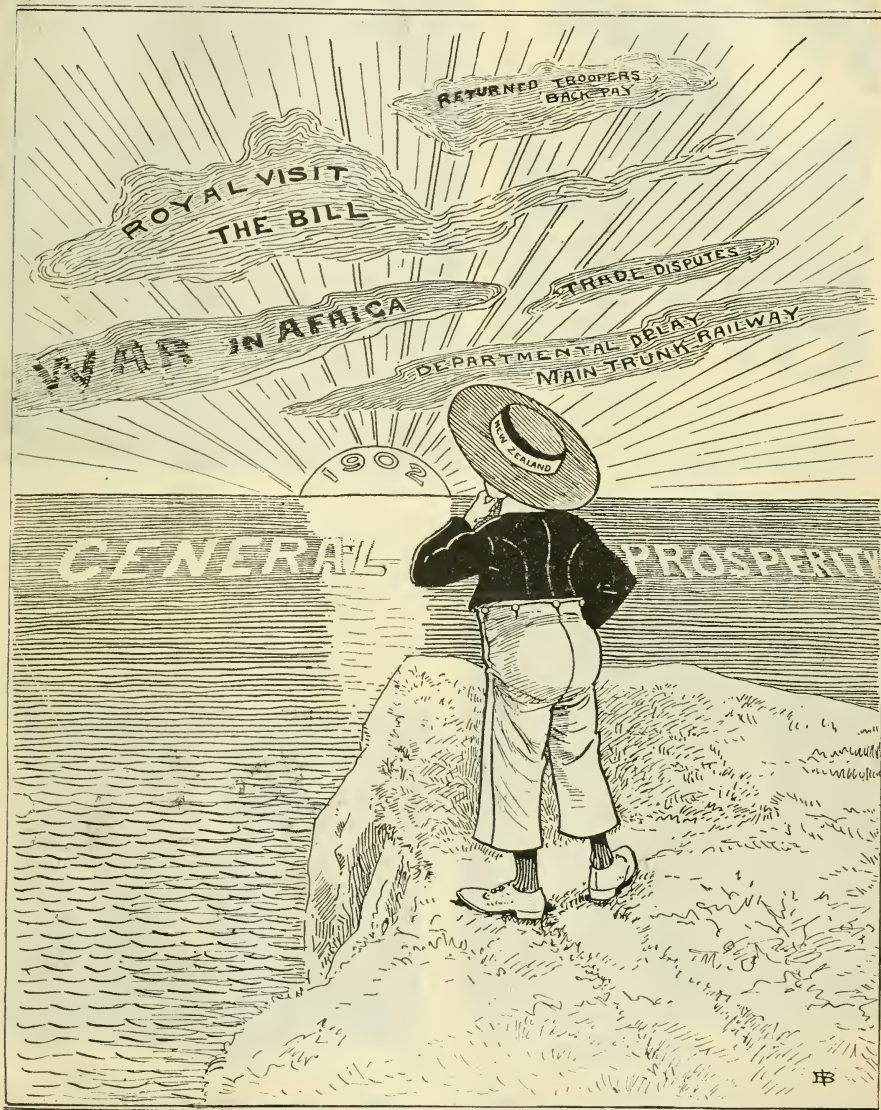
THE CARICATURIST'S FRANKENSTEIN.

[Hop takes a holiday, but is pursued everywhere by the features of Mr. G. H. Reid.]



The Swagman: "Well, I can't say as things look any brighter from this new p'int of view. However, I might as well be movin' on, I s'pose."

THE "BULLETIN" VIEW OF THE NEW YEAR.



"N.Z. Graphic."]

Young New Zealand (loq.): "Faith! it's not such a very cloudy morning."

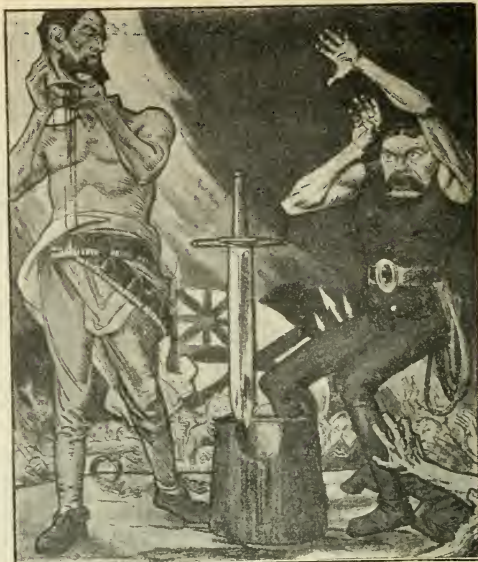
THE NEW ZEALAND VIEW OF THE NEW YEAR.



"Kladderadatsch."

[Berlin.]

Even when face to face with the black death, John Bul. does not lose his humour, and imagines that even his chastisement is agreeable.



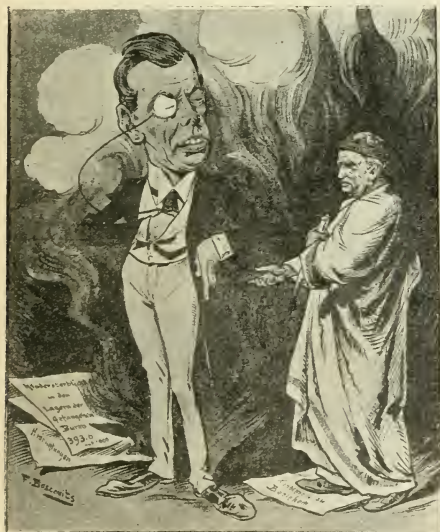
"Lustige Blatter,"]

[Berlin.]

THE EXECUTION OF THE TRANSVAAL.

(After the Legend of the holy St. Denis.)

Kitchener: "Oh, horror! I have cut off his head and he still walks!"



"Nebelspalter,"]

[Zurich.]

A SWISS VIEW OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS.

Herod: "Good morning, colleague!"
Chamberlain (contemptuously): "Miserable bungler! Don't call me colleague!"



"Ulk.,"]

[Berlin.]

A German cartoon, showing what the German papers declare British soldiers did at Graspan.

"FOUL AND FILTHY LIES"!

[We reproduce the above as samples—and mild samples—of the slanderous cartoons with which for the past few weeks the German press has been flooded, and which have done so much to exasperate British feeling. Art has probably never before been turned to such evil and lying purposes.]



"N.Z. Graphic."]

NEW ZEALAND VIEW OF THE CONTINGENTS.—THE RUSH FOR COMMISSIONS.

Chorus of N.Z. Shopmen: "Hi! That's my billet.



"N.Z. Free Lance."]

HOW THE FOREIGN POWERS REGARD 11.

Germany: "Hi, there, you big ugly, nasty Yon Bull, as ever vas, you had better shtop mit that chase, und leave mein cousin Yakoob's country. Your own big Colonial boys are leaving you all alone. They thought var vas a nice leedle nursery game, eh, Yon?"

Russia: "Here, shut up, you talkative old fool, don't you see you've just wakened up Bull's young cubs in the Colonies? Here they come at the double, and as fresh as paint, to give their dad another big lift in this contract."



THE RETURN OF THE "LITTLE MINISTER."—A SEQUEL.

(With apologies to Mr. J. M. Barrie.)

The Rev. Gavin Dishart Rosebery receives back the keys of the "manse." His reception by the elders, however, is not exactly of what you would call a unanimous or an uproariously enthusiastic character.

(By permission of the proprietors of "London Punch.")



THE FIRST SETTLERS IN AMERICA.

[According to the "Daily Mail," there is evidence to show that the Welsh discovered America a long time before Columbus.]



Parson: "Why, John, what are you doing there?" John: "It be too wet to work, Zur."

Parson: "Well, if it's too wet to work, why don't you go home?" John: "Wull, my old 'ooman, she do jaw so!"

(By permission of the proprietors of "London Punch.")

THE HUMOUR OF THE MONTH.

MR. DOOLEY ON RUDYARD KIPLING.—THE POET'S FATE.

"Who was it said he didn't care who made th' laws iv a country if he cud on'y write th' pomes?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I never heerd," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, 'twas some frind iv Hogan's," said Mr. Dooley. "An' th' man was wrong. He was wrong, Hinnissey. I don't want to make the laws iv th' country. I'm doin' pretty well to keep thim that ar-re made now. An' as f'r th' pothry, I'd as lave 'twas wrote be other hands thin mine. I was r-readin' in th' paper th' other day iv a la-ad down in th' midway that says Longfellow that I used to think was a rale good pote—he wrote life is rale, life is earnest, d'ye mind, an' I believe th' same mesilf—Longfellow ought niver to've left th' plumbin' business, an' Milton was about as much iv a pote as Edward Atkinson, an' Shakespeare ought to be took up f'r obtainin' money be false pretences.

"Ivrybody has a crack at a pote whin he gets a chanst. There's me frind, Roodyard Kipling. I don't mind tellin' ye he ain't my kind iv a potc. Hogan is more to me taste. Did ye iver r-read his pomes 'Oh, Star,' an' 'Oh, Moon?' Well, that's as far as he iver wint. He goes home at night an' takes off his coat an' sets down with a pencil in his mouth an' writes:—'Oh, Star,' an' 'Oh, Moon,' an' thin he can't think iv anything that wud do justice to thim, so he says, 'Oh, th' divvle,' an' comes over here f'r a dhrink.

"Roodyard Kipling is a diff'rnt kind iv a pote. He don't keep pothry f'r style so that he can turn out behind it an' say, 'Boys, what d'ye think iv that f'r high-shteeppin' pothry?' Comfort an' not display is his motto. Whin he asks what Hogan calls th' Muse f'r to come up an' spind a week with him, he doesn't expict her to set all day in th' hammock on th' front stoop singin' about th' bur'rds. She's got to do th' week's washin', clane th' windows, cook th' meals, chune th' pianny, dust th' furniture, mend th' socks, an' milk th' cow be day, an' be night she's got to set up an' balance th' books iv an empire. Whin this Muse has thrown up her job at Kipling's she'll be as good a second girl as anny pote wud want to hire. So Roodyard Kipling's pomes is in gr-reat demand. They're warranted not to tear or shrink or r-run

in th' wash, an' he'll guarantee to fit all sizes an' ages.

"Will ye have wan or two hip pockets in ye'er pome, Mr. Rhodes?" he says. 'Boy, wrap up this package iv self-rising pothry f'r th' Canajeon market. I can do this kind iv a war pome f'r eight an' six.'

"An' so it goes. He's got orders to put th' annyul rayport iv th' Bank iv England, th' crop statistics iv th' Agaricoolchral Department, and th' quotations iv th' Stock Exchange in pothry. His pothry will be listed nex' year, an' ye can r-read it on a ticker in a saloon. He had a pome th' other day showin' that th' English army ought to buy more horses an' mules, f'r, as he pintoed out, a horse can r-run faster thin anny man, no matter what his record may be. 'Twas a good wurrukin' pome. I didn't like it as much as th' 'Oh, Star' kind, but, sure, live an' let live is me motto, an' if a man wants to instrucht his country what it ought to do be playin' his advice on a harp or doin' a jig, 'tis not f'r me to criticise him.

"I don't want to hand Roodyard Kipling because he had a pome that sounds like a speech be Lyman J. Gage on th' legal tindher act. But 'tis diff'rnt with me, fellow-citizens and fellow-lithry joyns. A few years ago Roodyard Kipling come over here an' got pnoomony iv th' lungs, an' it looked f'r a long time as though th' nex' pome he figured in wud be wrote with a stone mason's chisel. Well, sir, it leaked out that he had a bad chest an' th' kind-hearted American public began to weep into its beer. They was a line iv tillygraft boys a block long at th' hotel with messages iv condolence fr'm friends iv his he niver see or heerd iv, copies iv th' same havin' been sint to th' local newspaper. Th' pa-apers was full iv tindher remarks to th' gin'rall effect that if Kipling died Lithrachoor wud count th' cash raygister, put up th' shutters, an' got out into th' night. Th' articles was accompanied by sillections fr'm his copyright pomes. Conductors on th' shreet cars sobbed at th' minton iv his name, fatal cocktails was named after him, near ivry clergyman in th' country side thracked th' sermon on vice an' bracketed Kipling with Martin Luther an' Rockefeller. Down on th' stock exchange sthrong men cried as they said—'Poor

Kipling! What did he write? Th' Amalgamated Browning Omar Khayyam and Walt Whitman Association iv tin workers iv Baraboo, Wis., held a meetin' an' rersolved that Civilisation wud lose an eye if Kipling wint, an' it was th' sense iv the meetin' that th' treasurer be instructed to hire a copy iv his book an' see if it was as good as they said. Th' sicker he got, th' bigger man he was. Ivery time his timprachoor wint up his repytation as a pote advanced tin degrees. Bets was offered in th' pool rooms, five to wan an' no takers, that he cud give Homer an' Shakespeare twenty pounds an' a bating. If he'd gone out they were goin' to put spectacles an' a fur coat on th' goddess iv liberty an' call it Kipling.

"Thin he made th' mistake iv his life. He lived. If ye iver get to be a pote, Hinmissy, don't take any chances on fame. Clinch it. Jump into th' river. But Roodyard Kipling didn't know. He wint away an' settled down an' begun to hammer out a few lengths iv jinted pothry to sind over to his kind friends in America.

"An' what did his kind frinds do? I picked up a pa-aper th' other day. I raymimber 'twas wan that had confessed to me that if anything happened to Kipling, th' iditor wud feel that he cudden't go on with his wurruk without substantial increase in salary. Well, they was an article about a man that had killed his wife, an' it says—'Misther So-an'-so, a well-known an' pop'lar burglar on th' west side, yisterdah was so unforchnit as to sink an axe into Mrs. So-an'-so. It is believed he acted undher gr-reat provocation.' Nex' to this piece iv society news was a scholarly article on Roodyard

Kipling. 'We have just been r-readin' a pome be that confidence op-rator, Roodyard Kipling, an' if there is a pressman in this bulldin' that cudden't write a bather wan, we'd feed him to his own press. We do not see who buys th' wurruks iv this fiend in human form, but annybody that does ought to be put in a place where th' green goods men can't get at him. Whin we recall th' tears we shed whin this miscreent was pretindin' to be sick, we feel like complainin' to th' pelis. If he iver comes to this counthry again, we will be wan iv tin thousan' to go out an' lynch him. To think iv th' way this imposter has been threatened an' thin see that young swan iv Main-street, our own townsman, Higbie L. Duff, clerkin' in a shoe store, makes us ashamed iv our counthry.'

"An' there ye ar-re. That's what happens to a pote whin he's found out, an' no pote can escape. Th' Amalgamated Association iv Barbaroo has become th' Society f'r th' Previntion iv Kipling, th' Stock Exchange is r-readin' th' 'Polis Gazette,' an' ye won't annymore hear Kipling mitioned in th' pulpit thin ye will th' Bible."

"I don't suppose he cares," said Hennessy.

"Well, maybe he don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "But it ought to be a lesson f'r anny young man who thinks iv goin' into pothry. They'se on'y wan thing f'r a pote to do—just as they're about to hang th' lorils on his brow before they begin to throw th' bricks, he ought to pass away. Th' nex' best thing is to write his pothry where no wan can see him, an' lock it up in th' cellar till he's gone. Thin they may blame it on somewan else."

The "New Liberal Review" has an article by Mr. Roosevelt, entitled "The Citizen and the Public Man." It is a somewhat moralising article, and lays down principles rather than practices. The following passage has as much claim to be quoted as any other:

It does no good to resolve against vice in the abstract. All the good comes from acting, in the concrete, in a way that carries out in practice the principles laid down in the abstract. There should be an eleveneth commandment: "Thou shalt tell the truth, and thou shalt tell it just as much on the stump as in the pulpit." Do not fail to perform whatever you have promised. On the other hand, do not, through weakness, folly, or wickedness, promise, or ask to have promised, what you know cannot be performed. When a man runs for office, if you ask him to promise what you know cannot be done, you are asking him to lie. You are taking a position that is infamous for yourself, because you are asking him to take an infamous position. On

the other hand, if you ask him, as you have a right to ask him, to do what can be performed, and he fails to redeem his promise, distrust him. If he tells you that, provided you vote for his particular patent remedy, he will cure all diseases of the body politic, and will see that everybody is happy, rich, and prosperous, not only distrust him, but also set yourselves down as fools if you follow him.

The most important article in the number is, however, Mr. Zangwill's "Return to Palestine." With this we deal elsewhere, as also with Dr. Macnamara's amusing collection of "Children's Witticisms," and Mr. Kinnear's reminiscences of his journalistic career. Mr. Yoxall, M.P., makes fun of the Duke of Devonshire as "Our Educational Dux." The Princess Kropotkin gives a gracefully written description of the manners of a Russian village, but her article contains nothing new.

ENGLAND V. AUSTRALIA.

HOW WE LOST THE SECOND TEST MATCH.

By A. C. MACLAREN, Captain of All England.

Owing to a great deal of rain over night the wicket was so damaged that it was impossible to expect anything in the way of good batting, and owing to the damaged state of the wicket at the last moment it was decided to play Blythe, who had met with an accident previous to the first test in Sydney. We thus played our same team as was victorious in Sydney, whilst the Australians played Duff and Armstrong in place of Laver and McLeod, the inclusion of Duff causing a great deal of surprise to the majority of followers of cricket; but his performances in the match only proved that the selectors of the Australian team knew what they were doing.

A Cataclysm of Wickets.

We again won the toss, and, as was only natural on the slow wicket, we decided to send in the Australians to bat, as it was more than probable that the pitch on the following morning would be suitable to high scoring. The Australians, when they did go in, played, under the circumstances, the correct game, every man having his hit, and consequently taking a very short time to get his runs, anxious as each man was to get us in on the same wicket that day, which they did; the Australians indeed losing five more

wickets in their second innings, twenty-five wickets falling on the first day, which fact alone speaks for itself.

To begin with, on the Australians coming in, Barnes and Blythe bowled, as they did throughout the innings, but neither was seen at his best, Barnes especially bowling very short throughout the innings; whilst Blythe, who had been resting since the Sydney match, was by no means so accurate in his length as usual, added to which one or two chances were missed, which resulted in the Australians scoring 112—too many runs on such a wicket against anything approaching good bowling. Barnes had the best analysis, but Blythe certainly bowled the better of the two.

When it came to our turn to bat, the wicket was drying under a hot sun, and was far more difficult whilst we were at the wickets than it was for our opponents; added to which Noble and Trumble bowled in their very best form, Noble especially being quite unplayable. Throughout our innings not a single bad ball, or anything approaching a half volley, was bowled, which certainly could not be said for our two bowlers. The result was that we were all out for 61, which, if it came as a surprise to a great many people, was hardly so to ourselves. We all knew that we had allowed the Australians to get too many,



Sears, photo.

HILL COMPLETES HIS FIFTY.
The ball can be seen travelling towards the camera.

and that the wicket was getting worse, and that their men were better bowlers on that wicket.

Better Conditions.

After we had been disposed of, the Australians with 1½ hours' batting lost another five wickets. Curiously enough, too, they fell when the wicket had almost completely recovered from the rain, as the batsmen were able, time after time, to play forward quite comfortably at the ball. Darling and Trumble began very well in the second innings, and got over the difficult part of the wicket, when Darling, in hitting out at Barnes, was beautifully caught in the out-field by Tyldesley, who ran some considerable way to bring off the catch. After Darling's dismissal Trumble was caught in the slips off a ball which jumped very quickly from the pitch, the only ball that really got up awkwardly in the innings. On Howell being sent in, after Trumble's dismissal, he was at once caught at slip off Barnes, and Kelly immediately afterwards ran himself out when at the wickets with Gregory, and the last ball which Jones had was easily caught in the slips off Barnes; thus five wickets fell for forty-eight runs, which left Australia in a not too good position if the wicket was going to be a good one next day.

How the Wickets Fell.

To go back to the commencement of the match, Trumper was caught at third man off the second ball of the day, Barnes being the bowler. The batsman had set himself for the cut, but owing to the ball getting up a bit awkwardly he hit underneath it, and was easily caught. Blythe commenced from the pavilion end, and after Darling had hit him for three Gunn was placed on the rails to stop his leg pull. Immediately afterwards Darling hit one right into Gunn's hands, which was missed, a very much more important mistake than many might imagine. We were anxious to get the Australians in twice on the first day on the wet wickets, and some twenty minutes were lost by Darling's let off. Clem Hill was also forcing the game, and thirty went up in twenty minutes, most of the runs being obtained on the leg side. With the score at thirty-two, Barnes got past Hill's defence, after the game had been in progress half an hour. On Trumble joining Darling the latter was caught at the wickets off Blythe, a good length ball getting up very awkwardly. Noble met with the same fate, four wickets now being down for thirty-four. Sid. Gregory, who followed, also had a short life, as he was immediately stumped by Lilley off Blythe. Duff, who joined Trumble, at the commencement of his innings just got that little bit of luck which some of the other batsmen did not receive; but after a miss-hit over the slips'

heads, he made some excellent strokes to leg off Blythe. He also scored most of his runs off Barnes on the leg side. When he had made nineteen Duff gave a difficult chance at the wickets off Blythe. But with the ball turning considerably and getting up awkwardly at other times, what are considered chances at the wicket on such occasions are very often no chances at all. The score was taken to eighty-one before Trumble was caught in the slips off Blythe, when we adjourned for luncheon.

After lunch, Duff was brilliantly caught left-handed by Braund in the slips off Barnes; the fieldsman, losing his balance, and then recovering himself very quickly, was just able to get to the ball. Duff's thirty-two was a capital performance, coming in, as he did, when runs were very badly wanted, and the wicket being in no condition for run-getting. Armstrong, who followed, saw Kelly caught at cover off Barnes, the batsman failing to get hold of the ball. Howell was then clean bowled by Barnes, and after Jones had chipped in with a very useful fourteen, hitting out as he did to every ball bowled to him, Armstrong carried out his bat for four.

The Australian score of 112 was a meritorious one under the circumstances, and we had nothing to congratulate ourselves upon for getting them out for that total.

A Melancholy Tale.

Just after three o'clock Hayward and myself commenced the batting for England, Noble and Trumble being the bowlers. Off Trumble's first over, from the Richmond end, Hayward was very well caught at forward short-leg by Darling, who ran in just in time to effect the catch. After I had scored thirteen by strokes all on the leg side of the wicket, in letting out at Trumble I failed to get hold of the ball, and was easily caught by Jones at deep mid-wicket, and Tyldesley immediately afterwards was caught at forward short-leg off Trumble, a very similar stroke to that of Hayward's, the ball breaking back, and also getting up awkwardly. The ball in our innings certainly turned a great deal quicker than it did when the Australians were batting, any batsman who stayed there for three or four overs being frequently hit by the ball. After Tyldesley's dismissal, Jessop came in, and was the only one to reach twenty. Quaife, his first partner, was bowled without scoring a run, and Gunn, who followed, was at once stumped off Noble in attempting a drive. Jessop had hit Trumble to leg for a couple on two occasions, and had made a big off-drive for four off the same bowler, when Lilley joined him. The latter was at once missed by Jones off Trumble at deep mid-wicket, a single resulting. After this Jessop made a big hit to the off for four off

Trumble. This, however, was his last hit, as he was very well stumped off Noble immediately afterwards with his score of twenty-seven. Six wickets had fallen now for fifty-one runs. Jones, who followed, was given out first ball, caught at the wicket, off Noble, a decision which did not please the batsman. Braund joined Lilley only to see him caught, in having a hit. Barnes was then easily caught and bowled off a poor stroke, and Blythe was caught at mid-on, Braund being not out, the innings closing for sixty-one. A very moderate score, but on that wicket and against that bowling I do not consider we were worth any more.

Noble's performance in taking seven wickets for seventeen runs was one of the finest bowling performances I have ever witnessed, he being quite unplayable throughout, making every ball turn considerably, and at the same time making it get up very awkwardly. The Australian fielding was, with the exception of one missed catch in the deep field, of the best; and Kelly, at the wickets, I do not ever remember seeing keep better.

The Australians Again.

At half-past four the Australians once again had to bat, Darling taking in Trumble with him to the wickets. From the first it was very palpable that the two batsmen intended to keep their ends up rather than obtain runs, no attempt being made at forcing the ball away; consequently, with the score at twelve, Braund relieved Blythe, who had commenced the bowling with Barnes. Darling got most of the runs, making, amongst other strokes, one fine drive to the off for four off Barnes. The same bowler he also cut through the slips for a couple. Braund, who came on for Blythe, was very hard to get away, bowling three maidens to commence with. With the score at twenty-eight, Blythe took the ball from Barnes to allow him to change ends. This brought about a separation, as Darling, in letting out at Barnes, was caught at deep mid-on. Darling had been at the wickets fifty minutes for his capital innings, and, under the circumstances, he played a good game for his side. With the wicket now much improved, Kelly joined Trumble, but shortly after this the Victorian was caught in the slips off Barnes, the ball getting up very awkwardly. Howell, who was sent in next, was caught straightway by Jones at third man, and on Sid. Gregory joining him, the latter ran himself out, running up the pitch without his partner calling him. Jones, who was next, got Barnes to leg for four, and then was easily caught in the slips off the same bowler, the score being forty-eight for five wickets, which ended the first day's play.

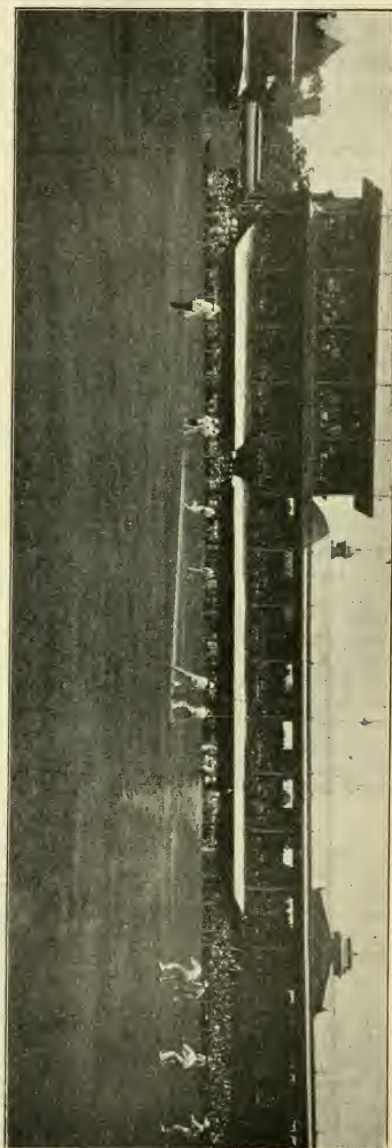
A Restored Pitch.

Next morning Hill accompanied Gregory to the wickets, the pitch being in an excellent condition for run getting, and from the start the batsmen took no risks, a wicket falling being of vital importance to both sides. Although Gregory only made seventeen, he stayed in long enough to show the remaining batsmen that the wicket was in good order for run-getting, Hill, at the other end, making all his well-known strokes. The ball which got rid of Gregory was Barnes' slow one, which seemed to get up a trifle from the pitch, Jones bringing off a fine left-handed catch off the ball. Trumper, after making sixteen, was well caught at the wickets off Barnes, who was bowling in his very best form. Hill was indeed very nearly bowled by him early on, the ball coming across with his arm, and just missing the leg wicket, the batsman afterwards stating it was one of the best balls he had ever had bowled to him. This in no way disconcerted the left-hander, who went gaily along, driving on the off side or cutting past point as occasion arose. Many of Hill's runs were made off Braund from the forcing stroke on the leg side, placing it very cleverly wherever an opening presented itself. Duff, who had joined Hill, also played a very good game. After Hill had been sent back l.b.w. to Blythe, at the close of the play, the score had been taken to 300 for nine wickets on the Thursday, the bowling throughout being entrusted to Barnes, Blythe, and Braund.

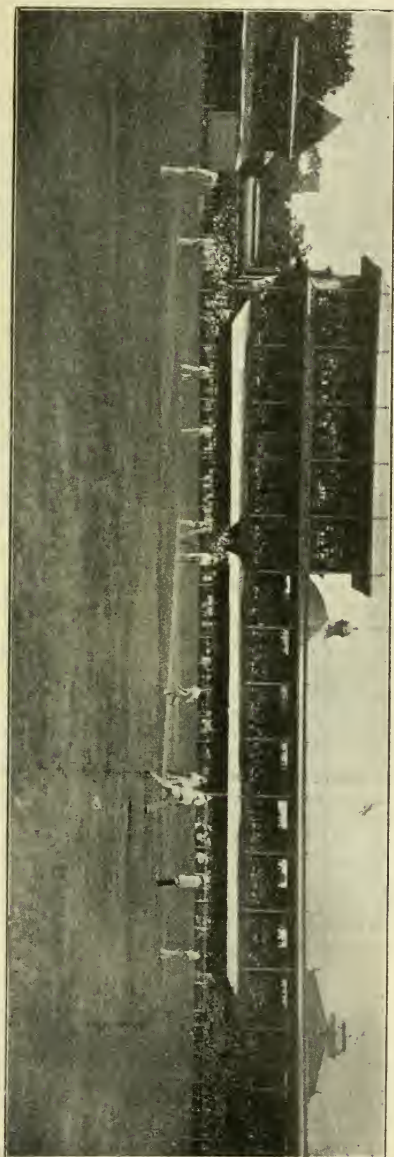
Barnes' performance on the Thursday, although only three wickets fell, was a very great one, bowling throughout a most excellent length and varying his pace as only a good bowler can do. Thus all the more credit is due to Hill and Duff for their excellent batting performance, because runs were never given to them throughout the day, both of them playing excellent cricket against what I call good bowling. It was the case of the weaker going to the wall, and the weaker side were not the batsmen on the Thursday. It was very hard lines indeed for Hill to be caught at third slip when only one short of the century, his runs being obtained in his very best form, combining, as he did, throughout, good defence with hitting, with a stiff hill in front of him throughout.

The Last Stand for Australia.

On the next morning Duff and Armstrong put on 120 for the last wicket, which is a record for a test match. Although, on two occasions, what would have been short-slip catches were missed by the inability of Lilley to get his hands out of the way, Duff played a very great innings, as all through his innings runs were always badly wanted. His runs were obtained all round the



TRUMPER CAUGHT FIRST BALL AFTER LUNCH.



SEATS, PHOTO.]

PLAYING FIELDS A HARD DRIVE OF NOBLES.

wicket, driving to the off very frequently with an occasional drive to the on boundary or placing to leg. There is no doubt but that a big future lies before Duff. His success was all the more welcome after the criticisms passed concerning his inclusion on the side. His performance, however, as is often the case, proved once more that those who are playing the game know more about it than the ordinary critic. Like Duff, Armstrong would not be tempted to hit Braund at all. He throughout his innings was content to keep his end up whilst Duff did the scoring, and not until his partner obtained the 100 did he really begin to play his game and hit out. His forty-five not out was very little inferior to the larger scorers on his side.

Not until Braund bowled on the wickets and altered his field did he succeed in clean bowling Duff, the innings closing for 353, a more than creditable performance after the very bad start on the first evening. It was one more instance of what good stuff the Australians are made, proving, as they have done before, that they have no superiors in an uphill fight. Our fielding was good, without being anything like as excellent as it was in Sydney; whilst Barnes' performance in taking seven wickets for 121 was as good as anything I saw Richardson do out here when bowling at his best. And because 114 runs were hit off Braund for one wicket, it by no means follows that he bowled badly. Blythe certainly has been seen to bowl better, but there was reasonable excuse for him owing to the fact that he had not been bowled since the first test in Sydney, and that he felt his hand somewhat throughout the match. To me it appeared to be a case of good batting overcoming good bowling, and I consider the score of 353 was one of the best performances that Australia has given in these test matches.

The Fight for England.

With 400 to get to win, we started badly. Noble succeeded in getting me caught by slip in attempting to hit a full pitch to leg, the ball at the last minute swerving three or four feet on to the wicket, which caused me to miss-hit the same. Hayward had only made twelve, when, from the other end, Trumble got past him, Kelly bringing off a good piece of stumping. Tyldesley, however, made all his old strokes, and was at the wickets quite long enough to show Australians what a good batsman he really is, which some were beginning to doubt owing to his comparatively little success up to date. His cutting past point and driving past cover were very pleasing to watch. Quaife, with a score of twenty-five, was bowled by Noble, and after Jessop, in a short time, hit up thirty-two, he was easily caught at cover off Noble, hitting in-

side the ball, Lilley, who now joined Tyldesley, was caught at forward short-leg, the first over he received from Noble, the ball jumping up quick from the pitch, five wickets now being down for 123.

That Rain Again!

Next morning, there had been so much rain in the night that it was impossible to play before 2.15. That alone will explain what little chance our last five batsmen had of making many runs. Trumble and Noble had no difficulty in sending our players back in fairly quick time, the innings eventually closing for 175, Tyldesley being highest scorer with sixty-six. Noble and Trumble again divided the wickets, the former taking six for sixty, and Trumble four for forty-nine.

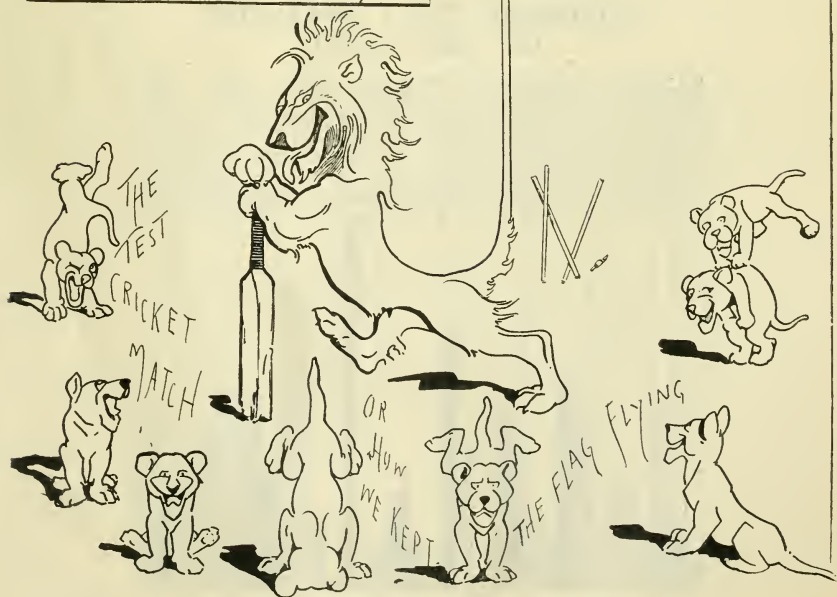
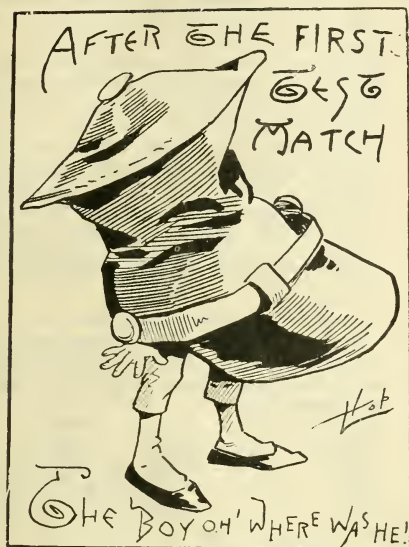
To sum up: the luck throughout the match was equally divided; for if we won the toss and put Australia in they lost fifteen wickets the first day when runs were hard to get, and we lost ten; and on the last day we again lost five wickets on a wet wicket. Thus each side lost fifteen wickets when the wicket was suitable to good bowling rather than good batting. Then the Australians, when they had their opportunity of making runs on the good wicket, took every advantage of the same, and came out of the ordeal with flying colours; whilst we, on the other hand, lost five wickets for 120 on the same wicket on which Hill and Duff had made all their runs.

Throughout the game the fielding was of the best class, whilst if our men did not bowl too well the first innings, the bowling in our second innings gave me no cause for disappointment. The Australians deserved their win; and, as I said previously, Kelly, behind the wicket, never, to my mind, kept in better form. After this match there is no doubt in my mind that we will find it harder to beat Australia than we did before the match took place; since they have not only got together their side, but are also getting to know our bowlers. I myself am of opinion that, from our point of view, the early matches are always the easiest ones to win, and the results up to date have not led me to alter that view. Still I am very hopeful that on a good wicket we will give Australia a really good game.

Points in Debate.

There are some questions in relation to the Second Test Match which are being keenly debated. We submitted some of these to Mr. MacLaren, and the English captain—writing from Adelaide just as the Third Test Match was beginning—sends the following very interesting answers:

1. What is the difference betwixt the Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide wickets, and which do the Englishmen prefer?



"Bulletin."]

THE FIRST TEST MATCH.

"The Sydney wicket is most liked by our batsmen, as it is very similar to a good English wicket, not being possessed of such 'fire' as are the wickets at Melbourne or Adelaide; added to which, the Sydney wicket lasts longer. At Adelaide the wickets are not nearly so good as used to be the case, and I do not like the look of the wicket prepared for the Test Match here at all."

2. What makes Noble's bowling deadly?

"Noble has the gift of making the ball swerve away from the batsman, or making the ball go with his arm. For instance, a ball which is hitting the off stump when half-way on its journey, will often miss it by a foot; consequently, a batsman has to be most careful in driving or playing out to this ball. I consider him one of the greatest bowlers of all times."

3. Why has Jessop failed yet to bring off any of his big hitting? Is he likely, on Australian wickets, to make such scores as he has done in England?

"It is as well to remember that we have had few batting wickets up to date, and, consequently, big scores are not to be expected. I don't agree

with those who call Jessop a 'failure'; a hitter is bound to have more small scores against his name than a consistently sound batsman. There is plenty of time yet for him to show that he can hit hard and frequently; but it must not be forgotten that Australian bowlers in Tests keep their heads when bowling against him, which is not always so at home."

4. Have Gunn and Hayward gone off in their bowling? It is noticed that you do not use them.

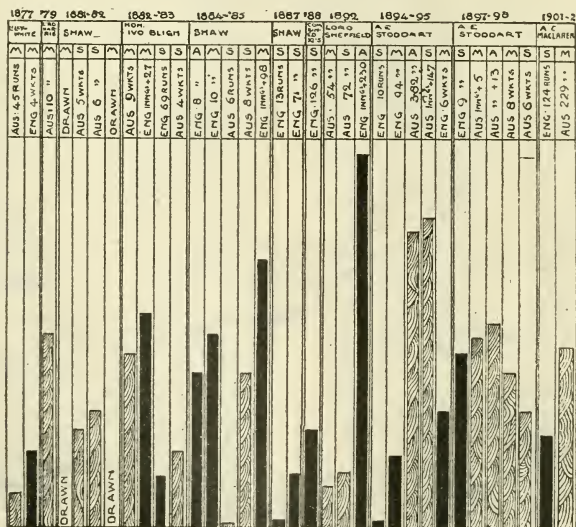
"Gunn at present has lost his bowling completely, and Hayward never has really bowled since he was out here four years ago; he is too good a batsman to tire out, if only by bowling for three or four overs, as there is nothing in his attack to get anyone out."

5. What about the Melbourne crowd?

"I consider the crowd in Melbourne was a good sporting one, and the remarks against Noble were from a very small number, and, in my opinion, were enlarged upon."

G. C. Macfarlane.

COLONIAL TEST MATCHES OF THE PAST.



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE RESULTS OF ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN TEST MATCHES.

THE PROBLEM OF AUSTRALIAN SEA-DEFENCE.

The article on this subject published in our last month's issue appears also in the London "Spectator," and we discuss elsewhere the powerful fashion in which that ablest and most influential of London weeklies sustains the position taken by this magazine. The subject has attracted much attention in England, and we give below two criticisms by experts—one friendly and one hostile—which appear in the London "Spectator":—

I.—Vice-Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald in Support.

"The admirable paper which you published in the 'Spectator' of November 30, on the above subject, from Mr. W. H. Fitchett, is so complete in itself, so sound and logical in its reasoning, and so true to human nature in its sentiments, that it seems almost impossible to add anything to the arguments by which he pleads for a separate and distinct Australian Navy. It may be remembered that the late Sir George Tryon was largely instrumental in framing the scheme for a money contribution from the Australian Colonies to the Imperial Exchequer, in return for which the British Admiralty undertook to build and maintain a few small cruisers, manned and officered by the Royal Navy, 'for the protection of floating trade in Australian waters.' Thus runs the legend; but although we may frankly admit that Sir George Tryon made the best arrangement that was possible at the time it was made, it may without inconsistency be argued that the plan is no longer suitable to present circumstances, and that it falls entirely to satisfy the laudable and patriotic aspirations of federated Australia. Your correspondent rightly points out that the present Australian Squadron adds nothing to the sea-power of the Empire, and only relieves the British taxpayer by an absolutely insignificant contribution. It has also been pointed out that taxation (no matter how small the amount) without representation is unconstitutional. But what appears to me to be the cardinal defect in the present plan is that the ships are not Australian ships, that they do not fly an Australian flag, and the officers and men do not wear a distinctively Australian uniform, such as the troops wear; and we may be quite certain that Australia will never take a real vital interest in naval matters until the above conditions are fulfilled, and until her ships are really her own and under her own management. The world is largely governed by sentiment, tempered by financial considerations, and when a young man sets up house on his own account he prefers to have

his own servants, instead of having merely the use of the fag end of his father's servants, notwithstanding that the latter may be more highly trained.

"We have heard a good-deal about the difficulties which present themselves in the establishment of a distinct Australian Navy,—the impossibility of building their own warships; the impossibility even of carrying out extensive repairs; of making guns, armour, etc.; and the absence of a staff of trained officers and instructors for educating the personnel which would be required to man the ships, even if they were built in England. Difficulties! Impossibilities! Where was the Japanese Navy twenty-five years ago? Where were her ships, her guns, her dockyards, her personnel? And look at them now! Is Australia less enterprising than Japan? It is to be hoped that her statesmen will look ahead, and realise that she is shortly to become a great country, independent in one sense, and yet—let us hope again—firmly wedded to the Empire, recognising that our international interests are identical, and that we must stand or fall together. She cannot long consent to be tied to her mother's apron-strings in naval matters; she has ceased to be so in military matters; and if she is to fulfil her motto of 'Advance, Australia!' she must remember that she is an island continent, and that, consequently, it behoves her to be more of a naval than a military Power. She has no antiquated and obsolete naval traditions to hamper her; and thus, like Germany and Japan, she can start fair.

"When Australia starts a Navy of her own, under her own flag, her own officers and men, and her own management, she will have added much to the sea-power of the Empire, even as her gallant and capable soldiers have already added materially—and still more potentially—to its land power. The spirit, truly, is willing, but how about the flesh? The sentiment is there in abundant strength, but how about the money? A modern Navy is a very expensive institution, and particularly so in a country where wages are high. It cannot be run on Volunteer lines,—soldier to-day, civilian to-morrow. It must be a permanent Service of highly-paid officers and men, in charge of very expensive material: a million for a battleship, half-a-million for a respectable cruiser; and then there must be dockyards, factories, and repairing plant, also very expensive items. It may be that Australia is not yet ripe for a Navy of her own; she may, perhaps, be content to run in leading-strings for a while longer, and to be prepared to

fight on the sea only by proxy. The question is one which Australians must settle for themselves, but as soon as they make up their minds to have a real Navy of their own—which they certainly must do sooner or later—I doubt not that the policy which Mr. Fitchett calls Admiral Beaumont's policy will be completely altered so as to meet their views; but the initiative must come from them."

II.—Mr. H. F. Wyatt in Opposition.

"As one who has lectured and laboured for some years past in the cause of sea-power, I hope you will permit me to reply to Mr. Fitchett's advocacy in the 'Spectator' of November 30 of a purely Australian squadron for the defence of Australian shores. That advocacy proves the somewhat strange fact that a man may have achieved great and admirable work in furtherance of the Imperial idea, as Mr. Fitchett has achieved it by his well-known books, and yet remain totally without comprehension of the elementary principles of that command of the sea without which the Empire would not have come into being, and could not continue to exist. The high probability that Mr. Fitchett's blindness is shared by other Australians, as well as by numbers of people in the United Kingdom, only accentuates the need of the educational work which the Navy League is struggling, in the face of many difficulties and prevailing apathy, to carry out throughout the realm of the British people. For if the Australian desire for local defence is based on sound ideas, why should not Canada equally limit its naval contribution to a local squadron; and if Canada, why not also South Africa, and India, and the West Indies, and the United Kingdom? And why should not the principle of dispersion of force be carried still further, and each great sea port or sea entrance of the Empire have its separate defending squadron,—Adeiaide and Melbourne and Sydney, Quebec and Cape Town, Bombay and Singapore, the mouths of the Mersey, the Humber, and the Thames?

"The answer is that the adoption of this plan would involve the inevitable overthrow and smash of the Empire at the hands of the first Power possessed of even a third-rate Navy which chose to attack us. The foe would have nothing more to do than to concentrate his fleet to enable him to crush out of existence our isolated forces, or if these sought refuge in their ports from unequal

combat, then he would have won command of the sea without fighting for it, and would retain it until and unless our detached squadrons performed the difficult and desperate task of reuniting in face of a superior antagonist. Surely, when Armageddon comes, and—

The nations in their harness
Go up against our path,—

the British people will stand or fall together, not holding apart, like stubborn fools, in separate groups, to await inevitable defeat, but defending their common heritage by making, as of old, their enemies' ports their frontiers. So was it in the eighteenth century; so was it in Nelson's time; so must it be again if the sea is to remain in war the territory of British folk. The naval victory which rendered permanent Wolfe's conquest of Quebec, and which decided that the future of North America should be British and not French, was not won by a squadron awaiting French attack off Canadian shores, but by that which, under the glorious leadership of Hawke, hunted the Fleet of France into Quiberon Bay. In future conflicts the coasts and the shipping of the whole Empire will have to be defended, as in the great days of old, in the Mediterranean and the Channel, or wherever else, from Vladivostok to the Baltic, the enemy's fighting ships are found. And the naval development of Australian nationality, the point on which Australians most naturally lay stress, is not for an instant incompatible with this central need of naval strategy. There is no reason, as you well indicate, why Australian battleships, with Australian officers and Australian crews, should not defend their shores in the only way in which they can be defended successfully, by victorious co-operation under one command with the rest of the Navy of the Empire, when in the clash of battle, probably fought at the other side of the world to Australia, the fate of the whole of that Empire is decided."

[Mr. Wyatt can hardly have read, he certainly does not understand, our contention. Ships for coast defence form part of every fleet. Why should not ships heavily armed, and with great weight of metal, but of comparatively small coal-capacity—since they would never move far from their base—form part of the Australian squadron, and be manned and commanded by Australians? So we should have a true partnership in our own sea-defence. But the British fleet, as a whole, and on its present scale, would still keep its great office of commanding the sea.—Editor "Review of Reviews for Australasia."]

THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE RIVERS.

By P. McM. GLYNN, M.H.R.

There are carpers who pretend to believe that the days of enthusiasm are past, and that in public movements reason must no longer seek an ally in sentiment. But it is never the young who deny the authority of sentiment, or imagine that it is no longer possible to take a generous view of the future and its possibilities. As long as life, like an orange tree, bears all ages together, youth will give an effective fervour to public opinion.

It is well, therefore, in the advocacy of great public undertakings, to still trust to the great motive power of sentiment as well as to mere considerations of logic or common-sense. Federation itself was a great ideal, in the realisation of which reason, which could unaided justify, played but a subordinate part. Public opinion is now suffering a reaction; it frets with that impatience for results that invariably follows a relaxation of the emotional strain; but enthusiasm will return with the sure, if slow, development of its anticipated fruits.

Perhaps of these fruits the next in importance to inter-State freedom of trade is the improvement, for the purposes of internal communication and development, of the great Australian rivers. The case for Federal action can be strongly based on purely commercial grounds, but sentiment might, if necessary, be appealed to with success. To render navigable at all times some three thousand miles of stream, to store for productive purposes otherwise unused waters, to quicken development in districts of virgin fertility and health-giving climate, to afford a means of inter-State communication that is recommended at once to the producer by its cheapness and by its pleasantness to the tourist, is a policy that should appeal to the imagination and patriotism of Australian public men. Obstacles may be interposed by differences of local point of view, but it is the duty of statesmen to face, and their merit to overcome, them. Reputations are latterly too often sought and acquired by the advocacy of foregone conclusions. The man of true metal educates, as well as represents, public opinion.

It is, I hope, something more than suggestive that proposals to improve, at the joint expense of the riparian States, the great arterial rivers of the continent were made in connection with the earliest efforts for federal union. The draft Bill for Federation submitted in 1857 by the General Associa-

tion of the Australian Colonies, which sat in London, contained powers to deal with the navigation of the rivers, as well as to secure for Australia a uniform land system and a standard railway gauge. Politicians have, unfortunately, the reputation, if not the habit, of being foolish, rather than wise, in time, so that while many minor questions of public interest, and doubtful expediency, were considered or settled by our legislative ancestors, matters of continental concern were left, with the difficulties to grow round them as the years rolled on, for future generations to face. But man's life is a record of missed opportunities; so that we must not, with a lack of filial respect for the memory of the men who paved the way for us, blame them for not having in everything displayed exceptional prescience. In 1872 the Murray was surveyed for the two-fold purposes of navigation and irrigation, but though locking was then strongly supported in the press, the matter was shelved. Not to mention their attempts to secure joint action, in 1889 the House



MR. P. McM. GLYNN, M.H.R.

of Assembly of South Australia passed a motion in favour of locking at the joint cost of the interested colonies; but consequent efforts to secure concerted action proved fruitless. Indeed, in this case, as in that of various attempts to remove the fiscal obstacles to intercolonial intercourse, nothing seemed possible without federation. To acquire a sense of the expediency of a certain line of action is one thing; to act on it is another. In politics, action often requires the stimulus of party interest, which is sometimes served better by a policy that pays at once than by one, the beneficial effects of which, though more enduring, are more remote. The settlement of great issues concerns the nation, which lives on; while the adjustment of petty matters of passing importance flatters the majority upon whose goodwill a Minister depends for his brief, if merry, life.

Federation, however, notwithstanding the unfavourable handicap of its remote, though great, importance, has at length been achieved, and inter-State freedom of commerce has followed. We may, therefore, feel sanguine as to the prospects of the policy of river improvement. It is inconceivable that the opportunities for internal development afforded by Australian rivers can be much longer ignored; that the permanent navigability of waterways stretching through three thousand miles of country of virgin fertility should not be secured; or that the whole of an annual discharge, which in low years reaches at Morgan, in South Australia, 225,000,000,000 cubic feet, a quantity capable of covering 5,000,000 acres with a depth of twelve inches, should be for ever allowed to flow wastefully to the sea.

Apart from an agreement between the States, which experience shows to be just a little too difficult to obtain, the power of Federal interference is derived from the Constitution and our circumstances. State Governments have come to the point of co-operation, hesitated, and stopped. In 1890, the South Australian Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the question of utilising the waters of the river Murray for irrigation purposes, and the preservation of the navigation and water rights of the river, made the following suggestions, which were communicated to the Governments of New South Wales and Victoria. Representatives of the three riparian colonies were to meet and draw up the heads of a bill or treaty, declaring:—

1. Riparian rights in the Murray and its tributaries.
2. The compensation water that each colony should receive during each month of the year to secure navigation, being the minimum at which irrigation should cease.

3. The compensation water, in excess of the discharge at the minimum navigation level, that for each month of the year each colony should receive for irrigation purposes; first, before locking or conservation; second, after locking or conservation; and providing for the appointment of a Riverian Commission composed of members representing the riparian colonies, to administer the Act or treaty, and generally to consider and report upon all matters within the scope of their authority.

Concert, however, could not be secured, and there was no central body to apply the mild coercion of the initiative.

Federal action, therefore, appears to be both necessary and expedient. To whatever cause it may be assigned, whether—I don't care, now that the word Australian has a real significance, to speak of State jealousies—to the instinct of the bargainer which makes him hesitate to deal unless he feels, perhaps falsely, that the gain is altogether on his side; or to the fact that policy, as Shakespeare tells us, "works on leases of short-number'd hours," and so seldom includes great enterprises which have to fight for immediate popularity—the record remains that the States have hitherto failed to agree on the question of the utilisation, for joint and mutually respecting purposes, of the waters of the rivers.

There are considerations which make it desirable that Federal jurisdiction over inter-State rivers should be exercised without delay. Proposals for diversions of water are being made by "enterprising" States (if one may apply the adjective in a sense sanctioned by Sir Arthur Sullivan in the well-known "Policemen's Chorus") that indicate an inadequate recognition of the fact that riparian rights are now effective. It is unnecessary, and might be considered invidious, to specify. The daily press, like the light of heaven, now reaches us all, and is read by those who care an Australian fig about the goings on of their fellow-men, as well as by politicians curious as to their own. The High Court, however constituted, is apparently about to come, and will have power to decide riparian disputes "between States, or between residents of different States, or between a State and a resident of another State." It is, therefore, advisable that the river policy of the Commonwealth, which must affect judicial opinion as to the limits of mutual rights of diversion, should, as soon as possible, be declared. The "right of a State or the residents therein to the reasonable use of the water of rivers for conservation and irrigation," is qualified by the right of the Commonwealth to impound these waters for the purpose of improved navigability.

To indicate the character and extent of Federal requirements must afford a guide to the States as to the certain limits of their powers. The exercise of Federal powers cannot affect the adequacy for conservation purposes of those reserved to the States, as State diversions are likely to be made at flood, while Federal impounding only becomes effective at low discharges. As to lock is to conserve, any undertaking to secure the minimum quantity required for permanent navigability must impound a large surplus available for riparian irrigation. Federal enterprise will, therefore, meet some of the needs of the States, but contemplated State diversions cannot be conducive to the maintenance or extension of navigability, and so may lead to Federal interference. Much trouble can be averted by a mutual understanding at the outset, and both Federal and State interests promoted by co-operation.

The object of the Federal Government ought to be to render the rivers permanently navigable from Goolwa to Narrandera, Corowa, and Mungundi, a distance on the Murray, Darling, and Murrumbidgee, of about 3,200 miles. A minimum

depth of four feet, which is equal to a discharge of about 340,000 cubic feet per minute, is required. As the discharge varies considerably from month to month, reaching at Morgan, in South Australia, as low as 80,000 and as high as 3,000,000, and in exceptional floods even 3,700,000, cubic feet per minute, it is evident that the impounding of the quantity required for navigation would not prejudice conservation schemes above, or riparian interests below, the last lock down stream. The locks would be closed at a point much lower than flood, and much higher than summer, level, so that the impounding would interfere neither with reasonable diversions nor the flow at low discharges, when the lakes near the Murray mouth are liable to become salt. But State diversions which ignore the necessities of navigation are, as being avoidable, wasteful and likely to be challenged as unconstitutional. The respective claims of the Commonwealth and the States, of navigation and conservation, can be reconciled and adjusted by the exercise of foresight and that co-operative spirit to which the union must trust for its permanence and strength.

Mr. James K. Hosmer, writing in the "Atlantic Monthly" for November upon "The Mississippi Valley Organised," recalls the important part which Napoleon played in the founding of the United States. George Washington may be said to have founded the American Republic, but it was Napoleon who dowered it with all the States of the Mississippi Valley. That this great area belongs to the United States to-day, says Mr. Hosmer, is simply and solely because the exigency of Napoleon at the moment made it expedient for him that it should be American. The Americans only proposed to buy from him the mouth of the Mississippi River and the town of New Orleans, which guarded it. Napoleon was in difficulties for money, and it was necessary to concentrate his forces in Europe; so, although the Americans asked for nothing more than New Orleans, and dreamed of nothing more, Napoleon threw into the bargain the whole of the immense tract of territory which stretched from the Gulf of Mexico right up to the great American Lakes. His family disapproved,

and the French Chambers and the nation murmured, but Napoleon would brook no opposition:

"You shall have New Orleans," he said, "and, besides, you shall have the vast wilderness lying north and west. I wish to keep it out of the hands of England, whom only in this way I can baffle, and the 15,000,000 dols. which you give me for it I will use in preparations against her."

What working-men read is a question on which an unnamed working-class friend of Mr. Andrew Lang offers his conclusions in "Cornhill." The use to which an adult school library of 1,000 volumes was put showed him that working-men "care little or nothing for poetry," and their main interest is in fiction. The novels least in demand were George Eliot's and Jane Austen's; Reade, Lytton, Lever, Charles Kingsley were more in use; Scott and Dickens were well read; Mrs. Henry Wood was the chief favourite. The working-man concludes, "I know for a fact that the daily paper and a few periodicals of the 'bits' variety constitute practically the whole literature of many of the working classes." Mr. Lang thinks the same description applies to every class of society.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

"Anticipations." * By Mr. H. G. Wells.

"Anticipations," the title of the volume which Mr. H. G. Wells has just published, is a very striking illustration of what may be regarded as the Twentieth Century attitude of looking at the world and the laws by which it is governed. In this book we have the spectacle of an earnest, sincere student, who desires to ascertain the way in which God is governing the world. He does not put it in that way, but that is the meaning of the whole book. It is an attempt to find out the law of God, to discover by searching the direction in which He is leading His children, in order that we may conform ourselves thereto, and so fulfil the will of God. Mr. Wells himself, as I have said, would not phrase it in that way, but that is the true meaning of "Anticipations." He does not talk about the far-off unseen event to which the whole creation moves; but that is what he is after. Every chapter in his book is an attempt to forecast the direction of the laws and forces now governing human society.

Mr. Wells' position, I take it, is like that of a great many men who have neither his intellect

nor his imagination. He finds himself adrift in the midst of a generation which has lost both chart and compass. It is true there are old charts in the cabin, but they have lost their authority. New soundings have revealed, not only new rocks and quicksands, but vast oceans and

continents of which the older hydrographers did not dream; and therefore the old charts, although very good in their day, seemed to him about as useful as the geography of Strabo would be to a navigator of the Pacific.

Not only so, but the mass of men, even including our religious and philosophical teachers, seem to have no definite objective. We are adrift in a great ocean, without any port towards which to set our sails; and to vary the metaphor, we have no solid standing-ground from which to envisage the endlessly varied phenomena which confront us in our pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave. Where are we going? We live from day to



H. G. WELLS, B.Sc.

(Specially photographed by E. H. Mills.)

day, from hand to mouth, in a more or less successful struggle to make both ends meet, to acquire more of this world's goods, to provide for our families, to do what we can to improve ourselves intellectually and physically.

To the reflecting mind this is very unsatisfactory, and it sooner or later occurs to most of us that it would be as well at least to piece together

* "Anticipations." By H. G. Wells. London. Price 7s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)

some such conceptions of the world in which we live and the laws by which it is governed as would enable us to shape our course with some definite purpose. In old times men read their Bibles, and from the infinitely varied expressions of spiritual experience which are to be found between Genesis and Revelation they formed some more or less consistent body of doctrine as to where we came from, where we were going to, and what it behoved us to do to reach our destined goal.

Mr. Wells, it seems, has found this insufficient. The writings of the Hebrew prophets and the Christian apostles, however useful and divine they may be, as affording suggestions as to human conduct and the inner life of the soul, he thinks, cannot be regarded as affording altogether adequate guidance for the consideration of the vast numbers of social and political problems which confront us at every turn. It is true that the intelligent believer who makes the Word of God his study will maintain that in the old Book there are revealed guiding principles which serve as the key to the solution of all problems. But men like Mr. Wells are not "earnest believers," and it seems somewhat incongruous to them to quote a text from the Psalms as a pointer—to use the American phrase—on the question of the municipalisation of tramways or the re-colonisation of the country districts.

He has, therefore, approached the question from the point of view of an enquirer who endeavours to ascertain from a scientific measurement the force and direction of the winds or the set of the tide, the probable course which would be taken by the ships which are drifting apparently without any definite aim or in any definite direction. His standpoint is simply the ground upon which he finds his feet planted at this moment. He is a man among men, with certain faculties of reason and of observation which he uses for the purpose of ascertaining the trend of events. In "Anticipations" we have the result of his observations.

For the task to which he has set himself Mr. Wells possesses many qualifications. To begin with, he is a young man who has had the good fortune to have educated himself. He is not cast in the mould of any of the older institutions, whether in Church or in State, which tend to crush free exercise of the original faculty by the visible weight of long-established authority, and convert many a mind, which, if its possessor had but dared to use his own faculties of observation and reason, would have arrived at new views of truth, into a mere transmitter of the conclusions of previous generations. He also possesses, to an extent unusual among the writers of to-day, a faculty of constructive imagination. All his previous books, most of which have been but fiction, have shown

an ability to overleap the narrow confines of time and space which imprison most of us. His "Time Machine," the first book which gained him recognition, was a singularly bold and ingenious attempt to popularise a conception of time which has hitherto been confined almost exclusively to mystics and students of occultism. This is the more remarkable because Mr. Wells has paid no attention to occult studies. This, indeed, was almost incredible to me, but I am assured it is a fact.

Further, Mr. Wells, so far as can be perceived from his writing, has never identified himself with any political party. Therefore he is entirely free from prejudice when making his survey of the world and of the things that are therein. He is an Englishman, but, unlike the immense majority of his countrymen, he is neither parochial nor insular. Add to this that he is a man of wide observation, varied reading, and, while keenly sensitive to the drift of facts, he is very little affected by the eddies of opinion.

The speculations of such a man, looking round upon the world in which he lives, and meditating as to the direction in which events are moving, are something to be grateful for. From the day on which I read "The Time Machine" I recognised him as a man of original genius, an impression which was deepened by his subsequent stories; but I had no idea, until I read "Anticipations" month by month as they came out in the "Fortnightly," that he was capable of taking so comprehensive a sweep and of formulating upon so many and such varied data a philosophical conception of the probable destiny of the human race.

As I have noticed from time to time in the pages of this "Review" the substance of his "Anticipations," there is no necessity here to go over the same ground; but it is probable the book as a whole will produce a deeper effect than when it was read piecemeal. It will confirm the impression that Mr. Wells is not only a singularly lucid and persuasive writer, but that he is a very original thinker who is capable of brilliant generalisation and daring excursions into the realm of speculation. This book is avowedly an attempt at prophecy, but the prophet disclaims any inspiration other than that which results from the application of reason and observation to vast categories of facts gathered from all fields of human endeavour. Prophets, whether they are prophets of inspiration or prophets of calculation, are very often entirely wrong in their forecast, and Mr. Wells would no doubt be the first to admit that the unexpected will often falsify his most ingenious speculations.

It is often said that it is impossible to argue with a prophet; you can only disbelieve him. This, however, is not the case with prophets like Mr.

Wells. The whole of his prophecy rests upon very careful argumentation based upon an accumulation of facts, each one of which may be questioned, and even the process of his reasoning is open to criticism. But whether we admit his premises or accept the conclusions which he draws from them, there is no doubt that he has produced an extremely readable book, full of suggestive thought, which is likely to have considerable influence for many years to come.

With the general accuracy of his forecasts I confess I find myself very much in accord. In details I should differ, but in the main he seems to me to have made good his position. He may not have discovered the "far-off, unseen event" to which I have referred; but he has delineated with masterly skill what seems likely to be the route of humanity for the next few generations. On the whole his "Anticipations" are encouraging rather than otherwise. From some points of view they are distinctly dreary, but in the main they foreshadow the coming of a time when the life of the average man will be distinctly more healthy, more intelligent, and more rational than it is at present. The prospect which he holds out to us of the great scattering of the city populations over a much wider area than has hitherto been regarded as capable of holding an urban population seems to be a sound deduction from the immense increase which is taking place in the rapidity and ease of locomotion. That London in future will extend from Portsmouth and Brighton in the south to Buckingham, Peterborough, and Harwich in the west, north, and east, seems to be one of the safest deductions.

The chief criticism which may be levelled against Mr. Wells' calculations is that they are based too exclusively upon material and mechanical considerations. He confines himself too exclusively to the visible things, whereas it is the invisible things which are often the most potent in shaping the destinies of nations. Faith in the invisible has again and again proved a mightier lever for the displacement of kingdoms and the remodelling of societies than any of the mechanical processes upon which Mr. Wells almost exclusively dwells. Faith is the pieric acid of human society. The explosive force of an intense conviction is incalculable. Therefore, Mr. Wells may say he leaves it out of his calculations. He is free to do so, of course, but the element which he ignores may bring all his calculations to nought. For instance—to make use of a very obvious illustration—supposing that the conviction at which the late Mr. Myers arrived as the result of a quarter of a century's patient examination of the mysterious and puzzling phenomena of the psychic world should become universal, and all men should come to recognise the persistence of the personality

after death as a fact about which there was no more doubt than about the revolution of the earth round the sun!

Mr. Wells' political speculations are very interesting. His dominant thought is that the present system of pretending to arrive at the right course to be taken in a host of difficult and complicated problems by counting the noses of the electorate is not likely to last. The old governing classes are effete, and the masses of our democracy are uninstructed, and therefore ignorant. He pins his faith to the gradual emergence of a capable, instructed, professional class, men accustomed to deal with scientific problems, who have exercised their brains in the practical handling of actual facts. The engineer is evidently his ideal of the future governor of mankind. The problems of government, both municipal, national and international, will more and more tend to become questions of pure science, to be dealt with as men now deal with the distribution of electricity or the management of hydraulics. This was very much Carlyle's idea, but it has never been so clearly and precisely set out as we find it in Mr. Wells' book. The advice which Carlyle gave to me twenty-two years ago, when I had the privilege of consulting the Sage of Chelsea upon the probable evolution of human government, is curiously like to that which Mr. Wells has evolved from his observation of the drift of things. Mr. Rhodes, also, in his youthful meditations under the South African stars, when he was digging diamonds on the veldt, coincided with Carlyle and Mr. Wells. The idea of all three is that the capable men are few, and will always be in a minority among mankind, and that these capable men will—after a period during which they will contemplate with growing impatience the imbecile blundering of dilettanti and amateurs in the management of the affairs of State—insist upon a change, and will ultimately take the management of affairs into their own hands.

The period of impatience has already begun. Lord Rosebery's jesting proposal to place the government of the British Empire in the hands of a non-political committee of business men, who would undertake to put its affairs on a business footing, expressed in a jocular way the conclusion at which Mr. Wells has arrived. That the men who have brains, and who use them, should be the dominant power in the State rather than men who have stomachs which they only exist to fill, is a proposition that seems plausible enough; but there will be some considerable difficulty in framing an Act of Parliament which would bring this principle into effectual operation.

Mr. Wells' pilgrimage in search of a creed has at least had one excellent result. No one can read

his book without feeling that his outlook is enlarged, and that after all it is of supreme importance that we should have some idea as to where we are going and the direction in which we ought to turn our energies, so that we may find ourselves working in accordance with the law of evolution, instead of, as might easily happen, wasting our energies in a vain effort to thwart the operation of laws which may be as unswerving as the law of gravitation. To have produced such a book at such a time makes us all Mr. Wells' debtors; and I conclude this brief and inadequate notice of a remarkable book with the expression of my conviction that in Mr. Wells we have one who has rendered, and, if his life be spared, is likely to render in years to come, yeoman's service to the human race. Like Mr. Rhodes, he thinks in continents; and there are not many such men amongst us to-day.

A German Temple of Fame.

The nearest approach to a popular Valhalla nowadays is a portrait gallery, and the only way to democratise a portrait gallery is to reproduce the portraits and issue them to the public in the shape of volumes of portraits. What is by far the best collection of portraits that has been published in our time has just been issued by the Berlin Photographic Company, in five stately volumes, containing portraits reproduced from the best accessible originals of 561 of the most distinguished men of the nineteenth century. The portraits have been collected with the greatest care, and are reproduced with the artistic skill and accuracy which we are accustomed to associate with the name of the Berlin Photographic Company. A full page is given in each case to the portraits; over 900 pages are occupied with the biographical sketches; and the volumes are well bound in half morocco, cloth sides. The size of each is 14 inches by 12 inches. It will be understood that the letterpress is printed in German, not English.

To collect 561 of the greatest men of the century was a task of no ordinary difficulty; even the compiling of the list was one which implied a knowledge and judgment denied to most men. The editors of these five volumes addressed themselves to the task with a will, and with a high sense of duty, recognising that they were in a very real sense custodians of the Temple of Fame.

Their range was unlimited by nationality or by sex. Probably no two judges would entirely agree as to who should be included and who should not; and they would probably differ still more as to the number of eminent men deserving of this conspicuous recognition which each country has produced. The English-speaking race contributes

almost exactly one hundred names to the roll of fame. No one who has not undertaken the task of selecting the best portraits can appreciate the amount of labour that must have been put into the production of this book. In collecting portraits you are confronted by the difficulty as to the age at which you will select the portrait, a difficulty which the compilers of this volume have got over by including a great number of portraits of the more eminent persons. The following persons have more than one portrait allotted to them:—Beethoven, 9; Bismarck, 8; Goethe, 7; Napoleon, 8; Carlyle, 4; Humboldt, 2; Lizst, 2; Darwin, 2; Cornelius, 2; Tolstoy, 2; Johannes Brahms, 2; Richard Wagner, 2; A. Menzel, 2; A. Brocklin, 2.

On looking over the list of the British and Americans selected for admission to the German Valhalla there are some very striking omissions. The only English-speaking women who find a place are Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Browning, George Eliot, Florence Nightingale, and Mrs. Siddons. Most people would have included at any rate Charlotte Bronte, if not Jane Austen.

Among statesmen we find the names of: John Bright, Richard Cobden, W. E. Gladstone, C. S. Parnell, George Canning, Benjamin Disraeli, Nicholas O'Connor, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Salisbury. Lord Palmerston is the most conspicuous absentee, but it is not so surprising that neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Mr. Cecil Rhodes figures in the list.

Of religious teachers the list is somewhat brief. General Booth and Cardinal Newman find themselves in almost solitary state.

The only English Generals who are included are the Duke of Wellington and General Gordon: the only Admiral, Lord Nelson, for Sir John Franklin probably figures on account of his Arctic exploration rather than on account of any naval exploits. The only American Generals named are General Grant, General Sherman, and General Sheridan.

Of historians, we have George Bancroft, Thomas Carlyle, H. T. Buckle, J. A. Froude, George Grote, Lord Macaulay, J. L. Motley, and W. H. Prescott. Freeman is not included.

Of men of science the list is longer. There are—Lord Armstrong, Henry Bessemer, Charles Darwin, Michael Faraday, F. W. Herschel, T. H. Huxley, Sir Joseph Lister, Sir Charles Lyall, Richard Owen, John Tyndall, A. G. Bell, W. B. Carpenter, Thomas A. Edison, James Graham, D. E. Hughes, Edward Jenner, Sir John Lubbock, Samuel Morris, J. C. Ross, Alfred Russel Wallace, and James Watt.

There is a poor show of artists—Burne-Jones, Constable, and G. F. Watts exhaust the list.

Of the poets, there are mentioned—the two Brownings, Lord Byron, Longfellow, Moore, Shelley, Tennyson, W. C. Bryant, S. T. Coleridge,

James Russell Lowell, Poe, Swinburne, and Whitman.

Of novelists we have—Mrs. Stowe, Bret Harte, Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, George Eliot, Bulwer Lytton, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Walter Scott, and W. M. Thackeray.

Among the miscellaneous persons whose names figure in the list are—Jeremy Bentham, R. W. Emerson, Henry George, Thomas Jefferson, John Stuart Mill, Max Muller, Herbert Spencer, Henry Clay, Cyrus Field, Andrew Jackson, David Livingstone, James Monroe, John Ruskin, H. M. Stanley, George Stephenson, and Daniel Webster.

A very interesting literary exercise would be to fill in the most conspicuous gaps in this roll-call of English-speaking worthies. According to this allotment, the English-speaking people represent 20 per cent. of the most notable men of the century. Anyone who owns this book may be said to be the possessor of more than five hundred of those who figure most conspicuously in the annals of the Nineteenth Century. Five notables per annum! At this rate the Christian era ought to have produced well on to 10,000 men. It is a melancholy reflection that the very names of 9,000 have probably been effaced altogether from the memory of mankind, with the exception of a few thousands of students.

The German title of this monumental work is "Das Neunzehnte Jahrhundert in Bildnissen." It is published in Berlin by the Kunstverlag der Photographischen Gesellschaft, but the London address of the publisher is The Berlin Photographic Co., 133 New Bond-street, and the price of the five volumes is £7 10s.

A Batch of Biographies.

I.—LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

This life of the late Lord Chief Justice, better known as Sir Charles Russell, is a notable and original piece of work. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.) Mr. Barry O'Brien has executed his task thoroughly well. He knows his subject; he studied him during life with a view to the writing of his biography after his death, and he has produced a delightful combination of interview and narrative which will form a permanent record of one of the most interesting political and legal personalities of the close of the nineteenth century. Few men knew Lord Russell better than Sir George Lewis, and I asked Sir George last month what he thought of this biography. He said he thought it was very good, very true, very just, and gave a very good picture of the man as he was. Praise from Sir George Lewis is praise indeed, and his verdict will be echoed by all those who have enjoyed the perusal of Mr. O'Brien's Boswellian book.

If Lord Russell was happy in his biographer, Mr. O'Brien was not less happy in his subject. Here we have the man as he was, with his warm heart, his hot temper, his intense interest in life in all its varied forms, the great pleader, the acute and strenuous judge. Nor does Mr. Barry O'Brien omit to present him to us in his family and social life as a devoted father and a keen man of the world. Here and there defects may be found in the book, as, for instance, Mr. Barry O'Brien's extremely inadequate and even misleading account of the result of the Venezuelan Arbitration. Anything more miserably inadequate than the following sentence as an account of that famous arbitration could hardly be imagined:—"The Award was made in October; something was given to England, something to Venezuela, and peace was preserved."

It is impossible in a brief notice to give any account of the contents of the 400 pages of a book, every one of which is full of a living interest; but even in the most cursory notice reference must be made to the glimpses which it affords of Lord Russell's views on two questions of contemporary politics. Speaking upon Home Rule, Lord Russell maintained that the English would grant Home Rule, not because they liked it, but because their necessities would make it inevitable. The Imperial Parliament was overworked; there was bound to be a devolution of business. "Upon my word," said Lord Russell, "I often think that we shall get Home Rule from the Tories. Remember that the Tories gave us Catholic Emancipation. They have now given us Irish Local Government, which is the complement of Catholic Emancipation. Why should they not give us Home Rule, which would only be the complement of Local Government?"

Writing as far back as 1875, Lord Russell spoke of the evil results following a war—results which will follow, only too surely, the war in South Africa. He said:—

It has taken steady, sober civilians from the plough, the factory, and the workshop. It has accustomed them to a desultory life, and given them notions of dignity and importance as inurious as they are fictitious, destroying their morality, making vice delightful, and virtue contemptible in their eyes. It has impeded their minus with a dislike, and utterly incapacitated them for the sustained labour of ordinary life. It has cast them back upon their country shipwrecked for life. It is this which not only vitiates a country at the close of every war, but predisposes it for another, like creating a thirst for new bloodshed, new adventures and future glory.

II.—SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

Sir William Molesworth was one of those sound Liberals who, in the first half of last century, rendered yeoman's service to the empire by helping to rid the Colonies of the incubus of Down-street rule. He died at the early age of forty-

five. in the course of his public career he was able to make substantial contribution to the extension and development, upon sound foundations, of our Colonial empire. It is worthy of note, however, that while he was a strong believer in the value of Canada and Australia to the empire, he was quite as stout in his conviction that South Africa was no good. The Cape was the ugly duckling of the Colonial empire, an ugly duckling which has not yet developed into a swan. Mrs. Henry Fawcett says:—

He believed South Africa would never form part of a federated Empire. He was convinced that it always had been, and always would be, worthless. Therefore, he opposed every extension of British territory in South Africa, and vehemently defended the abandonment of the Orange Free State.

It is curious to read Mrs. Fawcett's story of how we flung away the Orange Free State in 1853. A Commissioner was sent out from England in order to arrange for the abandonment of territory which we are now spending £200,000,000 in trying to retain. A representative body of seventy-six Dutch and nineteen British members protested against their being cut off from the Empire. A very small minority, who were termed "the well disposed," supported the policy of the Government; all the others were resolutely opposed to it. They were denounced as obstructionists for their pains, and, says Mrs. Fawcett, a "violently anti-British Boer from the Transvaal, named Stander, was employed by the British Commissioner to go about the country making speeches against the British connection." Two representatives were sent to England to implore the Government not to abandon them, but all in vain. A Royal proclamation terminated British sovereignty in the Orange Free State, and was signed on January 30, 1854. Sir William Molesworth could hardly have found a less sympathetic biographer than Mrs. Fawcett so far as South Africa was concerned.

Sir William Molesworth supported Lord Durham's policy in Canada, took part in the founding of the Colony of New Zealand, and was one of the strongest opponents of the transportation of criminals to Australia. He was, on the whole, a stout friend of peace and of liberty, and it is to be regretted that his closing years were darkened, and his reputation as a friend of peace overclouded, by his complicity in that criminal blunder—the Crimean War. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.)

III.—SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER.

Sir W. W. Hunter was one of those men to whom we feel personal gratitude. For he, better than any other writer in the nineteenth century, enabled those who remain at home to understand the good side of the British Empire in India. He was a voluminous writer, and Mr. Skrine's biography is a voluminous book. (Longmans, 16s. net.) It has

nearly 500 pages of close type, and gives a pleasant picture of a very admirable character. The War in South Africa appears to have helped to kill him. Mr. Skrine says that the December reverses, which made the Christmas-time of 1899 the saddest in our annals, had their share in hastening his end. When the news of Magersfontein came, he declared with great emotion: "There is only one man who can save England, and that is Lord Roberts."

The book is full of glimpses of distinguished men, both in India and Great Britain, with whom he was thrown in contact. He had correspondence with Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Gladstone, and there are reminiscences of Mark Twain and Sir Bartle Frere. Every now and then there are curious little word pictures of men and of affairs. For instance, one such describes how Mr. Gladstone spoke for ten minutes into the first phonograph exhibited in this country, and then listened to his speech as it was rolled off from the cylinder. He had been complaining that he felt he had lost his voice.

"When I speak now," he said, "I only seem to hear a buzzing through cotton wool." When he listened to his own speech in the phonograph, Sir W. W. Hunter says:—

Gladstone stood in rapt attention, drawn up to his full, noble stature, listening for the first time to his own voice as others hear it. He looked like an ancient eagle with his beak and those wonderful flashing eyes which have now a far-off look. When it was finished, he laid down the receiving tubes gently on the table, said softly, "I had no idea there was so much of me left," and went away almost without another word.

In the same letter Sir William Hunter says:—"On Wednesday John Morley has asked me to go into the camp of the enemy to dine with him and meet Mr. Bradlaugh, to whom I am requested to talk some sense about India, as otherwise Mr. Bradlaugh will talk much nonsense on that thorny subject in Parliament next session. I do not know whether I can do any good, but I feel bound to try."

Sir W. W. Hunter took a gloomy view of the future of the empire. In 1888 he saw the ancient barrier closing round us, while our people stood stolidly in imminent jeopardy. "It will depend upon the manner in which we comport ourselves during the next few years whether we are to remain as imperial people in the world or sink to the condition of Holland and Belgium."

One of his last messages was one of peace and goodwill to the United States. He welcomed their advent in the Philippines, and said:—

The United States, in the government of their dependencies, will represent the political conscience of the nineteenth century. I hail their advent in the East as a new Power for good, not alone for the island races who come under their care, but also in that great settlement of European spheres of influence in Asia, which, if we could see aright, forms a world problem to-day.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I. A BATTLE PICTURE.

By "LINESMAN."

"Linesman," in "Blackwood" for December, gives another of his inimitable pen-pictures of fighting in South Africa. A little camp of British soldiers is holding a position on the railway line, and the Boers lay a trap for its destruction—a trap which recoils on themselves. We give some extracts which will enable our readers to judge of the quality of the whole article.

The Changed Boers.

"The Boers, how changed from the stately commandoes which poured into Natal two years ago, solid mobs of keen, resourceful men, bent on the apotheosis of man's errands, conquest! Gone is the discipline and unity of purpose, gone the commandants, the field-cornets, every symbol of that authority which alone makes war respectable, gone the guns, gone many a stout heart and eagle eye, gone much of the legitimate enthusiasm, gone the country and the Cause; present with this lurking four hundred only despair and the bitter, unreasonable hate of the nation they had pulled by the very nose into their land, mocking at his unwillingness and huge grimaces, spitting at him for his slowness in coming, cursing him now, and themselves, for his enormous, immovable presence. And what a 400! The skimmings, or if you will the fusel-oil (for there is bite and bitterness in them) of five commandoes, armed wastrels from the Wakkerstroom hills, from the grassy uplands of Standerton and Ermelo, from the salt lakes of Bethal, from the rich pastures of Vrede,—some Macaulay must tell of them some day, in a 'lay made about the year 2000' (they will not be heroic until then), and of their Lars Porsena and his trusting day at swampy Zandspruit.

"And now behold the remnants of those who rode behind old Consul Fabius Pletrus, lurking in their Cremera amongst the sandstone dongas in the dim dawn. The cause is lost, but rifles and horses remain; a man may do a good deal with these, and something shall be done to-day. Away across the flats, between them and the eastern light, rises the great ram whose summit will be occupied in an hour or two by the British post, at present empty and lonely, standing like a gigantic sen-

tinel of rock against the pink sky. Why not occupy it first, and capture the picket as it moves up to its post for the day? . . .

Setting the Trap.

"A dozen Boers volunteer for the preliminary. After much guttural discussion six are selected, and these, flinging their blankets from their saddles (for they will have to gallop), trot briskly off towards the spur, along hollows and spruitbeds, riding two and two. They are seen hobbling over the last undulation, and then, after a moment of invisibility, climbing diagonally up the left of the spur. They dismount, leave their ponies in a little black clump below the crest, and finally disappear altogether as they crawl towards the stone sangars erected by the absent post for shelter. So far, so good. The shabby crowd which has watched them in silence over the edges of the dongas silently breaks up, and in a few moments is pushing towards the rises and hollows below the observation-post and two miles this side of it. It is hopeless to follow their skilful progress—here a man, there a man; every vantage-ground is occupied, every tempting gap left open; the plain is full of Boers, yet not a man can be seen even from the summit of the spur. But the Burghers crouching in the sangars know almost by instinct where their friends are lying, and feel none of the loneliness a civilised soldier would feel in such a situation. Boers have two of the most valuable of martial qualities—an eye for country and self-reliance. Had they the third—the instinct of self-sacrifice—at command, they would be the most formidable fighting men on earth: even without it they are nearly so. The British soldier has the third—the only unteachable one—without the other two qualities, and he has it so abundantly that their deficiency has been sometimes nullified. Teach them to him, and you have a soldier who will conquer the world in arms with little loss, not, as now, with the full expectation of attending the funeral of one in every twenty of his friends.

"Scene changes now to the British camp, lying about two miles north of the spur. Reveille is just blowing its cheerful tootle-too at the half-lour old sun as the Boers creep into the sangars

at the observation-post. Down in the cavalry lines six troopers are swallowing hot cocoa, standing with the reins of their saddled horses over their arms. The big tin mugs tilt higher and higher, come down together with a swing, and are flung into the tent door. 'Come on, chaps; time to be moving!' and out goes the south observation-post to take up its position for the day. The little party spreads out to an interval of thirty yards between man and man, the days being past when men took their morning constitutionals in South Africa in amicable bunches.

The Warning.

"They have not gone far when an excited-looking trolley, coming bowling along the railway which runs parallel to their left, attracts their attention. The platelayer seems to be making his morning run in a great hurry to-day, and has company withal—female company withal, and of the liveliest! For upon the trolley behold three Kafir maidens, seated, not modest and maidenly, but waving their ebon arms, and calling shrilly, with hands placed funnelwise, whilst the coolies bound with giant strides behind and alongside the humming wheels—a spectacle to make more gloomy souls than troopers laugh, so they duly guffaw, with heads thrown back, in great peals of honest merriment, which startles a jack-hare from his form and sends him lobbing off, one ear pointed forward, one back. But the laughter stops abruptly as the trolley pulls up, and its occupants leap to the ground and run to the wire fence, beckoning wildly. 'What's up now, I wonder?' grumbles the sergeant in charge, and trots off to the wire, bending over his saddle-bow to hear what the gesticulating native girls are shrieking at him. Plenty is 'up,' in truth! The girls, who had mooned out towards the spur before dawn to cut grass wherewith to thatch the huts against the rainy season, had spied Boers upon the observation-post, and had promptly rushed off at a tangent to the neighbouring platelayer's house, and told the tale; and the platelayer, being an old soldier with a marked dislike for Boers, had bethought him of this the quickest way to warn the approaching picket, Worthy platelayer and worthy black Camillas, 'scouring the dewy plain' to such honest purpose! War would be much bloodier had it not its humble danger-signals: army corps, as well as observation-posts have owed their salvation to them, or gone to ruin because happy-go-lucky drivers disregarded their warning. Then the six troopers creep back to camp, with much care that they do not come in view of the sangars on the spur, and tell their tale to their commanding officer. Boot and saddle!

boot and saddle! that trick must be trumped inside half an hour!

The Counterstroke.

"Out they go, fifty picturesque brown horsemen, with shaggy nags and 'smasher' hats, and a general leathery cowboy look. What is it about our irregular horse that makes a lump rise in the throat as one sees them streaming along at a canter, big, fit, sunburnt men, with an air about them that makes one think also of the boundlessness of an Empire which pours such men from its almost unknown recesses? Their captain has many a time studied this particular lead in the game, and has discovered a winding dip in the ground which brings one unseen around and without charging distance of the sangars on the spur,—an almost imperceptible dip, no dip at all to the ordinary eye, but the squadron flies along it all the same, with the tops of their hats perhaps no more than a foot below the line of sight from the post all the way, an object-lesson in the value of ground, more often taught by Boer than British horsemen. And so they sweep on, the sound of them smothered by the sharp morning breeze, moving across but ever nearer to the concealed Boers, as the fowler edges in to his 'dopping' of teal or 'gaggle' of geese. But the six Boers, past masters in the human fowling art themselves, are neither graceful teal nor silly geese, but six keen-eyed, very suspicious, dingy fighting men. Moreover, they have been uneasy this last quarter of an hour past at the non-appearance of the observation-post: something must have happened or those clockwork Britons would be coming up the slope by now, in clockwork fashion, two bits of mechanism in front, four behind; no calipers ever made would beat the eye of British soldiers disposing themselves upon the round bosom of the earth. But they come not,—how is that? Hendrik will see, and, lying flat upon his stomach, crawls to the edge of the spur from whence the hillside towards the camp is visible in portions. By Paul!—not the Saint, but him lately of Pretoria,—they come not in single spics but in battalions, twenty, thirty, fifty hats bobbing away under the shelf of grass a quarter of a mile off, and they come fast on their corn-fed horses! Opstaal! Mount, Burghers! The outwitted six are up and away in no time,—no use trying to go hidden, the advancing squadron has the ground between them and their friends in full view. Lord! to see them go! The Boers are not fine horsemen, but good and bold ones, and they fear neither steep places (not agreeing they are swine and never having seen the sea) nor ant-bear holes. They literally bound down the nose of the rocky

ram, their active little ponies cocking their ears and eyes for dangers beneath whilst in middle air. And then they are sighted. View halloa! Gave away! a yell as from fifty James Piggs bursts from the British squadron, forrard! forrard! forrard awa-a-a-y! How they spread and thunder down the grassy slope, the horses curling and uncurling their twinkling legs in the gallop, necks stretched and ears flat amongst the manes, every rider 'finishing' with bent body and whirling heels, the air full of clods of earth, flecks of foam, and the yells, thuddings, and jingling hurly-burly of a charging squadron. The flying Boers do not yell, but bend anxiously over the horses' necks, legs still, the one spur being well "home" all the time. This is going to be a nearer thing than they had bargained for! The grey plover get up screeching before them, and the Dutchmen instinctively remember a lesson taught by these birds, which their fathers have watched a hundred years. 'When in danger, separate.' Insensibly the distance between man and man increases, until under the shelter of a crest line of grass they turn sharply outwards from each other, and seem to melt in various directions into the expense of veldt, each heading for where he knows his comrades to be lying in wait. The pursuing cavalry split up too; twenty to the left, twenty keep on, ten to the right, down a long dip which ends in a donga under a little ruined farm, each with the bobbing figures of two Boers in front. And so on for a few breathless minutes more, until the horses begin to sob and waver, and the reins become slippery from their sweat.

The Ambuscade.

"Suddenly, crash! from the extreme left, Captain B.'s party has run into the ambuscade! But the Boers have fired too soon, and our men are off and letting drive into them in no time. Crash! again from the extreme right, the ten are in for it; but they, too, can dismount and return the fire. A little later, crash! for the third time, from the front, where the British party has outstripped its flankers by more than a mile. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! The firing is tremendous, sounding from a half circle of five miles or so, a curious sound to one watching from the observation-post, coming apparently from the featureless ground itself, for not a man, Boer or Briton, is visible for a time, all being flat in the grass. The left-hand party is firing volleys, the peculiar tearing, ripping sound of which punctuates the incessant rat-tat of the independent fire from the other detachments, and the hollow tapping of the Mausers echoing all over the veldt, outside the half-circle. The foremost party is most hotly engaged;

a regular scrimmage of rifle fire is going on away out there; and the right detachment, having apparently silenced the fire of their few opponents, determine to relieve the pressure by advancing to the farm, from whence they may be able to assist their friends by an enfilading fire.

"Just as they rise and hurriedly mount, the gun, which had laboured out of camp in charge of the infantry, booms from the spur behind, and the shell smashes dustily into the farm building. A lucky shot, indeed, for out dash thirty Dutchmen, rush to their ponies hidden behind the walls, and scamper off down the donga. Rejoice, ye dauntless ten! another few yards and you would have been into that trap: the Boers had only stopped firing because they couldn't see you, and asked nothing better than the advance you contemplated! But they are off now, and the men occupy the farm. . . .

"Meanwhile, on the left, Captain B.'s party, similarly blocked, have been blazing away uninteruptedly. The Boers here have been reinforced, and, becoming bold, have shown themselves once or twice, as they galloped or crawled to better firing positions, paying for their temerity with one or two men hors de combat. The horse of one is wounded, and becomes unmanageable, carrying its rider into full view during a pause in the firing, in which the silence is for a moment absolute. But an old Canadian sergeant is squinting along his rifle-barrel—bang! The galloping horse stops, though it is not he who is shot, and the little black figure on top tilts slowly sideways, and falls stiffly to the ground, like a tin soldier from his peg on the scarlet saddle of lead. But in a moment two Boers are kneeling beside him, and the limp thing on the ground is swung over a saddle and borne off, like a sack of meal, head and legs flapping aimlessly on either side of the startled horse. Then the rapid firing commences again from both sides; but as both sides have good cover behind ant-heaps, little damage is done by hundreds of bullets which rip through the dry grass,—a horse or two wounded, a man shot through the shoulder, several men grazed, and much clothing miraculously riddled.

"Until war ceases, which will be the greatest miracle of all, it will always be the exhibition-ground of miracles. How can a bullet puncture a man's coat behind and before, or pierce his boot and sock and be gravely shaken out of both, without wounding him? Yet I have seen both these things happen. And what mysterious channel does the human body contain which leads a bullet dexterously around the heart, a hair's-breadth from the seat of life, yet never rending it,—a phenomenon vouched for by more than one army surgeon? Shells have burst thunderously between

the very legs of soldiers, and left them still so. diers. Pom-pom shells of two inches diameter have passed through legs and arms without shattering the bone or bursting at the impact, though there appears to be literally no room for such a merciful performance. In fact, a history of the escapes in war would be wild reading even after a course of Munchausen.

How the Centre Fared.

"This central party had, as already related, moved far in advance of its flankers before the latter became engaged, to find itself blocked, as they had been blocked, by a strong body of riflemen ahead. But, unlike the others, Captain H.'s men soon became agreeably aware that their fire is mastering that of the Boers, which dwindles slowly before them, rifle by rifle ceasing: first that bearded old tory firing black powder on the right finds his cherished Westley-Richards, for whose sake he spurned the spick-and-span Mauser offered him, outclassed, so slithers unostentatiously down his slope and rides off, and his heavy leaden bullets smack the ground no more; then a Boer who has been making marvellous shooting from behind a high ant-heap discovers that his too marked shelter is being far too frequently chipped and powdered for comfort, and he, too, quits it without advertisement; another has his hat whisked from his head with a cold and horrible little breeze through his hair; another has his rifle-stock shivered in his hand as he raises the weapon to refill; another behind a conspicuous stone finds himself under such a beating hail of British bullets that he dare not fire at all, and so on. Few Boers can stand punishment on equal terms, though they will bear the most terrific hammering if they seem to hold the trumps. So these thirty or so melt, and a chuckle of gratification, not unminged with relief, runs along Captain H.'s grovelling, sweating twenty. A moment's pause, a tentative shot or two at the innocent grass and ant-heaps, and 'pass the word to retire'! They mount and move back in widely extended order, the firing on both flanks has ceased for a while, and all seems over: a sporting little affair, let us get back to lunch, canter-r-r-r! The word of command is re-echoed, British fashion, from N.C.O. to N.C.O., and repeated jovially by most of the men. Canter, boys! . . .

"But it is unwise to halloo at any time, proverbially so, until the wood is well behind! And a great and sudden silence falls on Captain H. and his chattering, cantering command, when a Mauser shot cracks from the top of an undulation directly ahead of them, like the sound of a breaking stick, then another, a dozen others, and once more the bullets begin to spit and whizz around

them. Boers between them and camp—how did they get there? Easily enough: the band retiring up the slope before the dauntless ten on the right had seen the situation as on a plaster-of-Paris plan from their height,—three little isolated British parties with two thousand yards and multitudinous hollows between each; what more simple than to stream in line ahead, Nelsonwise, down the deepest, which is also the directest, of the dips between the British right and centre, backing topsails on a rise behind both! And done instantaneously, at a furious gallop, most dashing of conceptions and executions to a spectator, with a plucky racing figure well ahead to show the way.

A Daring Charge.

"Now, Captain H., a good deal depends on how that brain and nerve of yours serve you in the next tenth part of a minute—twenty men's lives, and perhaps the destination of their souls, this being liable or entitled to alteration if more life be engineered out of this fix for their bodies by you. Or at least twenty men's honours, and as in war the less includes the greater, something of the honour of ten thousand times twenty men hangs this instant on your word. Which is it to be, 'Hands up!' or 'Charge!!' The word is taken out of our mouth, no trumpet ever blared it louder, a splendid word, whether from brass or human throat! And with heads down and heels in, they charge. It must be a gallant sight to see the grey boar not die, but burst his way through those who hem him in; the fine old Indian hunting-song might have spared a verse for it. With lowered rifles these trapped English boars thunder up the gentle slope, the dust of hundreds of bullets meeting the cloud from their horses' hoofs in a yellow confusion: they close with the scattered line of Dutchmen at the top,—some of whom are mounted, some kneeling, some leap into the saddle,—crash through it, and tear down the other side. A roar arises at that tremendous meeting and parting, a roar of rifles, and blaspheming, cheering voices; some of the Boers upon the ground cock their weapons up sideways and snap at the galloping horsemen; the latter turn their downward and snap back, holding the heavy arms like pistols. 'Thumbs up! thumbs down!' death and mercy seem equally balanced in this modern arena. One, two, three Britons are down, falling like avalanches from which friend and foe alike recoil outwards, jingling, rolling masses of overwhelmed horses and humanity. But some of our wobbling rifles wobble on to a mark, three or four Dutchmen bite the dust with shrill cries (every Boer, whether in pain or pleasure, pipes like a hysterical woman),

peering up at the horsemen dashing by with the distressed look of men who know that they have suddenly come to the end of all things—an indescribable and unforgettable look, set apart of all human expressions for violent death.

"But now all living Boers are mounted and galloping with the troopers in an extraordinary pell-mell of yelling, blundering figures; here an Englishman dashing forward, lying along his horse's neck, with Boers around him, shouting to him to 'hands up!' here a Boer similarly surrounded. There is no firing for a time, only a whirlwind of speed and shouting. 'There's the commandant, shoot him!' yells a youthful Boer, pointing to the figure of the officer galloping amidst the melee, whose mourning-bound arm had betrayed him.

Someone's rifle bangs, and someone is down, not the officer, who fires right and left with his revolver, glancing rapidly from side to side. Boers hate revolvers, and a circle of thirty yards is soon clear around him. A trooper finds his bridle gripped on both sides by two Boers who close in upon him at full speed. 'Hands up! hands up!' He flings his rifle across to the left and pulls trigger; his left-hand assailant tumbles outwards, swinging his arms and coughing horribly, shot through the side, seeming to leap from the saddle as he dies. The right-hand Boer lets go, and is for making off, but is shot by someone else as he slews away. Five Boers are then captured on the right, but, cunning fellows, they will not gallop, and soon drop behind into safety!"

II.—THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON BRITISH PRESTIGE.

By CAPTAIN MAHAN.

Captain Mahan, the author of "The Influence of Sea-power upon History," is not merely the greatest of American writers; he is an authority of world-wide influence upon military questions. In the "National Review" for December he discusses the effect of the war on British prestige, and concludes that, on the whole, England has gained, and not lost, in reputation by the struggle. Here are what Captain Mahan regards as the gains to British prestige from the strife:—

Striking Power.

"Bearing in mind the respective distances of the antagonists from the seat of war, the outbreak of hostilities gave to the Boers the advantage, to the British the disadvantage, of a surprise. That this is so is seen by considering how the case would have stood had the British Islands been where Cape Colony is. That larger organised forces were not assembled in South Africa at an early date will be differently criticised even by impartial observers. It may at least be observed that, if injurious to the prestige of the Government on the score of unwise delay, it cannot at the same time be attributed to eagerness for war. Also, however viewed, this is chargeable to political calculation, not to military inefficiency. But when war was at last resolved on, it cannot, I think, be considered as less than admirable that over 165,000 men, with the vast mass of warlike equipment, were transferred 6,000 miles from the British

Islands to South Africa in six months. Nor yet that, from the sea coast, the same huge numbers and equipment were carried by single track railroads a thousand miles inland, there maintained, and within eight months, not of their arrival in Africa, but of their earliest departure from England, had possession of the capitals of both their opponents, having driven them from position to position in a notoriously difficult country, devoid alike of natural and of artificial resources. . . .

The British Officer.

"The main defect of the average British officer—that he is not what the French call *instruit*, nor even disposed to become so—has been his trouble historically and always; and it is emphasised now by an enforcement of systematic training in continental armies, and by the United States in their military academy, with which neither in army nor navy are the British authorities inclined to comply. The successes of Great Britain in other times have been attained under this disadvantage. To meet difficulties as they arise, instead of by foresight; to learn by hard experience rather than by refection or premeditation, is a national trait, just as is contempt for constitutions, which are made instead of evolved. Personally, if I must choose, I prefer the knowledge given by experience, the acquirements of growth to those of formulated instruction; but I see no reason why one should exclude the other, to the injury of

both. The British officer might possess more knowledge, more reading, more grasp of precedent and principle without injuring his adaptability. The student's lamp has its part as well as the football field or the cricket ground in equipping an officer.

Reflex Influence on the Empire.

"First is one which, to my mind, gives immeasurable assurance of national power—the sure guarantee of prestige—and that is the progress towards unanimity in the nation, centring round the idea of Imperialism, and finding an immediate impetus in the South African problem. Whatever the faults of a Government, or the failures of an army, a unanimous and sustained national spirit is the vital force, of which prestige is at best but the outward sign and faint reflection. The increase of unanimity throughout the Empire is witnessed both by the movement of the Colonies and by the rejection of the disintegrating tendency in the Liberal party by its younger and abler members, to whom the future belongs. Imperialism has shown itself an idea capable of quickening national self-consciousness, of bestowing strength of purpose, and of receiving indefinite expansion.

Proved Sea-Power.

"Again the sea-power of the Empire still stands pre-eminent. I do not here consider the accuracy of the many allegations made, of failure on the part of the Government to maintain necessary progress. Even if these be true, no irreparable harm has yet been done. The Imperial movement of the Colonies, in contributing to the war, is greatly contributive to sea-power. By strengthening the Imperial tie, it gives assurance of local support in many seas—the bases—which sea-power requires; while the military effort, and the experience gained by the colonial troops engaged, render the defence and security of these local bases much more solid than ever before, because dependent upon men experienced in warfare. The foundations are surer.

A Better Army.

"Again, closely connected with this last consideration is the inevitable superior efficiency of the army at large, Imperial as well as colonial, consequent on this protracted experience of war. I made this remark twenty months ago to an American audience, which I believed to be impressed with the idea of lost prestige, and forgetful of this prolonged warlike practice, obvious as its effect upon efficiency should be. The comment rests now on an even wider and firmer basis

than when first uttered. The British army, including colonial contingents, is to-day, to the number of over 200,000 men, a vastly more useful instrument than it could have been two years ago; and this gain will last for at least a decade, as a matter of international calculation, just as the disbanded but tempered forces of the United States remained after the Civil War.

A New Unity.

"The Confederation of the Empire, whatever shape that may ultimately, if ever, attain, has doubtless been furthered, not hindered, by the war. Community of sentiment and community of action have both been fostered. I would not speak with exaggeration, nor overlook the immense difficulties in maintaining community of interest and of aim between political entities so widely scattered as the component parts of the Empire. The work is one of time, of tact, and labour. I say only that the war has furthered it, and most justly; for from the point of view of the British Islands alone—the Imperial idea apart—the war, so far from being selfish, has been self-sacrificing. It is the Empire, not the Mother Country, that is most interested in this comparatively ex-centric and remote dependency.

"In development of power, both local and general, therefore, I believe the war to have strengthened materially the British Empire, and I believe it has likewise given renewed and increased force to the spirit of union, of concentration upon great ideals, without which material strength runs to waste. As an immediate result, I look for the establishment of a group of South African communities in which the English tradition of law and liberty will henceforth prevail, partly by force of conquest, partly because of its inherent fitness to survive.

"With these obvious gains—development of Imperial purpose, strengthening of Imperial ties, broadening and confirming the bases of sea-power, increase of military efficiency, demonstrated capacity to send and to sustain 200,000 men on active service, for two years, 6,000 miles from home—I do not believe the international prestige of Great Britain has sunk in foreign Cabinets, however it may be reckoned in the streets and cafes of foreign cities. Against this, in order to support a charge of loss of prestige, is set the weary prolongation of the war. Men need not deceive themselves; there is here no even balance. The gain outweighs the loss. I unfeignedly wish that the war, with its sorrows and suspense, might end; but it remains true, sad though the argument is, that the more completely the Boer exhausts himself now, the more convinced and the more final will his submission necessarily be."

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

I.—A GREAT ENGLISH ECCLESIASTIC.

Canon Gore, the new Bishop of Worcester, is a man of distinction. He is a High Churchman who dares to be Broad. He is a Radical, Socialist, Revolutionary pillar of the Constitution as established in Church and State. He is an Anglican and yet an Englishman, therein differing from many Anglicans who are Anglicans and not Englishmen, seeing that they regard all non-Anglican Englishmen as aliens from the Commonwealth of England. He will soon be a Lord Spiritual of the Establishment, which has ever been a horrible dead weight in the scale against all that makes for Liberal progress. But he is one of the few men who have had the courage to proclaim aloud the great Revolutionary truth that "no one who really loves God can acquiesce in things as they are."

Charles Gore is a preacher, and, although not as eloquent as Dr. Liddon, has more of the fire of the prophet than ever glowed in the discourses of the Chrysostom of St. Paul's. He is as potent a force for the rationalising of Christianity as Dean Stanley, and he possesses as much of the enthusiasm of humanity as that which animated Dr. Creighton. He is the most notable, the most promising, and the most distinguished of all living Churchmen.

He is, therefore, altogether too good a man to be doomed to be a bishop—even a Bishop of Birmingham. Bishops, to quote Canon Liddon's oft-quoted remark, are great overgrown, overworked clerks. With so much administrative work to do in their dioceses they have no time left to think about the Church. Canon Gore himself has told us that:—

One chief function of the bishops was to be conservative, to maintain unity, to hold things together; a bishop was not to be a pioneer, but he was to aim at allowing as much freedom of development in all directions as was consistent with unity, continuous tradition, and the facts of the immediate past. It was right for new movements to be checked, restrained, tested, proved. A bishop's function was to be a moderator.

And, therefore, Canon Gore is almost the very last man in the whole world who ought to have been made a bishop. Pegasus in the shafts of a dray is a sorry spectacle. Why should Canon Gore be summoned from the discharge of his prophetic mission to undertake the administration of the diocese of Worcester? Is this not in very

truth that leaving of the Word of God for the serving of tables which led to the institution of the Diaconate?

Just contemplate for a moment what it means, and then think of the pity of it. Here is a huge sluggish mass of ecclesiastical machinery which is perishing for lack of driving-force. In the Church there are a few—a very few—men who can get up steam. There are thousands who can oil the wheels and polish the brasses or slow down the speed. One of the few, conspicuous indeed as the most potent of the few thinkers, idealists, and prophets, stands Charles Gore. And upon him falls the extinguisher of the mitre, and for the rest of his natural life he must apply himself, not to the generation of new forces, for which he is clearly marked out by pre-eminent spiritual and intellectual gifts above all his fellows, but to the checking, moderating and restraining duties for which he has no special aptitude. The chief function of a bishop must be, as he says, to be conservative. But the chief glory of Charles Gore was that he was essentially revolutionary.

Possibly he is so thoroughlybred a revolutionary that he may even revolutionise the traditions of the Episcopate. But—

As bees on flowers alighting, cease to hum,
So, settling down in office, Whigs are dumb.

And there is no more effective method of stifling the Reformer than by making him a bishop. It remains to be seen whether Lord Salisbury has spiked the Canon of the Church militant by offering him a Bishopric. We all hope that it will not be so. Otherwise Charles Gore will be a lost force for the cause of which he has, until now, been the most faithful and intrepid champion.

Such at least is one view of Canon Gore's elevation to the Episcopate. There is another view which probably is that which overcame his natural reluctance to become a bishop. It is that while he recognises the judicial character of a bishop, which is shown by his retirement from the English Church Union, he believes that it is not impossible to combine with the judicial and moderating function of a bishop the duties of spiritual and social leadership. Bishops, in times past, have exercised the prophetic function, and what has been may be again. The utterances

of a bishop attract more attention than the sermons of a canon, and, as Charles Gore was called to the post without having sought it, he may trust that grace be given him to escape the soul-deadening influence of high administrative office.

A Revolutionary Bishop.

The new bishop will not have a seat in the House of Lords for some years to come. But it will come in time, and there is a great redemptive work urgently needed to hand if the role of bishop as legislator is to be vindicated in the public estimation. It is not too much to say that in the opinion of the majority of English people—perhaps the majority of Church people—the bishops, regarded as legislators, have not been a great success. As a whole they have been worse than useless. Once or twice perhaps, last century, a bishop has made a speech in the House of Lords that may be put to the credit side of the lawn-sleeved legislators. But, considering their opportunities and the nature of their professions, I doubt very much whether even Canon Gore himself would not admit that they had miserably failed to fulfil expectations. Think of it! Here are right reverend fathers in God, believing themselves to be in a peculiar manner the heirs of the Apostles, officially set apart to champion the principles of Christianity in the House of Lords. They are briefed to defend the cause of the Nazarene in the Imperial Parliament. All other members of Lords and Commons represent secular interests; they are all, ostensibly, representatives of the world, and not a few of them have every credential for representing the flesh and the devil. But, taking a broad historical survey of the great causes which, after many years of storm and struggle, have ultimately triumphed, with good results for the happiness of mankind, how many of them owe any gratitude to the bench of Bishops? Is it not only too true that the cause of righteousness, of liberty, and of progress, instead of finding its most faithful and unwearying champions among the Bishops, has had mournfully to regard the gentlemen in lawn sleeves rather as its foes than its friends? The men who in Parliament have compelled the nation to recognise the supreme obligation of the moral law have not been the representatives of the Church; they have been the representatives of the world. John Bright and Lord Shaftesbury did more for the cause of humanity and of national righteousness than all the bishops who ever sat in the House of Lords. If Canon Gore, as Bishop of Worcester, will use his seat in the House of Lords—when he gets it—as he used the pulpit of the Abbey, he will do something to reconcile our democracy to the presence of Lords Spiritual in the Imperial Parliament.

II.—A BISHOP'S CREED.

Supposing that Bishop Gore is faithful, as a spiritual Peer, to the doctrines which he enforced with so much zeal and eloquence when he was only Canon of Westminster, we shall see for the first time a Radical, Revolutionary, and Socialist member of the House of Lords. The first fundamental principle which he should assert in the House of Lords is that which he enunciated when he preached at the Church of the Holy Redeemer in Clerkenwell, in December, 1900. On that occasion he declared that if Christian people really thought about God, if they directed all their faculties to know and really love God, they would turn the world upside down rather than acquiesce in the world as it is at present. That is the true watchword of the Radical Revolutionist. The note of the House of Lords is that of acquiescence in things as they are. The note of the Revolutionist is that things as they are are so bad that no man who really loves his Maker can acquiesce in them, but must at any cost upset them. "If we really love God," said the Canon, "we cannot acquiesce in things as they are. The great fault of people in general is that they are too acquiescing, and a great deal too resigned in a most unchristian sense."

Religion and Revolution.

This is the true spirit of the religious revolutionist, and Jesus of Nazareth was the most revolutionary teacher that the world has ever seen. Henry Ward Beecher once declared that it was difficult to conceive the extent of the revolution which would be brought about if people really endeavoured to fulfil honestly the petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." "If," said he, "that petition were granted it would have a simply devastating effect upon many things which exist and flourish in our midst. Imagine the effect of that prayer being answered. A brewer or a publican utters the prayer, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' The answer to that prayer would be like a cannon ball passing right through whole rows of dens of iniquity in which human beings are besotted with drunkenness and ruined with debauchery."

And what is true about the low gambling-hell and drinking den is true about a great many other institutions in Society. The ordinary Conservative rallies instinctively to the support of every established institution and every vested interest, merely because it is an established institution or a vested interest protected by law; but the true prophet and reformer regards the fact that an evil institution is protected by law, not as a reason for defending it, but an additional sum-

mons to destroy it. "Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee which frameth mischief by statute?" asked the Psalmist; a question which must sound little short of rank blasphemy in the ears of many conventionally good people who appear to imagine that what is legal must necessarily be right. Again, to quote from Canon Gore, "We put a man under conditions of life in which it is impossible for him to live, and then we say it hath pleased God to do such and such things, whereas in fact it was Society, as at present constituted, that killed that man. It is downright blasphemy if we so misuse the doctrine of resignation to what was truly God's will as to be resigned to what was absolutely contrary to His will." It would be a refreshing novelty to hear this doctrine enunciated by a speaker in lawn sleeves in the House of Lords.

Although Bishop Gore believes in democracy and asserts the principle of equality, he is no blind optimist, nor does he hesitate to face the fact that there is much to disappoint and discourage us in the modern developments. Instead of progress, he sees in many cases retrogression. After half a century of reform, for instance, he thinks it is impossible to say that there is a deeper or wider thirst for knowledge in our public schools and universities than there was at the beginning.

The sermon which he preached last New Year's Eve at Westminster Abbey was full of melancholy warning as to the hollowness of much that is called modern progress. The nineteenth century, he admitted, was closing with a widespread sense of disappointment and anxiety among many of those who cared most for righteousness and truth in the world. Our literature was singularly without the quality of inspiration. There was no prophet for the people. In all departments of life there was a lack of conspicuously leading men. There was a great diffusion of popular education, but it was doubtful whether it had promoted thought, or character, or skillfulness. Lack of intelligence, lack of belief in study, absorption in sport, were the prevailing hindrances among the young. The visions of peace which fascinated the minds of men in the middle of the century had retired out of view. The grinding of mere commercial competition did not seem to be obviously better for mankind than military strife. The masses, when emancipated, had shown themselves very much like sheep, and had displayed little sign of taking themselves seriously. The religious movements appeared to be a little worn out, and the bulk of the population remained stolidly indifferent, while the supply of workers was more and more manifestly inadequate.

Hope Rooted in Despondency.

Nevertheless, despite this somewhat gloomy outlook, he is full of hope and confidence. "We are nearly," he says, "on the eve of a fresh understanding of Christianity. The old Bible is being read afresh with a new power, as if it were a new book. If there is for the moment silence, it may be it was only the hush before the wind of the Divine Spirit blew."

Even the lack of any strong moral impulse in literature, philosophy and politics encourages him by the reflection that the lack of rival enthusiasms may constitute the moral opportunity of the Church. The field is open to her now, without a considerable rival, to appeal to every man's conscience. His hope lies in the presentation of the divine ideal of the Church as the household of God, based upon principles which lie at the root of modern social democracy. The Church, according to its original constitution, was the embodiment of the ideal of properly representative government under equal divine laws. This also was the aspiration of the popular movement of the century.

Christianity Democratic.

The very same ideas which give the impetus to the democratic movement of our time lie at the heart of the Christian religion. These principles he denies as follows:

First—that God is no respecter of persons.

Secondly—that all men should, as far as possible, have an equal opportunity of making the best of themselves.

Thirdly—that wealth is a trust rather than a right.

Fourthly—that every man is his brother's keeper.

The whole conception of the Pauline idea of Christian life was founded upon the Church being a brotherhood. Again and again he reverts to this fundamental idea, and he makes it abundantly plain that he would very much rather have a Church of a few real followers of the Crucified, who lived lives of self-sacrifice and discipline, than that all men should become merely nominal Christians. This principle of brotherhood he applies unhesitatingly to the world of economics.

Co-operation the One Thing Needful.

What is needed, he declares, is the substitution of the principle of co-operation for that of competition. The following passage from a sermon which he preached in Westminster Abbey four years ago is a model of plain speaking. "Why," he asked, "is it so difficult for commerce to be conducted on honest principles?" and replied to his own question by saying that it was "because customers were so selfish":—

People would not order their clothes, for example, in time, and consequently sempstresses were worked to death. If only all communicants would take a solemn oath not to order things in a hurry or buy below the market value, untold good would result. In country towns much benefit had arisen where the Christian Social Union had induced people only to shop where a reasonable rate of wage was given. In London it was more difficult to arrange; but if they would only look on it as a primary duty, like saying their prayers, reading their Bibles, or being communicants, to order their clothes in good time, and pay a fair price for them, the condition of the poor and oppressed would be greatly benefited.

Again and again he has assailed in burning words the widespread rule of bribery, corruption, and dishonesty as exhibited in the campaigns which flourish in the heart of a nation that owned to worship of Christ. Preaching twelve months ago at Marylebone Road, from the text, "Now it is high time to awake out of sleep," he asserted that it was a duty which every man owed to all other people to take care that they had an opportunity of making the best of themselves. In the sight of God each one of the others is of as much value as ourselves. To be neutral or indifferent to the well-being of others was to do them harm.

Then he went on to illustrate his doctrine by a reference to the lead-poisoning which prevails in the Potteries:—

There was nothing, said the Canon, like a particular application, and he would take the case of the use of lead in making glaze for pottery. Lead injured or destroyed the life of the worker. Now, it had been proved that pottery could be glazed without this dangerous lead. There was at present at Mortlock's, in Oxford-street, an exhibition of pottery made without lead; let his hearers go to it, and they would see for themselves that it was just as good as if lead had been used. It lay with the buyers of pottery to make the shopkeepers understand that they chose to have that which was innocuous in the making. There had been a difficulty in getting it in sufficiently small quantity because though it had been made to the order of Government offices, the School Board, and other bodies, it had not come into the retail trade. The success of the enterprise depended on the amount which the public would take; and it required only a little effort on the part of the Christian community, by insisting on leadless glaze, to cause the market to be flooded with it. Let them do this, because it was harmless to the workers. No amount of elaborate observance of Sacraments could be worth a snap of the finger if they dispensed with the law of love.

A fine doctrine that last, and all the more important because it was uttered in the pulpit of a church which paid excessive attention to the importance of sacramental observances. The "snap-of-the-finger" worthlessness of Sacraments, if the communicants do not insist upon leadless glaze, is a good doctrine, and one which it is to be hoped the bishop will insist upon in every part of his new diocese.

Sound on Essentials.

Bishop Gore has always been very sound upon all women questions, excepting one. He thinks

that in his own case it is good for a man to be alone, and he will be a celibate bishop. But on all questions relating to women he has been a great deal better than most of the married clergy. In his somewhat gloomy survey of the results of modern education, he said that what gave him most encouragement in the religious aspect of education was the fact that the benefits of knowledge had been opened so widely for women by the side of men. In all questions of morals he has been stern and unflinching, and has refused to follow many of his reverend brethren in holding a candle to the devil in the shape of the advocacy of State-regulated vice.

He has also been an energetic advocate of temperance reform, and has done his best to rouse the conscience of the community to the intensity and continual growth of the problem presented by a constantly increasing crowding of the poor into dwellings whose conditions rendered Christianity or morality well-nigh impossible.

On Evolution.

On the question of the relation of science and religion, Canon Gore has ever been frank even to an extent which shocked many of the older school. His bold acceptance of many of the conclusions of the Higher Criticism brought down upon his head a storm of indignation from High Churchmen of the old school like Archdeacon Denison; but he has ever stood to his guns. So far from exploring or denouncing, as many of the clergy have done, the doctrine of evolution, he rather welcomed it as tending to bring the Church to a truer view of its own evolution. He was a great friend of Romanes, and he held that so far from theology being hostile to evolution, evolution had really taken hold of theology with a grasp that could not be shaken off. It had, for instance, given them a habit of profoundly thinking about their state after death, for, whatever might be the life after death, it would only be the natural outcome of what we are here.

A Word to His Majesty the King.

Canon Gore is not much of a courtier, and even when he paid his eloquent tribute to the memory of the Queen he seized the opportunity of saying a seasonable word to her successor:—

The memory of the Queen should be a tonic to all who survived her. Her example especially was full of responsibility and encouragement to him whom we now knew as Edward VII. For him they prayed to-day that he might have grace to cause the name of Edward to smell as sweetly in the nostrils of his people as did the name of Edward the Confessor long ago, and that he might have more wisdom than Edward the Confessor in choosing his instruments; and for Queen Alexandra, who had dwelt so long in the affections of the British people, they prayed that she might at all times support and comfort the King in his difficult duties.

II.—THE MAN AND HIS CAREER.

Charles Gore was born at the beginning of the Crimean War, of a well-known old Whig family, his father being in official service, first in Ireland and afterwards in London, in the Woods and Forests Department for many years. His mother, who still lives, was also of the same political connection. But there was nothing on either side of the family to suggest to their youngest son the line which he afterwards adopted.

Conversion.

He very soon began to give proof of his capacity. "Converted," in a religious sense, before he went to Harrow, he impressed his schoolmates and his masters with a sense of his exceeding conscientiousness. Mr. G. W. E. Russell, writing on the subject in the "Pilot" of November 16, says:—

Charles Gore was the most conscientious boy I ever knew. His whole soul was absorbed in the idea of duty, and he expressed it in a life without fault or flaw. He played his games as conscientiously as he learned his lessons; and prepared for a debate as carefully as for an examination. He took the most systematic advantage of every moral and intellectual opportunity which the school afforded; and I think it might be said of him with almost literal truth that he never wasted an hour.

The popular impression that he was converted as the result of a High Church Revival is incorrect. Mr. Russell assures me that the decisive change which led him to become a full-fledged Catholic before he was seventeen occurred prior to his entering Harrow. In those early days, his one unswerving ambition was to take Holy Orders. This was the more remarkable because the religion of the Gore family was not one of passionate enthusiasm. It was somewhat Laodicean and Erastian, after the Whig tradition, but Charles Gore surrendered himself body and soul to the fascination of the Catholic movement. He became a devoted Catholic Anglican of the strictest type, and so deep was the impression that when he went to Balliol he was noted and rather wondered at as the one Balliol scholar who was fervently religious and punctilious in his devotions.

His Life at Harrow.

He was from the first an industrious student. Mr. Russell, who was his schoolmate, says:—

In 1869 Dr. Butler is already beginning to talk of Charles Gore as "one of our most promising scholars." But he is not a scholar only. He plays cricket well, and all other games at least tolerably. He takes long walks and talks incessantly of everything in Heaven and Earth. He edits the school-magazine with a skill which elicits an unexpected compliment from Mr. Ruskin. His performance of the Wall in the Midsummer Night's Dream remains even to this day a classical triumph of the Harrovian stage. He is intensely interested in politics, and a shining light of the Debating Society. I look back to contemporary records, and find that in 1870 Charles Gore spoke against the an-

nexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and in favour of the abolition of University Tests. He supported me in declaring that "A Hereditary Legislative Body is a mistake," and, amid the horrors of the Commune, he and I persuaded three of our schoolfellows to affirm that "a Republic is the best form of Government."

Two years later Gore was the best scholar and most distinguished boy in the school, dividing all the classical prizes with his friend Marsham Argles. At seventeen he had won the Balliol Scholarship, overawing the examiners, as we were told, by an essay on Cosmopolitanism. The ruling traits of his character were already formed. In the first place, he was already a teacher and a leader. He took no opinions on trust or at second hand; but formed his own beliefs, and held them tenaciously, and enforced them vigorously. He was pre-eminently a teacher of duty.

At Oxford: His Bent Towards Asceticism.

Gore took a fellowship and acquired a sufficient reputation both for personal piety and for sound scholarship to cause him to be appointed examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln.

There he remained for some time, and was transferred to Cuddesdon, where for the first time he began to develop that power of personal influence over young men which he has never lost. He was a great reader, and always ready to share the fruits of his studies with those with whom he was associated.

So signal was the success which attended him at Cuddesdon that after some years it was recognised, when Pusey House was founded, that he was the best man to place at its head. At Pusey House the magnetism of his personality was more manifest than ever. It was with the greatest reluctance he had returned to Oxford, but once there he threw himself heart and soul into the work, and people began already to talk about him as the successor of Canon Liddon. But he was a very different man. Nothing could be more simple and plain than his method of preaching and speaking. He spoke as one who had firm convictions and whose feet rested upon a rock of the solidity of which he had no more doubt than he had of the existence of the solar system. At the same time, he recognised that it was no use attempting to deal with the conclusions of the Higher Criticism from the old standard of a conventional orthodoxy. Charles Gore, like most of those with whom he was associated, had been brought up under the influence of Mr. T. H. Green; they knew what criticism was, and they set to work to deal with the various difficulties and perplexities which beset the path of the believer from a standpoint which was at least common ground both to the assailants and defenders of the authority of the scribes.

The Genesis of "Lux Mundi."

He spent some years busily and usefully employed at Pusey House. While still Head he and his fellows met at No. 1 Amen Corner, to survey

their work at Pusey House, and to sum up the conclusions at which they had arrived and the position which they considered they had established. Each of the members wrote an essay which he read over and criticised, and adjourned for further consideration. But when the essays were read, it was discovered that no one had dealt with the subject of Inspiration. The meeting was adjourned, and it was decided to go over the essays again and complete them by Charles Gore's paper on Inspiration. This essay, when it was read to the little company of fellow-workers, did not excite much discussion. It seemed to them a simple and clear statement of the ideas which had formed what might be called the very atmosphere of Pusey House during his residence. It was added to the other essays, the whole of which were published eleven years ago in the volume entitled "Lux Mundi."

The Consequent Hubbub.

The commotion which that essay, and its footnote, occasioned is remembered to this day. Among the more orthodox High Churchmen, like Canon Liddon and Archdeacon Denison, the book seemed to be like, not the Light of the World, but a lurid ray from Tophet. Canon Liddon, who was then nearing his end, spent his last days in expressing, with even more than his accustomed fervour, his dismay and indignation to what seemed to him a surrender of the Ark of the Covenant at the hands of the unbeliever. Archdeacon Denison roundly denounced it in the papers, and a fierce polemic ensued. It is a curious illustration of the difference of standpoint between this work when first written at Pusey House and the outside world, that Charles Gore's essay on Inspiration, which had passed almost unnoticed after discussion in the small conclave of fellow-workers, became the central point round which the controversy raged. The memory of the polemic still lingers in the mind, but the position taken up by Canon Gore has been practically accepted as quite compatible with the Catholic Faith delivered to the saints.

The New Blend—the Broad High Churchman.

It sounded the distinctive note which differentiated the Broad Churchman of Dean Stanley's school from what may be called the Broad Church school of which Canon Gore was the most conspicuous representative. Canon Gore had made admissions and accepted principles which were quite as advanced as those for advocating which Bishop Colenso and Dean Stanley had been pilloried. But Broad Churchmen, as a rule, did not combine with their rationalism any fervent faith

in the distinctive Christian dogma. It was this combination of intrepid determination to defend to the uttermost the essential dogma of the Christian Church with the rationalistic treatment of questions raised by modern criticism which was a novelty in England. To be a Broad Churchman led the public to understand that the acceptance of the results of modern criticism carried with it as a natural, and even necessary, corollary an easy-going indifference to dogma. Canon Gore changed all that by accustoming the public to recognise the possibility of combining the broadest possible view of all critical questions as to the authorship and inspiration of the Bible with a passionate devotion to the doctrines of the Church.

A Faithful Company of Friends.

"'Lux,' " writes to me one of its authors, " was the deposit of about fifteen years' experience as teacher in Oxford under a novel situation. We were all brought up High Churchmen, more or less, under the philosophical influence of T. H. Green, of Balliol. We were intimate friends. We met every week for prayer together. We retired to country vicarages together for a month each long vacation, and talked, and read and prayed. Illingworth and Aubrey Moore were more distinctly philosophers than Gore. Paget, Lock and Otley were better scholars, but Gore was our chief theological expert. We still meet every year—the whole gang—at Illingworth's vicarage, for three or four days together, and talk about most things in heaven and earth."

It was in the midst of the stir created by "Lux Mundi" that Lord Rosebery appointed its editor to a vacant canonry at Westminster. Canon Gore accepted the new post with sincere reluctance. The desire of his heart was to undertake pastoral duties, and he surrendered with a sigh the realisation of his own ideal for the wider sphere of influence to which he had been called.

Charles Gore had in his twentieth year joined the English Church Union, and had taken steps for the formation of a semi-monastic union, whose members maintained a kind of spiritual retreat in Yorkshire, and were all vowed to poverty, obedience, and celibacy. These vows were not lifelong, but were renewed from time to time. It was humorously said that their vow of celibacy was taken in the morning, and only bound them not to get married during that day; but this was an exaggeration.

The Community of the Resurrection.

As everyone has heard in a vague way of the quasi-monastic Community of the Resurrection, it may be as well to introduce here a brief account of its foundation. The idea of founding such a

community first was impressed upon Charles Gore when he was a boy at Harrow. He was, and is, naturally an ascetic. One of his friends, writing me on the subject, says:—

Gore's asceticism is not like that of some, a laborious and painful effort to conquer nature. He was naturally ascetic. Perhaps the flesh in its modest sense meant less to him than to any man I know. He was by nature constitutionally indifferent to food, drink, sleep, comfort, ease, prettiness in surroundings, and the like; though he has keen appreciation of beauty on a grand scale, as in nature, architecture, and music. His mind was first turned towards the idea of the Community which he eventually founded by a sermon of Westcott's. Westcott was then an assistant master at Harrow, and when Gore and I were fifteen we heard from him in our school chapel a sermon pleading for the revival of asceticism and the Community life in the Church of England, which I think determined Gore's ultimate course.

The Community is a small one, consisting of not more than twelve members, with rules of obligation, community of goods, and celibacy so long as they continue in membership. They are free to leave under certain conditions. The contingency of any of their members being in receipt of the revenue of a bishopric was not contemplated when the rules were framed. Round this nucleus of twelve are grouped some forty or fifty associates, all ministers in holy orders. They take their annual retreat at Mirfield. Their practice of spending a certain period every year in prayer and meditation with others similarly minded is one of the distinctive rules of the High Church party. Charles Gore for some years past has taken a very large Clerical Retreat for about sixty clergy at Keble College. It may be mentioned in this connection that he is in great request as a father confessor, and has high repute as a dealer with the spiritual difficulties of his penitents.

Gore interpreted his obligations seriously, and when he came to Westminster he kept his vows. In his little rooms in the Cloisters at Westminster he lived with two or three other clergymen, in a kind of religious brotherhood, living very simply and in community. Every Tuesday there was a social gathering at which friends of the brotherhood met in social intercourse, a privilege which was much appreciated by those admitted to the Cloisters.

In the Pulpit.

There is nothing of what is ordinarily known as the popular preacher about him—no show, no side, no rhetoric. His preaching in this respect resembles his writing. You may search in vain for purple patches in his clear, simple statement of his thought. He has the gift, and a very great gift it is in any popular teacher, of being able to say the same thing over and over again without even feeling that he needs an apology for repeating the old message with which he is charged. There is no straining after novelty. He is always

the teacher, a little academic, perhaps, and sometimes lacking in passion, but he never fails in earnestness and always succeeds in impressing his hearers with the fact that he has something to say, something which he knows to be an absolute truth, which is of such importance that he is intensely anxious that they shall recognise it. The tone of authority is never absent from his pulpit utterances, for he teaches as one having authority and not as the Scribes; but his appeal is always made to the reason as well as to the consciences of his hearers. His natural instinct has always been to find common ground to argue with those whom he addresses, to appeal to them upon principles which they recognise, whereas too often Canon Liddon—to name the most conspicuous and eloquent of his predecessors—seemed to speak from a platform which was over the heads of his audience. The note of solitude is always audible. When he does not feel quite sure of his ground he prefers to remain silent. This characteristic has led some more vehement and confident critics to declare that he is lacking in courage; but no mistake could be greater than to impute to any lack of intrepidity this hesitation at coming out strongly in support of anything about which he is not absolutely certain.

His Genuine Catholicity.

One of the most excellent characteristics of the new bishop which differentiates him very clearly from many conspicuous Anglicans is his broad catholicity of sentiment. Too often Anglicans who call themselves Catholics with a capital C are the least catholic of men. As a rule, conspicuous High Churchmen are broad enough in their sympathies to include in the catholicity of their ecclesiastical fellowship the members of the Greek Orthodox Church and of the Roman Catholic Church. But there they stop, and the more zealous they are to extend the right hand of fellowship to Greeks and Romans, the more stern and sometimes even rude they are in refusing to recognise their fellowship with Nonconformist fellow-Christians. Bishop Gore has nothing of that about him. To him the spiritual life is everything, and the true believer whose religious life is a reality, enabling him to live in conscious communion with his Maker, is a brother Christian with whom he stands side by side without any of the arrogant spirit which is the bane of so many good men. He has addressed a meeting of Nonconformists at Memorial Hall; and no Nonconformist who has worked with him has ever felt for one moment the existence of that invisible but very palpable wall of division which separates many Anglicans from all those who do not belong to the Anglican communion.

II.—A GREAT SWEDISH INVENTOR AND PHILANTHROPIST.

Alfred Bernard Nobel, the man who left a fortune of nearly two millions sterling in order to reward those who have rendered most service to their fellow-creatures, was born at Stockholm on October 21, 1833. His father, Emmanuel Nobel, was a man of considerable eminence in his own day. Emmanuel Nobel was the founder of the Nobel firm. He was a man of great industry and talent, who, after being educated as an architect and appointed professor of geometry when only twenty-six, failed to find the true bent for his genius until some years later, when he established himself at St. Petersburg, undertook the manufacture of torpedoes, and established great engineering and shipbuilding works. There he prospered for nearly twenty years, until after the Crimean War the enfeebled resources of the Russian Government no longer afforded him sufficient business to make it worth his while to remain on the Neva. In 1859 he left his business to the second of his sons, Louis, and returned to Stockholm with the rest of his family, where, with the aid of his sons, he betook himself to the study and the fabrication of explosives.

Up to that time the ordinary black blasting powder was the only explosive in use either in war or in industrial occupations. Nitro-glycerine had been discovered many years before, in France, but it was so extremely dangerous that it was practically useless. Between 1861 and 1862 Emmanuel Nobel discovered a method of preparing nitro-glycerine which rendered it possible to make practical use of it. In October, 1863, Alfred Nobel, the son, took out the first patent for the manufacture of an explosive composed of nitro-glycerine and of ordinary powder. In 1864 he took out a second patent, but for some years the use of nitro-glycerine was attended by many accidents. One of the worst of these took place in 1865 in Quenastreet in Brussels, when the Belgian representative of the firm and nine other persons were blown to atoms. Four years before a younger brother of Alfred, Oscar Emil, then a young man of one and twenty, lost his life in an explosion which destroyed their factory at Helleneborg, near Stockholm. An explosion near Newcastle-on-Tyne, when the Sheriff, Mr. Mawson, and several others lost their lives, created a great prejudice in England against the use of this high explosive, and various proposals were made in many countries for prohibiting its use.

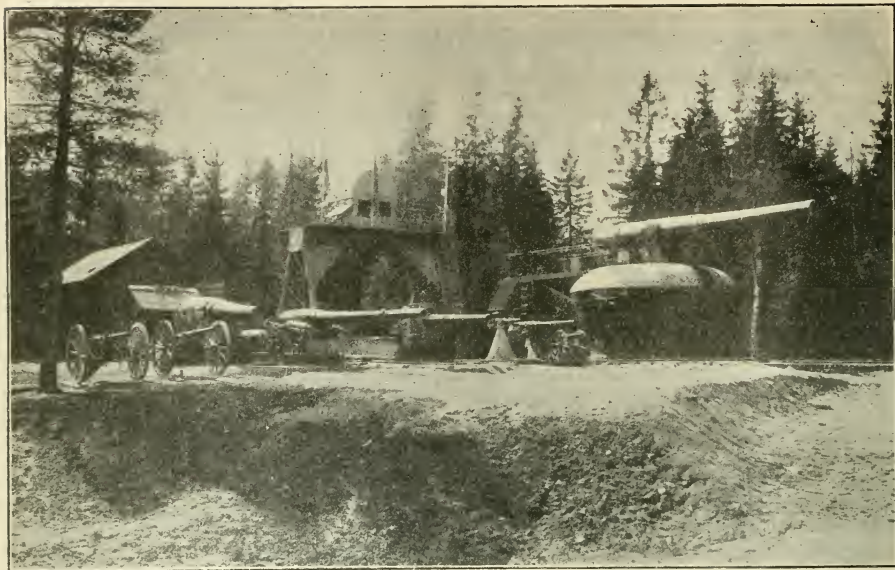
In 1867, however, Alfred Nobel invented dynamite—a compound of nitro-glycerine with Kieselguhr, a very finely-powdered siliceous substance, composed of the shells of fossilised infusoria. It

had the capacity of absorbing three times its weight of nitro-glycerine. From being the most dangerous, nitro-glycerine, thus compounded, became one of the safest of all explosives. It could be handled with much less danger than gunpowder, and neither damp nor heat had any influence upon it. In one or other of its forms it gained almost immediate recognition as the long-lost hammer of Thor, and for nearly thirty years it has been ceaselessly employed in all blasting operations, in tunnelling mountains, in blasting rocks, and, in short, in doing everything that Thor used to do in his contest with the giants of Jotunheim. Kieselguhr contributes nothing to the explosive force of dynamite, and Nobel improved upon it by his gelatinous nitro-glycerine, which he patented in 1876. Thirteen years later he patented ballistite, the first of the high explosives which inaugurated the era of the smokeless powder that was destined to effect so rapid a revolution in the methods of war.

Some idea of the extent to which dynamite is used in modern industry may be gained from the



ALFRED NOBEL.



THE POLYGON AT BOFORS.

fact that in the last ten years of Nobel's life 12,000 persons were constantly employed in its manufacture, and that the total output was valued at very many millions per annum. It is very remarkable that in twenty-five years no strike ever took place in any of the Nobel factories.

In the development of this gigantic industry Alfred Nobel became a cosmopolitan European. He lived for a long time in Paris, from which at last he was driven to San Remo, where he established a great laboratory and a villa which he called "my nest," but which was always known as the "Villa Nobel."

He was a man whose interest in science was by no means confined to the manufacture of explosives. One of his discoveries, of which no use has yet been made, was the invention of artificial guttapercha, the value of which in these days of motor-cars may rival that of dynamite. He also manufactured cannon, and was associated with his brother in the development of the petroleum deposits at Baku, in the Caucasus. He left the development of the petroleum industry chiefly to his brother Louis. One of the last things that he did before he died was to subscribe half of the sum necessary for equipping Andre on the balloon expedition to the North Pole which terminated so disastrously for the intrepid explorer.

Alfred Nobel never married. The unresting energy and the incessant activity which compelled him to flit hither and thither from Italy to Sweden, and which absorbed all his time in the recesses of his laboratory, left him no leisure for the pleasures of domesticity. All his affections, says Professor Louis Henry, from whose paper in the "*Revue des Questions Scientifiques*" most of these particulars are taken, were concentrated upon his mother. She was the idol of her sons, who regarded her with the most affectionate veneration. She died in 1889, at the age of eighty-six. Her son Alfred died seven years later at San Remo, at the age of sixty-three.

Alfred was a man of delicate health, of retiring disposition, singularly devoid of ostentation or pride. As the result of his prodigious success in the creation of the great business which has revolutionised modern industry, he acquired a fortune which was estimated, on his death, at 45 million francs. The question of the disposition of this great fortune naturally occupied his attention in the closing years of his life. Like many childless men (Mr. Rhodes included) he entertained very sound views as to the unwisdom of leaving large sums to your relatives. In his sixtieth year he found himself with a fortune of close upon £2,000,000, of which he was absolutely free to dis-

pose as seemed good in his own eyes. Although a very wealthy man, so far as Old World ideas go, he was a pauper compared with Mr. Carnegie, who has thirty times that sum of money to give away in his lifetime; but the burden of distributing £2,000,000 preoccupied the attention of Alfred Nobel.

As one of his executors, M. Sohlman, the engineer has declared, Nobel strongly disapproved of anyone enjoying great wealth without having gone to the trouble of acquiring it, "simply because he was his father's son or his uncle's nephew." He considered that the result of possessing riches without personal labour was to beget idleness. "Do not reckon upon my possessions," he said to his relatives. "After my death they will not go into your pockets."

Nobel said to Strehlenert and Hwass shortly before his death in 1896:—"I am a thorough Social Democrat, but with moderation. Experience has taught me that great fortunes acquired by inheritance never bring happiness; they only tend to dull the faculties. Thus any man possessing a large fortune ought not to leave more than a small part of it to his heirs, not even to his direct heirs—just enough to enable them to make their way in the world. It is an injustice to leave them a great sum of money which they have not themselves deserved, which favours idleness, and prevents the natural development of the faculty of personal initiative which is in us—the tendency to create an independent position for one's self."

A few months before his death Nobel said to M. Waern:—"I could never leave anything to a man of action. I should expose him to the temptation of ceasing to work. On the contrary, I would willingly help a dreamer who might have got into difficulties."

In order to carry out these ideas, he made a will in which he left the whole of his fortune to found a prize fund, the annual interest on which was to be divided into five equal portions, which were to be distributed every year as rewards to the persons who had deserved best of mankind in five departments of human activity. The clauses in his will which govern the distribution of these prizes are as follows:—



VILLA NOBEL, SAN REMO: MAIN ENTRANCE.

The entire sum will be divided into five equal parts, one to go to the man who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physical science; another to the man who shall have made the most important discovery or introduced the greatest improvement in chemistry; the third to the author of the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or medicine; the fourth to the man who shall have produced the most remarkable literary work of an idealistic nature; and, finally, the fifth to the man who shall have done the most or the best work for the fraternity of nations, the suppression or reduction of standing armies, and the formation and propagation of peace congresses.

The prizes shall be awarded as follows: for physical science and chemistry, by the Swedish Academy of Sciences; for physiological or medical work, by the Carolin Institute at Stockholm; for literature, by the Stockholm Academy; and for Peace work, by a committee of five members elected by the Norwegian Storting.

It is my express desire that, in awarding the prizes, no account shall be taken of nationality, in order that the prize may fall to the lot of the most deserving, whether he be Scandinavian or not.

Nobel's object in distributing his wealth in this fashion was due to the observations which he had made in the course of his busy life. He saw that the rewards for pure science were very few. When your man of science can patent his invention and apply it directly to industrial processes he can make a great fortune; but many of those who have made the greatest discoveries have lived and died very poor men. He wished, therefore, to secure independence to those pioneers of science who devoted themselves solely to the work of research. He wished not only to recompense them for the work which they had done, but more especially to afford promising talents an opportunity for still further development. He lamented the fact that the profits of new discoveries very seldom accrue to

to those who made them. Being a great chemist and physicist, it was natural that he should have given first place to discoveries in the regions which he had made his own. He was a great admirer of Pasteur, and his own delicate health compelled him to take a keen interest in medical science. Hence the third prize, which was awarded for discoveries in medicine or in physiology. The fourth, which has attracted singularly little attention, might have been expected to have elicited most discussion. Professor Henry says that in the closing years of his life Nobel was much occupied in the reading of poetry, and was specially devoted to that of Byron. It was this which led him to offer a prize for idealist literature. Professor Henry thus explains what he conceives to be the meaning of Nobel in restricting his prize to idealistic literature. This qualification, says he, testifies at once to the excellence of his taste and the nobility of his character. In our disturbing epoch, when under the name of art so many unclean things are admitted and excused, it is due to the honour of Nobel to emphasise the extreme care which he has taken to specify that unobjectionable and pure literature alone has any right to his bounty.

The fifth prize is that which has attracted far the most attention throughout the world. It was that which was selected by Nobel in order to testify to his devotion to the cause of International Peace. At one time, indeed, he is said to have remarked that he wished to devote the bulk of his fortune to founding this prize. In his will, however, it ranks last of the five objects among which the fortune must be equally divided. His idea was thus expressed: "I would like," he said, "to dispose of most of my fortune in founding a prize, to be given to whoever had made Europe make the greatest advance towards the idea of universal peace." Some people imagine that this bequest was prompted by a feeling of remorse at the thought of the extent to which high explosives had been used in warfare. Nothing was further from Nobel's mind. He was very much disposed to believe that the more you increase the deadliness of weapons the more you diminish the chances of war. Certainly the invention of smokeless pow-

der has done much to render the old style of war impossible.

Nobel was a true European. Born in Sweden, living many years in France, and carrying on a great factory in Italy, he was constantly reminded of the absurdity of the present State system of the Old World. He believed in the United States of Europe, and wished to hasten the day when the armed anarchy of the Old World could be superseded by the reign of reason and of law. Therefore, for all time to come, every year the sum of about £8,000 will be given away as rewards to the person, institution, or society who or which has done most in the preceding year for promoting the fraternity of nations, for the suppression or reduction of standing armies, as well as for the formation and propagation of Congresses of Peace.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to who would be selected as the recipient of the Prize of Peace. No discussion has taken place whatever as to the recipient of the other four prizes. So far as the English Press was concerned, it might be imagined that there was only one prize. In reality there are five, all of which were to be awarded on December 10. Nobel's will might have been disputed if all the relations had joined together in contesting it. But the head of the Nobel family, Emmanuel Nobel, refused to oppose the execution of the wishes of his uncle. Much discussion took place as to the claims of the other relatives, and a sum of £20,000 was set aside for their use. The articles were then carefully drawn up for the Nobel Foundation, which received the Royal sanction only on June 29, 1900. This year,



INTERIOR OF NOBEL'S LABORATORY AT SAN REMO.

therefore, is the first in which the money could be distributed.

The sum originally left by Alfred Nobel is chiefly invested in the public funds of England, France, Italy, Russia, Sweden, and Norway. Part of it also was invested in landed estate in France, Italy, and Sweden. The total sum amounted to 46,000,000 francs, which, being reduced by taxation, ultimately realised about £1,680,000. If invested at 3 per cent. it would bring in about £50,000 a year, which being divided into five equal parts would realise £10,000. There are, however, some deductions for costs of administration and other things, and it is estimated that the sum allotted would be about £8,000 a year.

The prizes are awarded by the following:—

Physical and Chemical Science by the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences; Medicine and Physiology by the Carolin Institute of Medicine and Surgery, Stockholm; Literature by the Swedish Academy; and the prize for Peace by a Committee appointed by the Norwegian Storting. This Committee consists of the following members: Mr. B. Giltz, Mr. Steen (Prime Minister), Mr. John Lund of Bergen, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the poet, and Mr. J. Lovland, Minister of Ways and Communications.

In the statutes of the Nobel Foundation the following rules have been framed, governing the distribution of the prize of peace:—

The clause in the will providing that the annual distribution of prizes is only to be for work accomplished "during the year just past," is to be interpreted as meaning that the awards shall be

for the most recent results of activity in the department named in the will, whereas less recent work will only be taken into account when its importance has been lately demonstrated. Each of the corporations with which the awards rest must decide whether the prize awarded can also fall to the lot of an institution or society.

At the meeting of the committee, which takes place on the anniversary of the donor's death (December 10), the corporations who have to make the awards must publish the names of the recipients, to each of whom they must hand a cheque for the value of the prize, as well as a diploma and a gold medal bearing the effigy of the donor, with an appropriate inscription.

The recipient, unless in any way prevented, must within six months of the committee meeting hold a public meeting on the subject of the work for which he has been awarded the prize. This meeting will take place at Stockholm, or, in the case of the prize for peace, at Christiania.

In making the award the Norwegian Committee had considerable difficulty. By the terms of the will it would imply that the prize was to be awarded to the person, institution, or society which had done the most for the cause of peace in the preceding twelve months. If this rule had been strictly adhered to, the range of choice would have been very much narrower. But if the twelve months' limit was altogether ignored, then undoubtedly the prize ought to have gone to the Tsar of Russia, who has certainly done more to secure the triumph of Nobel's ideas than everybody else put together.

"Cassell's" Christmas double number is an attractive compilation. It boasts no fewer than five Rembrandt photogravures, and is in itself quite a little art gallery. Besides the fiction and the Christmas flavours, may be mentioned Richard Davey's sketch of the Buonapartes, especially interesting from its account of the family to-day. Icebergs are described by one who has seen them von Haus aus—Albert Operti, of Peary's Polar Expedition. Tighe Hopkins depicts London a hundred years ago, when its people did not number a million and its houses were only 160,000. John Collett's Bygone Dances are also a feature.

The "Empire Review" has in it much that is instructive and readable. Ada Cambridge's memories of thirty years in Australia give vivid glimpses of young Colonial experiences—from Vicarage windows. Fred. Battley lights up for us

the midsummer Christmas of New Zealand. India is much to the fore; General Sir Edwin Collen traces the history of the Army of India, and its place in Imperial defence. J. D. Rees sketches current events in India, and endorses Mr. Norman's belief that no Russians of serious moment either wish or expect Russia to invade India; but urges that the danger-point is now the Persian Gulf, at present a British lake, and that Russia should be there allowed no port. Colonel Trevor sketches the career of Sir Pratap Singh, who will represent India at the Coronation. Mr. Lees Knowles, M.P., writes with enthusiasm of the reception accorded to the Oxford and Cambridge athletes, whom he personally conducted across the Atlantic. The editor comments with gratification on the Royal Colonial Tour, and lays stress on the formidable impression it will have created on our Continental neighbours of our Imperial union and strength.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

The Coming Coronation.

In "Lippincott's" for December, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, a very competent authority, writes an "anticipative sketch" of the great event which takes place in Westminster Abbey in June next, and which is already drawing many Australians to London. The anticipative sketch is singularly vivid and realistic.

The Scene in the Abbey.

Along the centre of the nave, from the western door, a platform, covered with blue cloth, runs like a broad roadway through the choir, from which the familiar stalls and reading desks have been removed, until in the very midst of the Abbey we come to the "theatre." Here is a stage or platform of two parts, covered with cloth of gold over crimson carpeting. See, on the higher stage, the throne for the King, and on the lower one to the left the throne for the Queen. In front of these on the eastern side, facing the altar, stand the Chairs of Recognition; while in the centre of the sacrum, facing the altar, are, most important of all, the Coronation Chairs.

What legendary memories linger round that plain block of sandstone, now hidden from our sight with cloth of gold, which forms the seat of Edward the Confessor's chair! Is it the stony pillar on which Jacob slept at Bethel? Is it the Stone of Destiny on which the Kings of Ireland were placed, and which had the mystic virtue that if a true king were crowned on it, it would be silent, but if a pretender, that it would groan aloud like thunder? The stone keeps its secret: all that is certain is that in 1296 the first Edward brought it to England, a symbol of his conquest of Scotland. As for the Queen Consort's Coronation Chair, it is the one in which the great Elizabeth was crowned.

Now the attention of the vast assemblage is strung to the highest pitch, for with the swiftness of the electric current the word has gone round—"The King and Queen!" Within the Abbey we hear the sullen booming of the guns and broken echoes of the acclamations from without. The great officers of State advance to the west door to receive their Majesties.

The long procession passes up the nave to the strains of the anthem, "O Lord, grant the King a long life," and the way is strewn with sweet-smelling herbs from the hand of the King's herb-woman with her six maids. The long, sweeping trains of their Majesties, the magnificent robes of the Princes of the Blood, the peers bearing their coronets, and the Archbishops and Bishops, the flashing jewels of the peeresses, and the splendid regalia, all combine to furnish an absolutely unique coup d'oeil. Having reached the theatre, their Majesties kneel on the faldstools set for them, and after an interval of private prayer, seat themselves, not on their thrones, but on the chairs below.

The Challenge.

Now comes the first great ceremony of the coronation. Grouped round their Majesties are the Bishops, their supporters; four great nobles bearing the pointed Sword of Temporal Justice, the blunted Sword of Spiritual Justice, Curtana, or the Sword of Mercy, and the Sword of State; other great nobles, bearing the various articles of the regalia; the great officers of State; Garter King of Arms; the officers of the Household; as well as the Queen's officers and supporters, with her ladies behind her chair.

There is a moment of breathless expectation, for all are aware that it is the recognition of the monarch by his people which is now about to be symbolised. Slowly and majestically the King stands up in his chair, and shows himself to his people at every one of the four sides of the theatre. Meanwhile, Frederick Temple, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, turns his goodly presence to the east side. Mark with him the lowlier figure of Lord Halsbury, England's Lord High Chancellor, with the bearded Duke of Norfolk, Hereditary Earl Marshal, and the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable. Preceded by Garter King of Arms, they go to the other three sides of the theatre, and at each side the Archbishop says, in a loud voice, "Sirs, I here present unto you King Edward VII., the undoubted King of this realm; wherefore all you that come this day to do your homage, are ye willing to do the same?" And on each side the answer is returned in the long and continued acclamations of the people present, crying out "God save King Edward VII.!" The trumpets sound a ratification of this curious survival, which leads our minds back through the receding vistas of history to those dim ages where the roots of monarchy may be traced in the victorious warrior's being acclaimed overlord by his brother chieftains.

Symbolic Gifts.

Now follows the first oblation. The Archbishop puts on his cope, and stands on the north side of the altar, on which the Bible, paten, and cross are placed. The King, supported by two Bishops and attended by the venerable Dr. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, and preceded by the Lords carrying his regalia, goes to the altar, and, kneeling with his head uncovered, makes his oblation—a pall or altar-cloth of gold, and a wedge of gold of a pound weight. These articles of the oblation the King delivers to the Archbishop, who lays the pall reverently upon the altar, and the gold ingot, received in a basin, upon it.

Then the Queen, with her supporters, and preceded by the Lords carrying her regalia, comes to the altar, and in like manner makes her oblation, which is also a pall, but with no ingot. Then the Archbishop offers, in the name of their Majesties, a humble prayer, acknowledging the Divine sovereignty over all, and beseeching the Divine acceptance of the oblations.

Indeed, we shall find this idea of the Divine sovereignty running through the whole coronation ceremony, and linked with it the idea that the earthly King is responsible to God for the proper governance of his realm. Nothing could be further removed from any conception of despotism or irresponsible authority. The monarch is, throughout, regarded as what we should call, in modern phrase, a trustee for the welfare of his people.

The Litany follows, and while it is being said by two Bishops vested in copes, the Lords carrying the regalia advance near to the altar, and present all the articles to the Archbishop, who delivers them to the Dean of Westminster, by whom they are placed upon the altar. Now, in his strong, unmusical voice, Archbishop Temple begins the Communion Office, the people all kneeling and making the responses to the Ten Commandments. After the Nicene Creed comes the sermon; this is preached by the soldier-prelate, the Archbishop of York, from a pulpit placed against the pillar at the north-east corner of the theatre. During the oblation and the Litany the King is uncovered, but for the sermon he puts on a cap of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine.

After the sermon the Archbishop, approaching the King and standing before him, invites him to take the Coronation Oath, in which, by the way, there is no

thing specially offensive to Roman Catholics, and the King, after replying to the appointed questions, arises from the Chair of State, and, supported by his officers and the Lord Great Chamberlain, goes uncovered to the altar, where, kneeling and placing his hand upon the Gospels, His Majesty takes the oath, saying, "The things which I have here before promised I will perform, so help me God!" His Majesty adds to the oath his sign manual, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household holding a silver standish for the purpose. After the oath the King returns to his chair, and then, kneeling, the Archbishop begins the "veni, Creator Spiritus," which the choir sing.

The Anointing.

Now comes the anointing. The holy oil for this, perhaps the most ancient of all coronation ceremonies, is contained in a vessel called the Ampulla. This and the Spoon are the only really ancient articles of the regalia. The Ampulla is of gold, in the form of an eagle with expanded wings standing on a pedestal. Instinctively we recall the beautiful legend that the Blessed Virgin appeared to St. Thomas à Becket when he was in exile at Sens, in France, and with her own hands bestowed on him a golden eagle and a small phial containing an unction. These he was directed to entrust to a monk of Poitiers, who hid them in St. Gregory's Church in that city. There they were discovered with a written account of the vision, and delivered to the Black Prince, who deposited them in the Tower, and they were used in 1399 at the coronation of Henry IV. This bright eagle in Archbishop Temple's hands was certainly used at that coronation. The Spoon, also of gold, is extremely thin, and is probably even older than the Ampulla. The King is d'srobed of his crimson robes by the Lord Great Chamberlain. His Majesty takes his seat on the chair of Edward the Confessor, to be anointed, and four Knights of the Garter, summoned by Garter King of Arms, hold over the King's head a rich pall of cloth of gold.

It is an impressive symbolism. The aged Dean of Westminster pours the holy oil from the Ampulla into the Spoon, and the grim features of the Archbishop are set with an added solemnity as he takes the Spoon and anoints the King, in the form of a cross, on the palms, on the breast, on both shoulders and between the shoulders, on the bowings of both arms, and, lastly, on the crown of the head, saying, "As Kings and prophets were anointed, and as Solomon was anointed King by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated King over this people," whom the Lord your God hath given you to govern." Then the King kneels and the Archbishop invokes the blessing of the Holy Spirit on His Majesty. The King rises and returns to the chair, where the Dean of Westminster, having dried with fine wool all the places anointed, except the head and the hands, closes with the ribbons attached to them the parts of the King's dress that have been opened for the anointing.

Spurs and Sword.

But before the actual coronation there is more symbolism to come, as full of meaning and perhaps more picturesque. See, the Dean is taking from the altar the Royal or St. George's Spurs, made of gold curiously wrought, without rowels. With them Lord Cholmondeley touches the King's heels, and then they are replaced on the altar. Even more striking is the girding and oblation of the Sword of State. This, which is not part of the regalia, but is the personal property of the Sovereign, is borne by Lord Salisbury, as Prime Minister, and the Archbishop lays it on the altar, praying that the King, who is now to be girded with it, may not bear it in vain, but may use it as the minister of God, for the terror and punishment of evil-doers, and for the protection and encouragement of those that do well. During the ceremony of girding, the Archbishop says to the King: "With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God,

help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order."

Next the King, rising, ungirds himself, and going to the altar, offers the sword in the scabbard. Lord Salisbury then redeems the sword for one hundred shillings and, drawing, bears it naked before His Majesty during the rest of the ceremony.

The King now rises and is invested by the Dean with the Robe Royal, or purple Robe of State, made of cloth of tissue lined or furred with ermine, his crimson robe having been first taken off by Lord Cholmondeley. The Dean also invests him with the Armil or Stole, the only ecclesiastical garment now retained in the investiture of English Kings, saying, "Receive this Armil as a token of the Divine mercy embracing thee on every side." The Orb, or Mound, a ball of gold, six inches in diameter, encompassed by two fillets of pearls and precious stones, and bearing a large oval amethyst which forms the base of a jewelled cross pate, is presented to the King by the Archbishop, who says: "Receive this Imperial Robe and Orb, and the Lord your God endue you with knowledge and wisdom, with majesty and power from on high; the Lord clothe you with the robe of righteousness and with the garments of salvation. And when you see this Orb set under the Cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Redeemer. For He is the Prince of the kings of the earth; King of kings and Lord of lords; so that no man can reign happily who deriveth not his authority from Him, and directeth not all his actions according to His laws."

King and People.

Now is the King to be symbolically wedded to his people. See, the Archbishop holds in his fingers the King's Ring, which some old writers call "The Wedding-Ring of England," of plain gold set with a large table ruby on which the Cross of St. George is engraved. Legend says that this ring belonged to Edward the Confessor, and that he bestowed it on an old beggar who asked an alms of him, he having nothing else at hand at the moment. Soon afterwards two English pilgrims lost their way in the Holy Land, and were succoured by a "fayre olde man" who, on parting, said to them, "I am Johan the Evangelyst; and save vnto Edward your kynge that I grete him well by the token that he gaff to me, this ring, with hys one handes." Certain it is that James II., when detained by the fishermen of Sheerness on his first attempt to flee the country, in 1688, contrived to hide a ring, called "the Coronation Ring," in his clothing. This was a favourite ring of Mary Queen of Scots, and was sent by her at her death to James I., finally coming into the possession of George IV. through the channels by which he obtained all the remaining papers of the House of Stuart.

The Archbishop puts the Ring on the fourth finger of His Majesty's right hand, saying: "Receive this Ring, the ensign of kingly dignity and of defence of the Catholic faith."

The King returns the Orb to the Dean, who lays it on the altar, and the Archbishop presents to the King the Sceptre and Rod. This Sceptre Royal is nearly three feet long. At the bottom it is set with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, and the twisted shaft is of burnished gold. Formerly it branched at the top into a fleur-de-lis, having in the middle a large amethyst supporting a diamond cross, but George IV. had an arched and jewelled crown substituted for the fleur-de-lis. The King's Rod, about three feet seven inches long, has its pommel and shaft jewelled, and at the top is a globe, surmounted by a cross, on which is a dove of white enamel, with wings extended.

The symbolism is explained by the Archbishop's words: "Receive the Royal Sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice," and again: "Receive the Rod of equity and mercy; and God, from Whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, direct and assist you in the administration and

exercise of all those powers He hath given you. Be merciful, that you be not too remiss; so execute justice, that you forget not mercy. Punish the wicked, protect the oppressed; and the blessing of Him Who was ready to perish shall be upon you."

An interesting relic of feudalism marks the delivery of the Sceptre and Rod. See the slight figure of the scholarly Duke of Newcastle as he presents the King with a right-hand glove and supports his Majesty's right arm, which is burdened with the weight of the Sceptre. It is by this suit and service that the Duke holds his manor of Workop, which formerly belonged to the Dukes of Norfolk.

The Coronation.

Now comes the central ceremony of all—the coronation itself. See, there is St. Edward's Crown, made of two crossed arches, rising from a circle of gold over a cap of crimson velvet lined with white taffeta and turned up with ermine. At the intersection of the arches is a globe of gold, surmounted by a cross patee adorned with three large oval pearls. The whole Crown is richly jewelled, and is always present at every coronation, though some monarchs, notably Queen Victoria, had other crowns made for actual use.

The Archbishop first lays the Crown on the altar, and prays that the King may be crowned with all princely virtues, and then, the King being seated in Edward's chair, places the Crown reverently on His Majesty's head. Instantly the vaulted roof of the Abbey re-echoes the shouts of the congregation, "God save the King!" the trumpets sound, and, by a preconcerted signal, the guns at the Tower and in the Park are fired. At the same moment, too, all the peers in the Abbey put on their coronets, and the Bishops their caps.

Now the acclamations die away, and the deep voice of the Archbishop is heard exhorting the King. "Be strong and of good courage," he says; "observe the commandments of God, and walk in His holy ways; fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life; that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course you may receive a crown of righteousness, which God the righteous Judge shall give you in that day."

Then the sweet voices of the choir raise the appropriate anthem. "The King shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord; exceeding glad shall he be of Thy salvation. Thou hast presented him with the blessings of goodness, and hast set a crown of pure gold upon his head."

The Bible.

The Dean of Westminster takes the Bible, which was carried in the procession, from off the altar, and delivers it to the Archbishop, who with the rest of the Bishops presents it to the King. First saying these words: "Our Gracious King, we present unto your Majesty this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affordeth. Here is wisdom: this is the Royal law; these are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this Book; that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; to Whom be glory forever. Amen."

Now the peers and Princes of the Blood do homage. First the Archbishop, kneeling before the King, pronounces the words for himself and the other Lords Spiritual, who repeat them audibly after him:

"I, Frederick, Archbishop of Canterbury, will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you our Sovereign Lord and your heirs, Kings of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. And I will do and truly acknowledge the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you as in right of the Church. So help me God!"

Then the Duke of Connaught pronounces the words, the other Princes of the Blood repeating them after

him, and they all touch the crown on His Majesty's head, and kiss His Majesty's left cheek.

The Lords Temporal follow, led by the premier peer of each order. Thus, the Duke of Norfolk, kneeling, says, the other Dukes repeating after him:

"I, Henry Fitzalan, Duke of Norfolk, do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folk. So help me God!" And so with the Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons.

Then each peer singly ascends to the throne and touches the crown on His Majesty's head, signifying by that gesture to be always ready to support it with all his power.

During the homage the King's Almoner throws silver medals among the crowd as the King's princely largess or donative. Then the drums beat, the trumpets sound, and once more the stately Abbey re-echoes to unwonted shouts, "God save King Edward!" "Long live King Edward!" "May the King live forever!"

Ministers and the War.

"Blackwood's Magazine" devotes its political article to "The Ministry and the War." It thinks that the Government needs to be kept up to its work and encouraged to send out more troops, and to use greater severity, no matter what clamour may be raised by Mr. Morley, Mr. Leonard Courtney, or the Shrieking Sisterhood. The public mind is very anxious, yet agrees that it would be better to have years of war than a compromise which would destroy the prestige of England and break up the Empire. If we fail to establish once and for all the absolute supremacy of the British Government in South Africa, the colonies will begin to leave us. Canada will be the first to go. She will not consent to be the appendage of a senile decaying Empire, and what she thinks the Australian colonies will think also. "Blackwood" is very uneasy concerning the hatred with which we are regarded on the Continent, and also as to the possibility of complications in Afghanistan. It deplores the drying up of our military resources, and says bitter things concerning the fiasco of the Yeomanry, whose enlistment it describes as a clumsy piece of extravagance, which can only be excused on the plea that there was no other means of obtaining reinforcements.

In the Christmas number of the "Royal Magazine" Robinson Crusoe's island—Juan Fernandez—is described by Mr. Herbert Vivian, who says that, if Robinson Crusoe liked being there, no one else seems to have done so. The last episode in its history was that the Chilian Government sent an expedition to see whether it would be suitable for a convict station, but decided that it would not. Another paper is on the King's godsons, from Prince Edward of York to Lord Dalmeny.

The Society of the Yellow Rose.

ZIONISM, BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

The "New Liberal Review" publishes an article of twenty pages by Mr. Zangwill, entitled "The Return to Palestine." It is far and away the best statement of the aims and aspirations of the authors of the Zionist movement that has yet appeared in the English language. It tells us much that we want to know, and at the same time says nothing that is immaterial. Mr. Zangwill sets forth briefly but vigorously all the tragic details of the utter failure of all attempts to remedy the condition of the Jews that were associated either with the name of Rothschild or Hirsch, and then upon this foundation of universal failure he rears before our eyes a picture of what Zionism is to accomplish for the Jewish race.

The Return to Judæa.

Mr. Zangwill begins by insisting that the Jewish problem is a very small and manageable one. There are only eleven and a half million of Jews in the whole world at the present time, and Palestine, with her eleven thousand square miles of territory, could support the whole multitude. From which observation it would seem that Mr. Zangwill's ideas as to possible density of population are based upon the experiences of the Ghetto in the Middle Ages rather than on those of modern sanitary reformers. To plant a thousand Jews on every square mile of stony desolation is one way of solving the Jewish problem, but not exactly the solution which would commend itself to an ardent patriot. Palestine, he tells us, has gone to ruin. There are no olives on the Mount of Olives. The fruitful place is a wilderness. The country around Jerusalem is a dreary stretch of stone, roadless, hopeless.

Failures in the Past.

The Jewish colonies which were planted in Palestine have not prospered. Baron Edmund de Rothschild subsidised twenty-four colonies for years; but he could hardly make one of them pay its expenses, and he has now transferred them all to the Jewish Colonisation Association founded by Baron Hirsch. After a whole generation of labourers and an ocean of tears, after all the work of two millionaires and a host of societies, there is nothing to see for it but the pauperisation of Palestine. Baron Hirsch's scheme for emigrating Jews to the New World has been almost equally unsuccessful. In the United States, in the Argentine, and in Canada the Hirsch Fund Committee has no report little better than an almost unbroken record of universal breakdown. Failure after failure, misfortune after misfortune, floods and droughts and deserts—this is a heart-breaking history. Millions flow into a bottomless gulf, and the Jewish misery

is greater and Jewish honour less than when the Alliance Universelle was started.

The Future of Zionism.

Having thus sketched before our eyes a panorama of universal desolation and dreariest failure, Mr. Zangwill introduces the hero of his modern epic in the person of Dr. Herzl, who in 1887 published his *Der Judenstaat*. At that time Dr. Herzl could hardly be called a Zionist. He had an idea of reconstituting the Jewish state, but he was quite willing to plant it in the Argentine Republic. But since then his scheme has matured; the Annual Congress is the embryo of a National Parliament, the scheme is approved of by the German Emperor, not disapproved by the Tsar, favourably considered by the Sultan of Turkey, and worked for by societies throughout Europe, America, and South Africa, capitalised by 120,000 shareholders, and constituting the greatest Jewish movement since the foundation of Christianity. Yet it is a poor man's movement, and it has not yet accumulated the quarter of a million pounds which it needs to start operations. Nevertheless it has gone sufficiently far to have good ground for hope that it will succeed in setting up a centre of Jewish life in the centre of the world, and by concentrating all their labours upon it, to make it a magnet to the rest.

The Centre of the World.

Palestine is a country without a people; the Jews are a people without a country. The age of electricity is upon us, and the problem of Asia. Now or never is Israel's opportunity. The Suez Canal has brought the world to the doorstep of Palestine, and Palestine is the centre of the world. So joyful indeed is Mr. Zangwill at the prospect that he is even disposed to regard the concentration of the Jews in the Russian Pale as a blessing in disguise. "Pale," he says, "may only be Providence's way of spelling Palestine." The problem of migration is practically limited to crossing the Black Sea. The Jews of Russia are the best in the world, with the greatest potentiality for producing lofty things—just because they were congested enough to have a quasi-national existence. On every side he sees signs that Palestine is shaking off the slumber of ages. He dwells lovingly upon the numerous industries which would make the desert blossom like a rose. Among other things, it will be noted with a smile that good hotels and tea gardens may make Palestine as popular a resort as Egypt. Already the suburbs of Jerusalem and Jaffa are increasing at such a rate that Mr. Zangwill foresees the time when jerry building will be traced to Jericho. Ten years ago there were practically no roads in Palestine. Now there is even a road between Jerusalem and Jericho twenty-two miles long. Jerusalem, however, still leaves much

to be desired. It is a Jewish city, but what a city! Lepers, beggars, ophthalmia, stink, starvation, make her a worthy capital of Judaea, the metropolis of misery. Rent by the fierce schism of Sephardi and Ashkenazi, she likewise typifies the Disunion of Israel.

Mr. Zangwill concludes his paper by declaring that the crucial moment in the long life of Israel has arrived. Not to renationalise Judaea now is for ever to denationalise it.

Nicola Tesla.

Mr. Eliot Lord, writing in "Munsey's Magazine" for November, gives many interesting details about Tesla, the Servian electrician. More nonsense. says Mr. Lord, is written about Tesla than about any celebrity, partly because of his own offhand speaking and writing, often misunderstood of the vulgar, and partly because his never denying even the most outrageous statements about himself has encouraged people to write bogus interviews with him, which have done him a great deal of harm and caused many misconceptions.

Tesla was born in a town of Lika in Southern Austria, near Fiume. He always calls himself a Servian. The Teslas have been men of mark in their province for generations past. Nicola's grandfather fought under Napoleon, his father was a popular poet remarkable for his learning even in a learned race; and his mother, whom Nicola greatly resembles, is a very remarkable woman, of an ancient Hungarian family.

Nicola is one of eight children. The only other son died when very young, and would seem to have been an even more remarkable boy than Nicola. Originally destined for the Church, his father's profession, Nicola had no liking for any but scientific pursuits. Mr. Eliot Lord tells the following story of how he managed to follow his own bent:—

Just as he was leaving school there was an epidemic of cholera, and he was taken sick as he went up the steps to his home. Dropsy developed from this attack. The attending physician would give his parents no hope, but in the intervals of his fainting from weakness the boy told his father that he would get well if he could have the hope of going to the Polytechnic School at Gratz instead of preparing to enter the service of the Church—the career designed for him. When this promise was made, he began to recover, to the surprise of every one except himself, and, before long, he was able to enter the school of his choice, one of the oldest technical schools in Europe.

At Gratz he rose at three in the morning and did not go to bed till nearly midnight, with the result that in one year he went through work supposed to last for five. He had, perforce, to accept for a time work as a draughtsman in the Government railway service at Buda-Pest, but his abilities soon raised him from this.

His Ideals—and Some of His Ideas.

"Persistent effort, useful and accumulative, with periods of rest and recuperation aiming at higher efficiency," is the way he sums up his rule of living, but the periods of rest are very short and very few.

Broadly speaking, there are three main requisites in his mind, for the increase of energy—food, peace, work. It has been his constant study to promote these essentials. From his point of view, the slaughter of animals is commonly wanton and cruel. . . . So he is an ardent advocate of vegetarianism, and goes so far as to attribute animal instincts and appetites, which are drag weights upon mental and moral progress, to the consumption of animal food. Thus, one of his prescriptions for human progress is a radical reform in the character of food.

In Tesla's view the prime requisite for increasing the output of the soil, and thus helping mankind to reform its food, is artificial fertilisation, especially by the cheap production of nitrogenous compounds, the chief source of nitrogen being, of course, the air:—

His undertaking for the promotion of peace may be no less notable. It was his idea to produce an arm for attack, adaptable to submarine and aerial warfare, so formidable that its development will ultimately make war a mere contest of machines—a condition that must be reached, to his mind, before permanent peace can be secured.

Among Tesla's vast aims are the extension of wireless telegraphy and the production of light by means of electric oscillations, which he hopes will enable the world to dispense with renewing lamps and incandescent filaments.

Is the Reading Habit a Vice?

By MR. W. D. HOWELLS.

In "Harper's Magazine" recently Mr. W. D. Howells, writing from the editor's easy-chair, discusses pleasantly the question whether it would not be wise to stop reading for a while and try to cultivate the art of thinking. President Gillman, of John Hopkins' University, thinks that the "present excess of reading is something in the nature of a craze, a vice; and people may be really eating literature as they eat opium." The art of thinking, says Mr. Howells, is not likely to go far unless it goes hand in hand with the art of talking, which has more and more fallen into disuse since the mania for reading seized the world. People read because they do not like to think for themselves; that is, to muse, or moon, or, to use Charles Lamb's phrase, to let their minds bobulate in a vacuum.

Talk More, Read Less!

Hence he suggests that to cultivate the habit of talking would be more likely to stop reading than to try to cultivate the habit of thinking. The habit of reading novels is, perhaps, not so bad as that of taking morphine; but it may be some-

thing like that of cocaine, and far worse than that of cigarettes. Ninety-nine readers out of a hundred read nothing but inferior fiction, and in this sense the habit is "certainly a vice, without the picturesqueness of a craze."

"The Southern races," says Mr. Howells, "were always fond of talking—that is, of thinking—and they cultivated the cheerful habit of it rather than the churlish and unsociable vice of reading. . . . Southerners talk better than Northerners, because they talk more, and are therefore the true heirs of the oldest civilisations."

The Bane of the Free Library.

The reading of newspapers is almost as bad as the reading of novels, although Mr. Howells does not wish to imply that the reading of newspapers is altogether deleterious, but he deplors the habit of the free library in "purveying gratis all the new books . . . without apparent criticism or selection." He suggests that it would be a beneficent rule never to supply any book which is less than a year old. The industry of authors and publishers is much injured by the libraries. The higher order of fiction ought to be withheld from the free libraries in order that the reader can enjoy it with due self-respect that comes from a sense of ownership. The necessity of having to read a book through and return it to the library militates against the thorough enjoyment of good literature:—

The free libraries tempt us to read too much, and oblige us to read too hastily; and herein the harm lies. We are in danger through them of spoiling our literary digestion, and of becoming a nation of mental dyspeptics. Our excessive reading may be a vice or a mania; it is certainly a disease. The way to health is through the ownership of the books we read, and books are now so cheap that hardly any one who really loves them need deny himself the fine rapture of feeling them his. A book borrowed, whether from a public or private source, is always a burden. You must think about returning it, under penalty of money or remorse. But a book bought is a liberation of the soul from all sordid anxieties concerning it, and an enlargement of mind such as a borrowed book can never be.

How a Stained-glass Window is Made.

Mr. E. R. Suffling gives a most instructive sketch of "Stained Glass, Ancient and Modern," in a recent number of the "Sunday Magazine." After tracing the ups and downs of his wonderful art, he does not hesitate to say that "English glass for church windows is at the present day finer than the world has ever seen." He goes on to instruct the reader how a stained-glass window is produced:—

First a small coloured design is prepared by the draughtsman, usually to a scale of one inch to the foot, which after being altered according to suggestions made, is hung upon the wall, and from it a cartoon or full-size drawing is made for the actual window. This is executed, either in charcoal or sepia, on paper

made expressly for such drawings, but the cartoon is never, or very rarely, coloured.

The cartoon being pronounced satisfactory, is laid face upward on a board, and covered with a length of transparent glazing cloth, upon which are marked all the lead lines which will appear in the window, so that an outline is furnished for the glazier to cut every individual piece of glass to. This "outline," as the glazier's working drawing is called, is "coloured," not by pigments of various tints, but by the name or number of a colour, marked in the centre of each section of glass. The "outline" is now handed to the glazier, with the small coloured design, which he hangs over his work-board, and by its aid he matches, piece by piece, the whole window; and cuts the hundreds of fragments of which a window is composed.

The work so far completed, the painter performs his part by laying each section of glass in its correct position on the cartoon, and outlining it with a brown colour, using gum arabic as a medium. After outlining carefully, the glass is handed to the kilnman for firing or "burning in." When cool, the glass is again returned to the painter, who, laying a large sheet of stout ordinary window glass flat over the outline, proceeds to lay upon it all the small pieces of the window, which go to make up the subject or figure in hand. These pieces he deftly fastens down by dropping a mixture of hot wax and resin around the edge of each, in isolated drops sufficiently close to hold it in place.

Now he raises the easel glass with the subject upon it, and places it upon his easel, where, after coating it over with a "matt" or "stipple" film, he proceeds to paint the glass by stippling or washing in the shadows and folds of the draperies, etc., and taking out the "high lights" by means of sticks, quills, and short-haired brushes, of various sizes, called "scrubs." The painting being finished, the easel glass is again laid flat, and the various pieces detached by a sharp tap of the handle of a palette-knife.

The glass is then fired again, and the "flesh," as heads, hands, feet, etc., are technically termed, is painted and fired a third time, as it is more carefully treated in painting to obtain the exact tone, depth and expression.

Everything being perfect, the glass is again returned to the glazier, who proceeds to "lead" the building piece to piece with narrow "calmes" of lead having a groove on each side, until the whole is carefully fitted together, when every joint of the leading is soldered and the panels are raised for inspection.

The final work is to cement the "lights," as the panels are now called.

Nepotism in the Navy is the real objective of Mr. W. Laird Clowes in his sketch of "Old Naval Families" in "Cornhill." He argues that nowhere is the persistence of the naval spirit in families so steady and so remarkable as in the British Islands. On the first day of the twentieth century, among the British Admirals who had their flags flying in various parts of the world were a Seymour, a Hotham, a Scott, a Bedford, a Bruce, and a Watson. All these belong to persistent naval families, which have supplied officers to the service for the greater part of two centuries, and in some cases for longer. "It has been the practice," he says, for naval officers to proclaim the Navy "so wretched a service that it must be kept as far as possible at the exclusive disposal of the families of naval officers." He urges that "the Navy should be completely thrown open, as the Army already is, to competition."

"The Morals of the Poultry Yard."

A ROMAN CATHOLIC VIEW OF DIVORCE.

Modern civilisation, says Mr. W. Lilly, writing in the "Nineteenth Century" for December on "Marriage and Modern Civilisation," which owes the existence of its civilisation to the sternness with which the Roman Church upheld the ideal of monogamy, is now rapidly degenerating to the morals of the poultry-yard.

The whole article is intended to prove that the Roman Catholic Church alone has created modern civilisation, and alone saved it from destruction. The Christian family differs from all the other families of the earth in that it is founded on woman and not on man. The worship of the Virgin Mary is the foundation of the modern home, with its refined and elevating influences. The Greek Church never maintained so high an ideal of marriage as the Church of Rome. Hence, the great need of Western society was virility, which is precisely what is wanting in Byzantium. "The women least open to reproach have the minds of courtesans; the men at their best have the merits of castrati." The main cause of this was the higher position which women occupied in the West, a position resting upon the indissolubility of marriage. A man is formed at the knees of his mother. The moral basis of society is determined by women, and purity is the root of all feminine virtues, and the source of people's greatness. Hence the severe teaching in the Roman Church about indissoluble monogamy more than anything else marks off modern civilisation from all other civilisations. The Reformation dealt the first great blow at marriage in the Western world, and the French Revolution the second. In England the schism arises from the refusal of the Pope to prostitute Christian matrimony to the lust of a tyrant. Luther's ideas about marriage were such that the natural conscience of a mere pagan would have rejected them with horror. The French Revolution taught that purity was a new disease brought into the world by Christ, and that holy matrimony was a "superstitious servitude." The Reformation and the Revolution together have established divorce throughout the Western world:

In Germany, "insuperable aversion" is recognised as a ground for divorce; so is "hopeless insanity," or "malicious inconsistency," or "quarrelsomeness," or "a disorderly mode of life," or "drunkenness," or "extravagance." In Sweden, "hatred, ill-will, prodigality, drunkenness, or a violent temper," suffices. The Protestants of Austria may divorce one another for "violent dislike." In Switzerland, "marriage relations greatly strained" are recognised as a valid reason for dissolving the marriage.

In the United States of America divorce is rampant:

Adultery is a cause in forty-six States; desertion in forty-four States; disappearance in forty-two; cruelty

or fear of violence in forty; imprisonment in thirty-eight; drunkenness, intemperance, or habitual intoxication in thirty-seven; impotency in thirty-six; failure to provide in twenty-one; sin before marriage in thirteen; indignities in seven; insanity in five; joining the sect of Mother Lee in three; when divorce has been obtained in another State in three; living apart in two; gross neglect of duty in two; guilty of being a vagrant in two; refusal of wife to move into a State in one; turning a wife out of doors in one; habitual violent temper in one; public defamation in one; any other cause deemed sufficient by the courts in one.

Eighty per cent. of the divorce suits in America are brought by women, who, says Mr. Lilly, are constitutionally inclined to excesses of individualism and the craving for novelty.

The only real witness in the world, he concludes, for the absolute character of holy matrimony is the Catholic Church, and any modern tendency to degrade indissoluble marriage to a mere dissoluble contract will throw back modern civilisation to the condition of wallowing in the mire from which the Church rescued it.

Mr. Edmund Gosse on the Isolation of the Anglo-Saxon Mind.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in the "Cosmopolitan" for November, writes a remarkable article on this subject, the gist of which is that the splendid isolation of the English-speaking race as regards literature and contemporary thought is becoming more and more marked. Continental nations know little, and care less, for what we think or write.

The Pleasure of Learning Modern Languages.

This subject seems to have been suggested to Mr. Gosse by the recent voluminous correspondence in the "Times" and other papers on the subject of the study of modern languages. To Mr. Gosse it seemed surprising that not one voice was raised to testify to the pleasure added to life by studying modern languages. Even educational utility is not everything, and the purely utilitarian arguments adduced by those advocates of the study of modern languages leads Mr. Gosse to ask "in what spirit, not directly utilitarian, we are now regarding the study of modern languages and literature." He says:

In respect to this question, if I may venture to judge, England and America are in one camp, and the nations of Continental Europe in the other. It is not necessary to ask an intelligent inhabitant of Norway or Portugal what is the value to him of being able to read German. It is not needful to ask a Russian or a German why he is careful to read French. The same people would have a much greater difficulty in explaining why, if at all, they read current English. As a matter of fact, for purposes of refreshment and stimulus, they do not read it at all.

Nobody now pays any attention to our writings except the French, who are remarkably well posted in foreign literature. The "Navarre de France," Mr. Gosse thinks, contains a far better summary of

the movement of the intellectual world than is to be found in any American or English periodical.

But, putting France aside, the rest of the Continent of Europe has apparently ceased, in particular within the last ten years, to express the slightest interest in Anglo-Saxon literature. Throughout the Continent it will be found that the critics are much more up-to-date about the literature of all other European countries than they are about that of England, which seems to repel and to bewilder them.

The Intellectual Telescope Never Turned on Us.

Mr. Gosse, remarking that it is well we should have no illusions in this matter, continues: "Somebody said in the eighteenth century that when Europe looked through the intellectual telescope she invariably turned it upon England. At the beginning of the twentieth century that telescope is never—except by certain Frenchmen—turned upon England at all."

Even intelligent and non-prejudiced Americans and Englishmen greatly deprecate the importance of arresting this tendency to intellectual isolation:

I cannot but think that in the comparatively short time during which the exclusion of foreign ideas from Anglo-Saxon soil has been more or less rigidly enforced, our national life has become seriously the poorer for it. I know not in what it is the richer, unless it be in a foolish and impotent "patriotism," falsely so called, which is indifferent to the real health and progress of society.

"Wie Eng—Wie English."

Want of courage, of boldness in moral speculation, one of our already great weaknesses, will become greater still by our isolation. Few writers had so much influence on Continental thought last century as Heine, and it is but the very few and the unusually unprejudiced Anglo-Saxons who can understand him. "A certain literary mock modesty," which makes us "shocked" by the riddles of life, is another besetting sin which will now flourish like the green bay tree; and soon Heine's exclamation, "Wie Eng—wie English!" (how narrow—how English!) will be only too well justified.

Signs are not wanting, says Mr. Gosse, that, as England and America are to the rest of the world, so France is, or soon will be, to the rest of Europe. Then we shall have three orders of thought—the Anglo-Saxon, the Pan-Germanic, and the French; and this is likely to have a remarkable effect upon the whole intellectual life of the Twentieth Century.

Germany and England.

It is one of the most widespread delusions of our newspapers that if the German people are not our good friends, the Kaiser and Government at least regard us with esteem. "Calchas," however, does not believe in that, and why he does not he explains in an article in the "Fortnightly Review," entitled "The Crisis with Germany and Its Results." He argues, probably very truly, that Ger-

man Governmental aims are much more dangerous to us than German national enmity, and therefore the chief significance of the present outburst is the reinforcement which it gives to the German Government in the carrying out of its designs. The danger, therefore, is not that we may fail to realise the bitterness of German feeling, but that we may fail to foresee its results.

Germany always our Rival.

"Calchas" takes credit to himself for his repeated predictions that our periodical illusions on the subject of a German Alliance would not be fulfilled. German hostility does not depend upon the Boer War, but upon a permanent rivalry of interests. The Germans are the only people who are interested in overthrowing our sea-power. But this could only be accomplished by the aid of Russia and France, and it is for this reason that Germany has given us benevolent support whenever we were threatened with difficulties with France. Germany encouraged the occupation of Egypt, and in the recent Franco-Turkish dispute the German press tried to make difficulties between us and France by declaring that the integrity of Turkey was menaced. By such means Germany hopes in the end to gain the friendship of France and Russia.

The Continent Solid.

"Calchas" does not believe in the supposed rivalry between Germany and France and Russia. The Continent is solid for peace among themselves, and Germany would not imperil her industrial organisation for the sake of anything she might gain in a war with the Dual Alliance. A naval war, with the support of those Powers, is a different thing. Germany's policy is therefore to urge the principle of Continental solidarity against England and America, and she schemes for a naval coalition. So far from losing by such a war, Germany would gain, for in the case of a general blockade she would be the workshop of the Continent. If we were to go to war with France and Russia, a naval coalition with Germany would be certain, for thereby, and thereby alone, could Germany realise her ambition of ousting us from the seas.

Our Safety—Russia. The Price—Persia.

This being taken as proved, what should we do? "Calchas" says, make terms with Russia, and whether his premises are correct or not, his conclusion is indisputable. With France, says "Calchas," we have no longer any vital cause of possible quarrel. With Russia we can quarrel only over Persia. "Calchas" believes that Russia is determined to get a footing on the Persian Gulf, and therefore it is in that quarter we must compound with her. Let her, says "Calchas," take a

port, but, still more important, let us make no limitations as to the use she is to make of it:

To concede to the empire of the Tsars a port upon the Persian Gulf—that is to say, a main outlet for its territory in Central Asia—which it was forbidden to fortify, would be not to effect the only settlement worth working for, but to set up a more dangerous subject of irritation between the two countries than any which now exists. Bunder Abbas must be as Russian as Port Arthur or Sevastopol, or the alternative must be, in the ample language of Lord Curzon, a “war that would ring from Pole to Pole”—unless, indeed, which is more probable, we should ultimately act at Bunder Abbas as we did at Port Arthur, not realising that we must save our prestige either by negotiations or fighting and not saving it.

We should not accept any restriction on any territory where our own flag waved. We cannot restrict Russia, therefore, as a matter of logic and as a matter of fact, all our restrictions in the past have been nullified. It has been the same in Europe and Asia, in Sevastopol, Batoum, and Manchuria.

The Quid pro Quo—China.

In response to this, “Calchas” thinks that Russia would join us in guaranteeing the integrity of China south of the Great Wall. Such an agreement would not only protect us against German ambitions in Europe, but would preserve China. “Calchas” declares that the Persian Gulf is the focus of the future relations of Germany, Russia, and Great Britain. But would Russia agree? “Calchas” thinks so. Russia and France, he says, have no desire to overthrow England in order to establish the commercial and naval supremacy of Germany. Moreover, German policy will not change, for Germany’s policy is her natural one. “the inevitable method of a patriotic statesmanship.” It is our business to frustrate this aim, and we can only do so, says “Calchas,” by an agreement with Russia.

The Monroe Doctrine.

ITS DELUSIONS AND DANGERS.

Last month Mr. Secretary Hay declared that the Monroe Doctrine was the golden rule of American policy, and there seems to be a general agreement on the part of all parties in America that the doctrine of President Monroe is to be accepted as part and parcel of the American Constitution. Against this Mr. Sydney Brooks, an Englishman who has lived in America, raises up his voice in two of the monthly magazines. In the “Atlantic Monthly,” in the course of an interesting and well-informed article upon “Europe and America,” he maintains that, however popular the doctrine may be at present, it is part of the inevitable nature of things that Europe will some day burst upon South America. He asks:

Do Americans seriously believe that Europe will lie passive for ever under such an edict? Anyone who has looked into the bloody and tangled history of South America, and kept an eye on the steady stream of European immigration into Brazil and Argentina, can imagine at least a score of incidents, any one of which would bring the Monroe Doctrine to a decisive test. Put on one side the implacable loyalty of Americans to their famous policy, and on the other the congested state of Europe, which would make expansion a necessity even if it were not all the fashion; the military spirit of the Continent, which will never show England’s compliance with American wishes; the extraordinary inducements to colonisation offered by South America, and the spirit of revolutionary turbulence that broods over the country from Panama to Patagonia—and one has a situation which it will take a miracle to preserve intact for another fifty years.

THE DOCTRINE THE RESULT OF IGNORANCE.

In an article in the “Fortnightly Review,” entitled “Some Aspects of the Monroe Question,” Mr. Brooks puts the same point, but in this article he deals with the Monroe Doctrine in all its aspects. According to Mr. Brooks, the Monroe Doctrine is merely one of those absurdities which arise from “the virtual surrender by the educated classes (in America) of their functions of criticism and leadership.” The Monroe Doctrine is merely a “craze,” and the unanimity with which it is accepted arises merely from the fact that, having been elevated to a religion, it would be regarded as blasphemous to doubt its truth. It arises from American ignorance of high politics; it has never been debated, and the national verdict in its favour has gone by default. In this respect the Monroe Doctrine differs from Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism, which have plenty of opponents in their respective countries. Every American, whatever party he may belong to, is primarily a Monroeist.

The Holy Alliance Still Alive.

What is the cause of this? According to Mr. Brooks, it is because Americans are never really convinced that George III. is dead. They still believe that the spirit of that King’s time, the spirit which lasted till the break-up of the Holy Alliance, is still dominant in Europe. Every monarchical country, in their opinion, is still a despotism, and Mr. Olney practically declared that the most backward South American State represented a higher type of civilisation and liberty than England or Germany. All this would not matter much if it were not for the practical difficulties of the Doctrine. The first is that it condemns a whole continent to anarchy and backwardness. It practically gives carte blanche to the South American States to behave as they like towards Europe, and it prevents the utilisation of the country by races which might turn it to account.

South America no Possible Danger to the U.S.

But suppose it were abolished by consent. In that case, says Mr. Brooks, it is absurd to suppose

that the acquisition of South American territory by European States would be a danger to the United States. No American regards Canada and the West Indies, which are held by European Powers, as a menace; and if Germany were to acquire a portion of Brazil 3,000 miles from American territory, America would not be any weaker. Indeed, Monroism means militarism, and it is the result of the Monroe Doctrine that America has wakened up to the fact that she needs more troops and a larger fleet. For she will inevitably have to fight for the preservation of the Doctrine. The Monroe Doctrine, in short, has never been of any use to America, and even the expulsion of the French from Mexico took place without it being invoked.

The Truth about "Maximite."

We noticed in a recent issue the claims made by Mr. Hudson Maxim on behalf of what he described as the new explosive "Maximite." Mr. Hudson Maxim has given a very concise and minute description of this supposed new explosive. He says that "it is light yellow in colour, has a high specific gravity which enables a large amount of it to be loaded into a small space, that it does not give off acid fumes, is not affected by the weather, has no affinity for water, may be melted in hot water and cast into shells, will not explode if ignited in the open air, but burns with a smoky flame, that when slowly heated it is dissipated into vapour without even taking fire, that it may be thrown into a white-hot furnace without exploding, that it does not explode if melted iron is poured into it, but that when properly confined in a strong steel shell, and ignited by a powerful detonating charge, it explodes with extreme violence, rending the receptacle into thousands of small fragments. It is so insensitive to shock, however, that it may be loaded into a shell and shot through an armour plate without going off by the impact." But everything that is claimed for "maximite" was claimed by the French for melinite more than a dozen years ago.

The truth about the matter is as follows:—Picric acid, which is the basis of melinite, lyddite, maximite, and innumerable other ites, was first made from indigo, but at the present moment it is made from carbolic acid. Picric acid crystallises in thin yellow scales, and dyes all organic substances an intensely bright yellow. It was used as a dyeing material for about a hundred years before its true character as a high explosive was discovered. The French were the first to employ this material as a bursting charge in their shells, but when employed in its pure state it was found that it could not be shot through an armour plate without being de-

tonated by the impact. However, Eugene Turpin, a French chemist, found that if he mixed a small percentage of thick petroleum oil with this material, its sensitiveness was sufficiently reduced to enable it to be shot through an armour plate without detonating. Then our own authorities took up the subject, for we find that the British Explosives Committee of 1888-9-90 experimented extensively with picric acid at Lydd, at first following closely in the footsteps of the French experimenters, using picric acid in its pure state, but subsequently modifying it by mixing other substances with it. The English experimenters went still further than the French, for we find that the early lyddite consisted of a mixture of picric acid, di-nitro-benzol, and vaseline. A great number of other nitrated bodies were also employed by the Explosives Committee. However, if one makes a mixture of

88 per cent. picric acid,
8 per cent. di-nitro-benzol, and
4 per cent. vaseline,

the result will be a compound which has absolutely all the physical properties attributed to maximite.

It appears that the American officers in conducting their experiments at Sandy Hook followed in the footsteps of the English, first trying pure picric acid, with results identical with those obtained by our own Committee, and from some cause or other they did not learn how the French melinite and the English lyddite were modified to give them sufficient insensitiveness to pass through an armour plate until they met Mr. Hudson Maxim, who had been in England in 1888-9-90, and had had access to the laboratory of Sir Hiram Maxim, who had found out the composition of melinite and was experimenting at the time with modified forms of picric acid and other high explosives of the lyddite type.

M. de Bloch on Army Reform.

The leading article in the "Contemporary Review" for December is a long paper of some thirty pages by M. de Bloch on "Militarism in Politics and Lord Roberts' Army Reorganisation Scheme." M. de Bloch does not believe in the present scheme of army reorganisation. He points out that for the purposes of a Continental war no increase in the British Army would make any difference, and for home defence the navy is paramount. If the navy were to be defeated, economic causes might ruin us, no matter how powerful our army. The object of the British Army is therefore for Colonial purposes, and, this being so, the last model to be adopted is that of the Continental States, whose objects are of another kind.

A Challenge to Lord Roberts.

M. de Bloch joins issue with Lord Roberts on the question of infantry attack. Decisive triumphs, he says, such as those that characterised former wars, are no longer possible, and Lord Roberts' scheme however cleverly put together, will therefore not secure them. The idea of obtaining an army in which individual initiative will be the chief quality is impossible, for initiative cannot be taught to men who are naturally not possessed of it. The essence of military training is to destroy initiative. The class which is naturally possessed of independence and initiative, on the other hand, cannot be got at, as they would have to be highly paid. M. de Bloch does not consider the ideas which Lord Roberts expressed since his return home were actually put in force in the South African war. If they had been, the events which he summarises as follows would not have occurred:—

If Lord Roberts' recipe for attacks as decisive as the historic bayonet charge were what it professes to be, how came it that 6,000 Boers managed to improvise a position twenty miles long—with only about 200 men per mile defending it—with success, and to repel 12,000 trained British soldiers, as at Magersfontein? Where was the magic of the Field-Marshal's formula, when 20,000 British troops failed to drive out 5,000 Boers at Colenso? What broke the spell when a force 300 per cent. greater than that of the peasant soldiers, not only gained no decisive victory, but were driven back with a loss of nearly 2,000 men, as at Spion Kop? Why was no brilliant dash made, similar to that of the bayonet charge, when at Paardeberg 4,000 Boers were surrounded at first by 20,000 and then by 40,000 trained men, and yet held their own, until famine slowly effected what Lord Roberts' system should have accomplished by a brilliant onslaught? How came it that even then the British lost 1,400 men, while the casualty list of the enemy amounted but to 179? What enabled "four Boers posted in a good position to hold at bay for two days nearly 100 men, while the commando to which they belonged were getting away with their waggons?" Such are the results obtained in exceptionally propitious conditions. Is it unfair to ask: "If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

A REPLY.

Colonel F. J. Graves in an article on "Cavalry Lessons of the South African War" does not agree at all with M. de Bloch. He argues that M. de Bloch reasons on a purely ballistic basis, and ignores the personnel. In many of his points, however, Colonel Graves is in practical agreement with M. de Bloch, for he admits that the defence is much stronger than it used to be. Colonel Graves does not agree with M. de Bloch that artillery failed in the South African War, and he lays great stress upon the moral effect of a superiority of fire.

The Religion of the New Republic.

MR. H. G. WELLS' ANTICIPATIONS.

Mr. H. G. Wells brings to a close in the December "Fortnightly" the remarkable series of papers entitled "Anticipations," which are now published

in book form, and noticed as a whole elsewhere. The last chapter, is in many respects, the most important of all. For Mr. Wells, with characteristic intrepidity, sets himself to grapple with the gravest of all questions—namely, what will be the future attitude of our race in relation to its Maker?

What They will Think of God.

In his previous essays Mr. Wells had foreshadowed the gradual evolution of what he called a New Republic, the essential principle of which was that the capable men with disciplined brains should undertake the direction of the affairs of the world. His capable men who are to be the directors of the New Republic constitute a kind of scientific Brahmanical caste, while the mass of mankind are pariahs, or, as he calls them, "people of the abyss." Mr. Wells starts out with the doctrine that inevitably these men will be religious men. As they are men of will and purpose, they will be disposed to find, and consequently they will find, a purpose in the totality of things. They will believe the universe is one and systematic, and held together by some omnipresent quality, so that, without presuming to any knowledge of the real being of God, or venturing upon any positive definition of God at all, they will regard the whole being within themselves and without as the sufficient revelation of God to their souls, and they will set themselves simply to that revelation, seeking its meaning towards themselves faithfully and courageously. Man can know God only under semblance of a pervading purpose, but that purpose is no more God than a voice calling out of impenetrable darkness. The men of the New Republic will live to serve this purpose without presumption and without fear. They will believe with an absolute conviction that in this world there is free will and a personal moral responsibility in relation to that indistinctly seen purpose, which is sufficient revelation of God to them, so far as this sphere of being goes.

Malthus Their Prophet.

We now pass on to consider what is the ethical basis which Mr. Wells, in his striving to apprehend the imperfectly discerned purpose, has discovered. His starting-point is the law of population as defined by Malthus. He says:—

Probably no more shattering book than the "Essay on Population" has ever been or ever will be written. It has destroyed entirely the belief in human equality, which is multiplicity, in all the Liberalising movements of the world. Whole masses of the human population are on the whole inferior to others, and to give them equality is to sink to their level, and to cherish is to be swamped in their quantity. Hence Liberalism is a thing of the past. It is no longer a doctrine, but a conviction.

The great development that now dawns on the human understanding is the recognition of the right of the superior person, the scientific Brah-

mans of the future, not only to extend and develop themselves to their full completeness, and to propagate and increase themselves, but to discourage or, if need be, prevent the breeding of the inferior races, and, if necessary, to kill them out. The ethical system of these men of the New Republic will have as its primary aim "to favour the procreation of what is fine and efficient and beautiful in humanity, and to check the procreation of base and servile types of fear-driven and cowardly souls of all that is mean and bestial in the souls, bodies, and habits of men."

They Will Not Hesitate to Kill.

"The begetting of children who, by the circumstances of their parentage, must be diseased bodily and mentally, will be held to be absolutely the most loathsome of all conceivable sins. Persons who have indisputably transmissible mental diseases with transmissible mental disorders may be allowed to exist on sufferance, on condition that they do not propagate their kind, but," says Mr. Wells, "I do not foresee any reason to suppose that the men of the New Republic will hesitate to kill when that sufferance is abused. They will, indeed, not hesitate to kill on all occasions, for they will have the faith to kill, and they will have no superstitions about death. They will naturally regard the suicide of incurably diseased and helpless persons as an act of duty rather than a crime." As for habitual criminals, they will be supplied with an opiate which will kill them under similar conditions.

Their Ideas on Morality.

"To the men of the New Republic the only sexual morality will be that which concerns the breeding of children. Immorality that is sterile will be regarded as on all-fours with, and very analogous to, the question of golf, of no more importance than the general morality of out-door games. The men of the New Republic will regard the human race very much as stockbreeders regard the denizens of their stud farm." He does not think there will be any difficulty in suppressing the multiplication of the species, for, he says, "most of the human types that by civilised standards are undesirable are quite willing to die out through such suppressions if the world would only encourage them a little. They multiply in sheer ignorance, but they do not desire multiplication even now, and they can easily be made to dread it. The abyss will become a hot-bed of sterile immorality, as the result of the deliberate policy of the ruling class in the days that are to come."

The Custody of Children.

Mr. Wells has not made up his mind concerning monogamous marriage. He thinks the strong arm of the State will insist only upon one thing—the

security and welfare of the child. The State will be reserve guardian of all children. It will aim at establishing after a second century is past a World State with a common language and a common rule. The unfit will be eliminated, and the whole tenor and meaning of the world as he sees it is that the unfit will have to go. So far as they fail to develop sound, vigorous, and distinctive personalities for the greater world of the future it is their portion to die out and disappear. He does not think that the New Republican will have any belief in the immortality of the soul. Active and capable men of all forms of religious profession to-day are beginning to disregard the question of immortality altogether. So, to a greater degree, will the men of the coming time.

The ideas of Mr. Wells are somewhat crude, and it will be very surprising if they are not subject to very considerable modification when he begins to reflect more seriously upon the higher ethical elements which Christianity introduced into the midst of the world. But that subject is too vast to be more than touched upon here. Mercy, sympathy, compassion, and love are not only virtues but forces, the value of which Mr. Wells does not seem adequately to appreciate.

The Breakdown of Parliament.

The "Fortnightly Review" contains a very remarkable suggestion as to how we are to be saved from the present Governmental breakdown. The suggestion in question is contained in an anonymous article entitled "The Deluge and After," in which the writer advises that we should boldly separate the legislative and administrative functions of the House of Commons. While the Executive should be responsible to Parliament for the policy it administers, Parliament should be uncontrolled in the legislation it sanctions, and be responsible only to the King and country:

What we understand by the Government of the day is a collection of Ministers, some of them charged with purely Imperial duties, some with services exclusively local, and a third class which is responsible for Departments partly Imperial and partly local. Under the reformed system certain Departments of State, such as the Home Office, the Board of Trade, the Education Department, and others, would be under the control of Ministers who would not be members of the Imperial Executive. It would be desirable that they should be appointed directly by the King, subject, of course, to the provision that a hostile vote in either House would cause their dismissal. The nucleus of the Imperial Cabinet would be the Prime Minister, the Secretaries of State for War, the Colonies, and for India, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That would give us six members—a number nearly as much too small as the present bloated Cabinet is too large. In the United States the number depends upon the uncontrolled will of the President, but rarely exceeds nine or ten. If we add to the members already indicated the Lord Chancellor

f England, we should have three vacancies for Colonial representatives without bringing the number of the Executive up to a dozen. Naturally these representatives of Britain beyond the seas would be chosen by the Prime Minister in conformity with the existing system which defers in practice, if not in theory, to the wishes and interests of those chiefly concerned. These, after all, though details of the greatest importance, are still matters of detail.

The Weakness of the Present System.

The writer regards it as an absurdity that the Imperial administration should be liable to be browned out of office because it is defeated upon some domestic measure, and vice versa. Among other results the reform which he advocates would put an end to obstruction. How this would work out he explains as follows:

The indirect advantages would be nearly as valuable as the direct. Obstruction would die a natural death. There would be no incentive to its employment. The moment it ceased to be a convenient weapon for discrediting the Government of the day. There would be an end of official electioneering programmes. Every candidate for a seat in Parliament would stand first as a supporter or an opponent of the Executive Government of the day, and secondly as the advocate or opponent of different schemes of legislation. If any embarrassment were felt by the electors in the preference which they might be called upon to show for the Imperial or domestic planks of a candidate's platform, it would be overcome by the adoption of second ballots, which would enable the electors to choose between a variety of candidates.

That Cabinet must enjoy, as heretofore, the confidence of the Sovereign and of the House of Commons. It must be liable, as before, to dismissal from office whenever a majority in the Lower Chamber has decided by formal vote that it is incompetent to discharge the high duties entrusted to it. It is true that we should either have to dispense with the principle of joint Cabinet responsibility, or we should have to distinguish between classes of Ministers, and treat such as the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, the President of the Board of Trade, the Minister of Education, etc., as being on a different footing from the rest of their colleagues. The great Imperial authorities, the Prime Minister, the Secretaries of State for the Colonies, for India, and for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, must necessarily stand or fall together, but there is no reason why it should not be in the power of the House of Commons to condemn the incapacity of the head of a British Department of State without involving in their ensure all those entrusted with the direction of Imperial affairs.

The Weakness of the Present Suggestion.

The suggestion is a very interesting one, but it is this difficulty, that any Government enterprising enough to undertake such a great reform would find it much easier to carry a measure of devolution which would solve the difficulties which the writer wants to remove, and many others besides. With local legislatures, Imperial administration would be even more independent of domestic affairs. Or, even preserving one central Parliament for domestic affairs, there would be no greater objection against creating a separate Imperial Parliament, which would, among other advantages, form the nucleus of Imperial Federa-

tion. The dual electoral platform would only result in giving us a Parliament of greater trimmers than we have at present.

"A Message from America."

Sir T. Wemyss Reid spent November in the United States. He was at New York in the heat of the election, and he went on thence to Washington, where he was received by the President and most of his Ministers. In the "Nineteenth Century" for December he publishes his impressions of what he saw and what he heard in the great Republic. His account of the New York election is full of spirit, and his impressions of America are distinctly favourable. But the importance of his article lies in what he says was told him when he conversed with the Ministers of President Roosevelt at Washington. He found that the popular movement in favour of the Boers had died down. The Americans are tired of the war, and do not follow it closely. But Sir Wemyss Reid was much impressed by the tone of the American Ministers with whom he talked in regard to the dangers of a possible intervention arising out of the prolongation of the war with the South African Republics. He talked to one of the most distinguished ministers of the Cabinet, whom he describes as his friend, whose name, if he were to give it, would add immense weight to his opinion, a formula which is generally held to refer to Colonel John Hay, formerly U.S. Ambassador at the Court of St. James, and now Secretary of State at Washington.

Europe Demanding Intervention.

This distinguished Cabinet Minister, he says, uttered words of warning so serious in one so frank and decided, that he had no alternative but to accept them as a solemn message from the representative of all that is best in the United States to the people of his own country. He began by remarking that the Boers seemed determined to fight until they were exterminated rather than accept English domination. "I don't think that anything like it was ever seen before. I cannot understand it nor explain it; but there it is, a fact of the greatest gravity, not only to England, but to the rest of the world." He then went on to speak as follows:

Throughout his life he had entertained a desire that was passionate in its intensity for the maintenance of union and goodwill between Great Britain and the United States, and an intimation that all that he had to say was consistent with his personal sympathy with us. "But I do not think that you in England realise the depth of the feeling that exists outside your own country on the subject of the war, or the extreme gravity of the situation which that feeling has brought into existence. I am not speaking now of American feeling, which is largely on your side; but the more friendly

we are to England the more anxious we are to see you extricated from the meshes of the net in which you are now caught. It is terrible to think of the pitifulness of the whole thing, and of the loss which has been suffered by universal humanity, owing to the effacement of England during the past two years, and the consequent absence of her influence on the side of justice and progress."

My friend went on to tell me of the almost daily appeals that were being made to the United States Government by the representatives of European Powers to take some step for ending the war. "Of course we can do nothing. We are powerless; everybody is powerless. It is your own country alone that can solve the problem. The European Powers know that, and when their Ministers make representations to us, they always declare that they are speaking unofficially, though we know quite well that their Governments are backing them. Does England realise all the gravity of the situation, and the extent of the danger in which this state of foreign feeling involves her? Does she not see how others are gaining by her absorption in South Africa? Would Russia have ever dared to act as she has done in China during the last two years, if she had not known how full your hands were elsewhere? And now you have the Near Eastern question being opened up, whilst you are practically powerless to take any part in its solution."

In this fashion and at some length my friend talked to me during an interview that impressed itself most deeply on my mind. I have given his words as accurately as I can from notes made immediately after I left him. Their weight was increased by the tone in which they were uttered, and I knew that I was listening to the voice of one of the truest friends Great Britain has outside her own borders. Not only from this statesman, but from others, I heard emphatic language regarding our duty to ourselves as well as to the world at large; and again and again I was asked why we did not come to a frank discussion with the Boers. No one suggested for a moment that we should yield to the Boer demand for independence, but between independence and absolute subjection there was surely room for negotiations that might bring about the solution which all desire.

How England is Being Left Behind.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, writing, in mid-November, to "Die Nation," of Berlin, on "Is England Declining, says:

"The English appear to have quite forgotten how to accommodate themselves to the demands of modern times. They are for ever writing leading articles about German and American competition, but they shut their eyes to the fact that their chief competitors have learned to do better what is done badly in England. One of the examples chosen by the writer is the railway service, 'a British speciality.' England, he states, has to-day the costliest, the slowest, and the dirtiest railway system of any civilised country in the world. America is far ahead of her in every respect, and even in Germany and France one travels more quickly, more cheaply, and in cleaner carriages.

"Matters are no better with regard to the passenger steamers belonging to this country which call herself Mistress of the Seas. There is hardly a single passenger steamer engaged in the coasting traffic that would be considered in America as being fit to carry the better-class public.

"It must not be imagined that because everything offered is of such inferior quality it is also cheap; in reality much more is charged than is customary in similar circumstances in other countries.

"With regard to Transatlantic traffic England is continually being left in the background by Germany, both in respect to speed and size of the boats, and especially with respect to comfort. And what applies to the Transatlantic traffic applies still more to the service of

steamers running to Africa, Australia, and Eastern Asia. On British steamers which ply between England and the Cape the passengers are so badly cared for that no one will travel by them a second time if he can help it. The experienced traveller prefers German, French, even Japanese steamers to English boats on the China route." Mr. Bigelow concludes: "At every step we are painfully reminded of the fact that great nations begin to sink as soon as they cease to learn from others."

Fas est ab Hoste Doceri.

One of the most satisfactory signs that John Bull is waking up at last is the continually increasing number of British managers who cross the Atlantic for the purpose of studying American methods. Every now and then we read in our papers such items as the following:

Mr. F. B. Girdlestone, general manager of the Bristol Corporation Docks, Avonmouth, who has been visiting various mercantile centres in Canada and the United States, to further Bristol's trade interests, arrived at Liverpool yesterday in the steamship Teutonic. He visited Montreal, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, as well as New York, and expressed himself as confident that his interviews with railway and other authorities would result in improved steam services between Bristol and Boston and Philadelphia.

What is Our Duty to the People of India?

In the first number of "East and West," a new monthly publication published at Bombay, is published a paper which Mr. W. T. Stead wrote at the request of Mr. Malabari. It is an attempt to indicate in brief outline some of the considerations which he hopes will enable Indian readers to understand something of the point of view of an English Liberal at the beginning of the twentieth century. We are all born into a condition in which we now find ourselves, without our consent, electors of the Imperial Parliament, which is the supreme authority over 350,000,000 of our fellow-men and women. Had we been consulted we might have shrunk from the exercise of such power; but as we have no choice in the matter how should we regard our responsibilities?

The Need for Fraternity.

The first consideration, which according to Mr. Stead dominates all others, is the duty of recognising that these immense masses of humanity are composed of our own brothers and sisters, each of whom is our equal in the eye of the Almighty. Not only so, but the differences which divide and cause us to be in a position of political ascendancy are trivial compared with the points upon which we are at one. Hence our first duty is to oppose all those suggestions of race pride and arrogance which are so potent in building impassable barriers to the quick and constant flow of human sympathy between the white-skinned Lords of India and those millions who bear upon their features the impression of a fiercer sun than that which beats upon our temperate isle.

Caution.

The second consideration is that, although we were born in a position of political superiority, we have neither the knowledge nor the local acquaintance with circumstances which alone can justify men in forming a definite judgment as to what is right and just. It behoves us, therefore, to be very humble and cautious, and to recognise that we are tolerably certain to make blunders at every step. Our duty, therefore, towards our Indian fellow-subjects should be that of respectful learners, who require to be taught by the people whom they govern as to the methods by which their needs can best be satisfied. Before venturing to form a judgment of our own we ought to be very careful to learn the facts.

Self-Government Our Aim.

The third great principle is that our ultimate idea ought to be to make ourselves unnecessary. As a father endeavours to make his son an independent man, so English dominion in India ought to have as its ultimate aim the establishment of the principle of self-government among the millions who inhabit Hindustan. The realisation of that ideal may be a very long way off, but it is the ultimate goal which must never be lost sight of; and we shall be judged in history by the success with which we have trained, educated, and accustomed our Indian fellow-subjects to take upon their own shoulders the burden and responsibility of government.

How to Help India.

Having thus defined these three principles as governing our responsibilities, Mr. Stead asks the further question, How can we best help India? The great curse of India is excessive expenditure, especially military expenditure, which is largely due to Russophobia. Hence the most practical manner in which we can work towards relieving the pressure upon the Indian taxpayer is to combat with all our energy the doctrine of the Russophobists, and to promote good relations between Russia and Great Britain. The second method of helping India is to combat the spread of race pride. The third way in which it is possible for us to help is by constantly thinking, saying and writing what is the truth concerning the debt which we owe towards the great sages and poets and philosophers of India who have done so much to spiritualise the existence of the Indian peoples.

A Journalist's Duties.

The article concludes as follows:

As a journalist I have too often failed in my duty to India. Out of sight is often out of mind. The pressing demands of an importunate beggar at the door will often prevent your listening to the great chorus of myriad voices in the far distance. But with all

shortcomings, which I do frankly and sorrowfully confess, I do feel that I can make an honest confession and say that according to my light, so far as I have had opportunity, I have endeavoured to minimise what seemed to me the inevitable evils of such a position as that which we occupy in India, and have endeavoured also to promote, so far as I could in my small way, the feeling of mutual self-respect, sympathy, and fraternity between my own countrymen and my fellow-subjects in India.

How Man may Locally Modify Climate.

When man begins to control the weather he will begin to be something more like master in his own house. Hints are not wanting that he is on the way to this end. There is a suggestive paper by Alexander McAdie in a recent number of the "Century" entitled "Fighting Frost," which shows how horticulture and meteorology combined are opening up new possibilities in the way of manufacturing climate. Perhaps, he says, "one of the most novel applications of our somewhat imperfect knowledge of cloud-formation is found in the methods of protecting citrus-fruit from frost, as now practised in California." The need is acute, for "in a single night the oranges almost ready to be picked may be nipped by the frost, and the labour and expenditures of a year vanish in an hour." Systematic measures have been taken since 1897. The new plan is explained thus:

Following the clue given us by nature, methods of combating the whole process of cooling may be devised. The principle, in brief, is to make fog or cloud by adding water-vapour and taking advantage of the latent heat of vaporisation. There are horticulturists who hold that at times of frost the one desideratum is heat, and the best method is that which produces heat most quickly. We shall see, however, that water-vapour may be skilfully and economically utilised, and is of special value in warding off the bad effects of a sudden exposure of chilled fruit to warmth, such as the heat of the rising sun.

The artificial fog or mist acts as a blanket to prevent the radiation or cooling which goes on so rapidly on a clear night. Several means of creating the desired protection are mentioned. Wire baskets filled with coal at intervals along an avenue of fruit trees are fired. The addition of a shallow pan holding water, or of damp fuel which raises dense smoke, is recommended:—

Perhaps in many ways the best device yet tried for protecting on a large scale is by means of flowing warm water. In an experiment tried at the Meacham Ranch, Riverside, in February, 1900, a twelve-horse power tubular boiler was employed, and heated water was delivered to the flume at a temperature of 85 deg. Water-vapour was observed rising to a height of about four feet above the ground, and the invisible vapour doubtless reached above the fruit line. From the flume the water flows gently down the different furrows. At the end of a furrow six hundred and sixty feet long the temperature of the water was 54 deg. It seems quite practicable, therefore, to control the temperatures of the lowermost air-layers in this or some similar way.

If small cataracts of hot water are to do the work, one wonders whether our city laundries and other

industries which give off large quantities of heated liquid might not be planted near the orange groves, and the waste fluid turned on as an improvised water-fall. There is enough waste steam about in our manufacturing districts to modify the climate if only rightly directed.

America Regenerating Russia

BY AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY!

Quite a romance of trade, industry, and technical training is told in a recent number of the "Century" by Mr. Alex. Hume Ford, under the heading, "America's Agricultural Regeneration of Russia." It is a chapter, too, in the story of American enterprise which puts British sloth to shame. The writer begins with statistics of exchange:—

The demand for American agricultural machinery in the Russian empire has become phenomenal, more than quadrupling in half a decade, and doubling even within the last twelve months. This year it is estimated that Russia will spend from eight to ten million dollars on American agricultural machinery, about one-fourth of which will be shipped direct. . . . It is through Hull, Hamburg, and Copenhagen that most of our agricultural machinery is shipped into Russia.

Twenty thousand tons of mowers, reapers, threshers, harvesters, cleaners, and rakes were shipped from New York in twenty days in the spring of 1901.

American Technical Training.

The muzhik of Southern Russia at first denounced the Yankee harvester as an invention of the devil. But the great lords used it, and the Tsar's soldiers used it on the Imperial demesnes, and the muzhik gradually grew enamoured of the strange machine.

The Russian Government means to introduce not merely implements but the technical knowledge which can turn them to best account. Russians have been sent to study American methods and American agricultural colleges.

Now that the paternal Government is establishing agricultural schools and colleges, patterned largely after our own, the American idea is spreading everywhere throughout the Empire. Often enough, now, the wheat harvested with Yankee machinery is grown from Dakota seed.

A Floating College-Farm.

But what are we to say of the Russian inventive-ness which devised one of the most extraordinary of academies—a floating farm!

The Russian educators, in casting about for the best means of economically fulfilling their mission, decided to experiment with immense floating gardens hundreds of feet in length. These great barges, built wide enough to give a comfortable area for the laying out of a garden, are launched with the breaking up of the ice. As these floating agricultural experiment stations drift down-stream to warmer climes, the seeds sprout, and grain grows and eventually ripens.

On the deck of the large barge is an extensive building, the residence of the professors of agriculture who have the station in charge, and a smaller house for the crew. The size of these buildings, however, is dwarfed

by the immensity of the barge. On its great, broad deck, besides the vegetable and grain beds, are various working models of beehives; for the Government is bending every energy to revive this industry, once famous in Russia, when honey mead was the national drink.

As the barge journeys with the current, it stops at every village. The church bell is rung, and the people gather from the fields to be led by the starosta, or mayor, to the floating farm. They are invited aboard, where the various plants are explained to them, while illustrated lectures are sometimes given on the advantages of diversified farming. The questions of the peasants are intelligently answered, and seed is often left with the most enterprising for planting.

So far the barge experimental farms have proved the most efficient method of spreading the new knowledge of farming in Russia, for the country is one vast plain.

How the Tsar is Raising the Muzhik.

The Russian autocracy seems to advance in educational matters much more quickly than our poor British democracy.

Eastern Siberia is being developed by an American railway and with American machinery. At the towns laid out for the incoming tide of emigrants the Russian Government keeps in readiness our agricultural machinery and men to teach its use. School-houses are a feature of these villages, and the muzhik is started out on a new life full of independence and self-reliance. It is here that the old and new Russia meet, and the difference is marked.

When the ship drew up at the wharf at Vladivostok, and the peasants who had settled in the province a year or two previously came to meet the latest arrivals from Little Russia, the contrast between the unkempt, sluggish creatures aboard ship and the bright, active men on the wharf was striking, even impressive. There was nothing of the stolid, sleepy Russian muzhik about these far-Eastern farmers who had learned the use of modern agricultural machinery, and even hired Manchou coolies the year round to bear the burden of the hardest and most menial labour. . . . The Tsar permits no proselytising on his vast estate; missionaries are unknown in Russian territory; but the agents for American agricultural machinery, which is becoming more and more essential to Russian farm life, have compelled the autocratic Government to take an enormous stride forward.

What that means for the future of mankind this paragraph may suggest:—

It is estimated that at the present rate of increase Siberia will have a population of fully fifty million people by the middle of the century. Hundreds of thousands of peasants now cross the Urals annually. Russia is the most prolific of civilised nations.

Wit and Humour of Children.

BY DR. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P.

Dr. Macnamara contributes a delightfully amusing article to the "New Liberal Review" on "Children's Witticisms." The alleged funny things said by children are, he maintains, mostly apocryphal, and when authentic, quite unconscious. The enfant terrible is of course always unconscious, for his outbursts are generally at the expense of his own family, and punishable offences if unintentional. Such for instance must have been the following which Dr. Macnamara quotes:—

When Mrs. B. has called upon Mrs. A., and the hostess has received the visitor with the most gushing en-

thusiasm, it is a "leetle" embarrassing for Tommy A. to slide up to Mrs. B. and ask, "Do you live in a nice room, Mrs. B.?" Of course Mrs. B. replies, "What a curious question! why do you ask it?"

To which Tommy answers, "Why, as you were coming up the garden, Mamma said that your room was better than your company."

Unconscious also must have been the child who said "quotation is the answer to a division sum." The child who defined "antidote" as "a silly ant" probably analysed the former as an ant in its dotage. The following definition of a lie was probably, however, the fruit of good experience:—

"An abomination in the eyes of the Lord, but a very present help in the time of trouble."

Ornithology is a subject on which town-bred children are not experts, but it is rather much to be told that "our feathered friends" are "angels" and "Red Indians." Some children, however, know a thing or two about birds, as this anecdote shows:—

There is an amusing and, I believe, a true story concerning that wonderful dream of Jacob's and the angels going up the ladder to Heaven. "Please, sir," asked one of the boys in the class to which the story was being rehearsed, "why did the angels want to go up the ladder when they had wings?" This nonplussed the teacher, who took a strategic movement to the rear by saying, "Ah, yes! Why? Perhaps one of the boys can answer that." And one did. "Please, sir," said he, "because they was a-molting."

Dr. Macnamara vouches for the truth of the story that an Inspector asked what was the meaning of W.H.S.B. (West Ham School Board) carved over the door of the school, and was informed it meant "What Ho! She Bumps." "The Peasants' Revolt," said another child, "was due to a shilling poultice (poll tax) put on everybody over sixteen."

"Who made the world?" snapped out a rather testy Inspector years ago to a class of very small boys. No answer. Several times he repeated the question, getting louder and more incensed each time. At last a poor little fellow, kneading his eyes vigorously with his knuckles, blubbered out, "Please, sir, it waddn' me."

The following is a good story:—

"Why is it," asks the Inspector, "the sun never sets on the English possessions?" "Because," replied the ingenious one, "English possessions are in the North, South, and East, and the sun always sets in the West."

But, as a rule, children are better at definition than at explanation:—

The zebra is like the horse, only striped, and is chiefly used to illustrate the letter Z. (Also a donkey with a football jersey on.)

The marriage customs of the ancient Greeks were that a man married only one wife, and this was called Monotomy.

Faith is that quality which enables us to believe what we know to be untrue.

Parliament is the place where they go up to London to talk about Birmingham.

A Limited Monarchy is a government by a monarchy who in case of bankruptcy would not be responsible for the entire national debt. In private life you have the same thing with a Limited Liability Company.

A heretic is one who never would believe what he was told, but only after seeing it and hearing it himself with his own eyes.

The Court of Chancery is called this, because they take care of property there on the chance of an owner turning up.

An interjection is a shout or a scream raised by a person too surprised or pained or frightened to make a sentence with his thoughts. It is not quite a human language. The lower animals say nothing else but interjections. Accordingly, ill-natured and cross people by their interjections come very near to beasts.

A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box. They have a way of pumping out the air. When all the air and everything else is shut out, naturally they are able to shut in nothing, where the air was before.

The child who gave the following directions for sweeping a room was probably made for a housemaid to a literary man:—

Cover up the furniture with dust-sheets, scatter damp tea-leaves over the carpet, then carefully sweep the room into the dust-pan and throw it out of the window.

Dr. Macnamara gives several instances of compositions. He guarantees the following, but it is rather too consciously sarcastic for a boy of eleven and a half:—

What I expect to do in my holidays is the greater part of the time to mind the baby. Two years and a half old. Just old enough to run into a puddle or to fall downstairs. Oh! what a glorious occupation, my aunt or Sunday-school teacher would say. But it is all very well for them; they ought to have a turn with him. I am going to have a game at tying doors, tying bundles of mud in paper, and then drop it on the pavement. I shall buy a bundle of wood and tie a piece of cord to it, and when someone goes to pick it up, lo! it has vanished—not lost, but gone before. I shall go butterfly catching, and catch some fish at Snob's Brighton [Lea Bridge]. I shall finish up by having a whacking, tearing my breeches, giving a boy two black eyes, and then wake up on Monday morning refreshed and quite happy to make the acquaintance of Mr. ———'s cane.

The same remark applies to this—also guaranteed:—

Man goes fishing, takes his rod and enough tackle to make a telegraph wire and starts on his piscatorial expedition. He arrives, and happy man is he if he has not forgot something, a hook, his bait, or his float. He sits there, apparently contented; he catches a frog or some other fine specimen of natural history, and a cold, and a jolly good roasting from his bitter [sic] half, when he arrives with some mackerel which he had bought at the fishmonger's. He, poor man, did not know that they were sea-fish, but his wife did. When juveniles go fishing they take a willow, their ma's reel of best six-cord, a pickle jar, and a few worms, and proceed to the New River happy. When they arrive they catch about fifty (a small thousand they call it), and are thinking of returning home, when a gent with N.R. on his hat, and a good ash-stick in his hand, comes up. "Ulo there," says he, "what are you doing there?" "Fishing, sir," answer they meekly. The man then takes away their fish and rod, and gives them some whales instead (on their back). And they return home sadder by wiser boys.

Among the prettily got up Christmas numbers, those of the "Woman at Home" and "Girl's Realm" must be specially mentioned. The "Woman at Home" in particular contains an account of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's home near Wolverhampton.

Mr. Henley on "Lewis" Stevenson.

A CHAPTER ON THE "ART OF FRIENDSHIP."

The art of friendship, laments the writer of a brilliant article in "Macmillan," is decaying, if not dead. "We have no leisure for it." We have acquaintances, and connections formed from interested motives, but no friendships. The writer allows that women have not lost the art so completely as men, and makes the bold demand that friendship—"the most perfect friendship," he calls it—be allowed between man and woman without prejudice to marriage ties. The "Pall Mall Magazine" offers illustrations of two sorts of friendship. Mr. William Sharp recounts and illustrates the longstanding "literary friendship" between Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton, who have lived together, for the greater part of each year during twenty-one years, in "The Pines" on Putney Hill. But the "eminent instance" of how friendship can be interpreted is supplied by Mr. W. E. Henley's criticism of his old friend, "Lewis" Stevenson, as he calls him, and of Mr. Balfour's portrait of him.

Stevenson an Egotist.

"Why all this crawling astonishment, this voluble admiration?" is an ejaculation concerning the close of Stevenson's life which strikes the key of Mr. Henley's musings. He says:—

As I read I am oppressed by the thought that here is Lewis Stevenson very much as he may well have wanted to be, but that here is not Lewis Stevenson at all. At any rate, here is not the Lewis Stevenson I knew. . . . At bottom Lewis Stevenson was an excellent fellow. But he was of his essence what the French call *personnel*. He was, that is, incessantly and passionately interested in Stevenson. He could not be in the same room with a mirror but he must invite its confidences every time he passed it; to him there was nothing obvious in time and eternity, and the smallest of his discoveries, his most trivial apprehensions, were all by way of being revelations, and as revelations must be thrust upon the world; he was never so much in earnest, never so well pleased (this were he happy or wretched), never so irresistible, as when he wrote about himself.

To this somewhat qualified eulogy is added in the footnote a further qualification:—

Mr. Raleigh notes with a just delight the faultless tact by which these utterances are marked. But here came in the man of letters. The man of talk was neither so convincing nor anything like so discreet.

No "Seraph in Chocolate."

He goes on:—

No better hysteron proteron lived. . . . Mr. Graham Balfour's estimate . . . is that of an angel clean from heaven, and I for my part flatly refuse to recognise it. Not if I can help it, shall this faultless, or very nearly faultless monster go down to after years as the Lewis I knew, and loved, and laboured with and for, with all my heart and strength and understanding. . . . I take a view of Stevenson which is my own, and which declines to be concerned with this Seraph in Chocolate, this barley-sugar effigy of a real man.

An Autophotograph.

Mr. Henley then does a thing which is often a strain to living friendships and is more rarely done of the dead—he quotes the man against himself. He says:—

I think he has written himself down in terms that may not be mistaken nor improved. "An unconscious, easy, selfish person," he remarks, "shocks less, and is more easily loved, than one who is laboriously and egotistically unselfish. There is at least no fuss about the first; but the other parades his sacrifices, and so sells his favours too dear. Selfishness is calm, a force of nature: you might say the trees are selfish. But egoism is a piece of vanity; it must always take you into its confidence; it is uneasy, troublesome, searching; it can do good, but not handsomely; it is uglier, because less dignified than selfishness itself. But here," he goes on, with that careful candour which he so often has, "here I perhaps exaggerate to myself, because I am the one more than the other, and feel it like a hook in my mouth at every step I take. Do what I will, this seems to spoil all." This, as it seems to me, describes him so exactly that, if you allow for histrionics (no inconsiderable thing, remember!), you need no more description.

Mr. Henley suggests that generosity in giving was not quite the trait predominant in his old friend's character. "To your Anxious Egotist, your trained and cultured Shorter Catechist, what magnificence in the matter of self-approval, self-oblivion, self-righteousness could come amiss?"

The "Charmeur."

Then follow reminders of service rendered by Mr. Henley to Stevenson, and then this reference to his literary work:—

If I crave the enchantment of romance, I ask it of bigger men than he, and of bigger books than his. . . . while if good writing and some other things be in my appetite, are there not Hazlitt and Lamb—to say nothing of Shakespeare. . . . I remember, rather, the unmarried and irresponsible Lewis; the friend, the comrade, the *charmeur*. . . . The impression of his writings disappears: the impression of himself and of his talk is ever a possession.

"No Reason for Making Him a Hero."

The admirers of Stevenson will perhaps find it hardest to forgive Mr. Henley's "last word":—

I have everywhere read that we must praise him now and always for that, being a stricken man, he would live out his life. Are we not all stricken men, and do we not all do that? And why, because he wrote better than any one, should he have praise and fame for doing that which many a poor, consumptive sempstress does: cheerfully, faithfully, with no eloquent appeals to God, nor so much as a paragraph in the evening papers! That a man writes well at death's door is surely no reason for making him a hero.

It is evident the writer has worked off a soreness which has long rankled in his mind. Quite apart from the merits of the personal quarrel, those who are tired of hearing Aristides called the Just will welcome this critique as a valuable tonic to the mind of the public.

The Ethics of Stevenson.

In "Munsey's Magazine," Julius Wilbur Tompkins, writing on the ethics of R. L. Stevenson, says that much of Stevenson's philosophy was somewhat strong meat for babes, and alarming results might follow the introduction of its precepts into our nurseries, instead of the more orthodox sentiments.

The Duty of Happiness.

The chief doctrine of the gospel, according to Stevenson, was the duty of happiness—"be happy and you will be good."

"By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits," he has said; and again, "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. . . . Their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. . . . They practically demonstrate the great theorem of the liveableness of life."

"To Fret and Fume Theologically Unpardonable."

A certain austerity and religious gloominess in his father was the subject of earnest protest in many of Stevenson's letters, for to the son there was no true piety without cheerfulness. "To fret and fume is undignified, suicidally foolish, and theologically unpardonable," he writes.

No "bed of resignation" should find a place in Stevenson's garden; "in its stead put Laughter and a Good Conceit . . . and a bush of Flowering Piety—but see it be the flowering sort; the other species is no ornament to any gentleman's back garden."

Kindness and Truth in Word and Work.

Kindness, "not only in act, in speech also, that so much more important part," was another sedulously preached and practised doctrine of his. Truth he interpreted as "not to state the true facts, but to convey a true impression." He believed, for instance, that we owe it to truth to be articulate in emotions, to express our affections and sympathies in defiance of the false shame that makes so much good feeling go down to the grave unknown.

Charity Towards All.

Stevenson's charity and tolerance will never be disputed. It was these characteristics which led him to write to a prospective missionary words which, if remembered, might have saved us many a complication:—

You cannot change ancestral feelings of right and wrong without what is practically soul murder. Barbarous as the customs may seem, always hear them with patience, always judge them with gentleness, always find in them some seed of good; see that you always develop them; remember that all you can do is to civilise the man in the line of his own civilisation. And never expect, never believe in, thaumaturgic conversions. What you have to do is to teach the parents in the interests of their great-grandchildren.

The Romance of Art and Poverty.

A beautiful starting-point for an artist's career is recorded of the great Italian painter of the Alps and of the poor Giovanni Segantini. A most interesting sketch of his romantic life is given by Luigi Villari in the "English Illustrated." Born among the Tyrolean Alps, he narrowly escaped death by drowning when he was four years old. Subsequent life at Milan, where his father left him, proved so deadly dull to the boy that when barely seven years old he ran away and lived with some kind peasants, who took pity on the small wanderer. He himself told how the first impulse of his art came to him:—

"The first time that I took up a pencil to draw was when I heard a mother, sobbing over her dead child, saying: 'Oh, that I had but her portrait, she was so beautiful!' Those words roused in the child a desire to draw a portrait of the dead girl for her mother.

A few years later he went back to Milan and joined an evening drawing school. He was so poor that, found wandering about without visible means of subsistence, the police shut him up for some years in a reformatory. He was made to work as a cobbler, but on liberation he returned to his school, was presented with a box of colours, and slowly made his way. Unspoiled by the schools, his genius was individual and original. He died in 1899, forty years of age.

The "Leisure Hour" has a sketch by Mr. W. E. Crothers of "Our Veteran Painter," Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., another star in the "peerage of poverty." As Mr. Crothers says:—

He was born at Canterbury on September 26, 1803. When he was five years old his father deserted his mother and the children—three girls and two boys. Terrible was the struggle that she had to make in order to maintain herself and family. But she succeeded, and lived to see her youngest son one of England's celebrities. His taste for drawing was early displayed, and in spite of the hindrances arising from poverty it was sedulously cultivated. His first sketch, made upon his school slate, was the Bell Tower of Canterbury Cathedral.

Seen drawing on a slate by George Cattermole, who was himself sketching the Cathedral, he was encouraged by a gift of the artist's pencils; and on asking for the loan of a knife to sharpen these pencils, the boy stumbled on the then Archbishop, who cut all his pencils for him, watched his drawing, and later sent him £5 for his first pencilling. This event decided his career for him. He still lives in his native town, though now in his ninety-ninth year.

"Wards of God" is the old monkish name for the half-witted mendicants or "picturesque naturals" who used to abound in Ireland. They form the subject of a special study in "Macmillan" by Gerald Brenan, whom we have to thank for calling the beautiful old phrase to mind.

President Roosevelt at Work.

The December "World's Work" gives an interesting glimpse of the President as he appears in his work at the White House, showing the exhilarating vigour of President Roosevelt's personality, which has evidently seen no waning in the position of chief magistrate, and the quickness of his perceptions:

Every visitor to the White House receives a shock—an invigorating shock of frank earnestness. When you go into the President's reception-room, you will see some man who seeks an office for a friend or a follower, and he speaks in a low tone to the President. The President answers or questions him quickly, so that everybody in the room hears what he says,—he is an audible, not a whispering, President. Another man approaches him and speaks hesitatingly. "Tell me what you have to say, quickly, quickly," says Mr. Roosevelt. The story is told of a political visitor who came to seek a postal appointment for a friend. After presenting his case, he said: "Mr. President, I have here a number of papers bearing on the subject. I suppose I ought to leave them with the Post Office Department."

"No, let me see them." Then, as the President hastily ran his eye over them he laid aside one that was marked "Petition," then another; and a third. "Petition," said he; "I could get a petition to have you hanged," and he gave these back to the visitor.

How Visitors are Received.

Mr. Roosevelt comes into his audience-room alert, earnest, with the air of a man who has something to do. There's a spring in his step. There is candour in his manner and a natural cordiality, but his quickness of motion and of mind gives a new sensation. Begin to make to him the little speech that you had thought out beforehand, and you soon see that he is outrunning you. While you are still in your preface, he has jumped into the middle of what you mean to say, and he answers you before you have spoken it. During a three-minute interview he has time to rush you forward with your story, to take in and digest all that you meant to say, to laugh, to look you in the face squarely, to give you an answer, to shake your hand cordially; and you are gone, with your speech undelivered, but he has perfectly understood you and your errand. Before you are done thanking him he smiles and waves recognition to an acquaintance at the other side of the room,—swift, earnest, cheerful, no such interviews have been held with any other man that ever gave audience in the White House. As unconventional as Lincoln, as natural as Grant, as earnest as Cleveland, and swifter than any of them by an immeasurable difference. Mr. Roosevelt does graceful but fatal violence to "the Presidential manner."

For there was a Presidential manner,—the manner that most men who have held the office naturally acquired by the unnatural experience of spending half their lives in giving audience to political petitioners and to the makers of formal speeches. The great man came in, stood impassively, heard you till you were done, spoke as if by formula, and said little; he had a look of cheerful resignation rather than of alert interest. To the infrequent visitor to the White House, an audience with most Presidents has been a disappointing experience. The visitor felt as if he had done all the talking. He had been graciously received, but he had brought nothing away with him. The memory of an official shake of the hand and of a dignified smile lacked something of the human touch. He had talked with the President, not with the man.

A Democratic Executive.

Under this consulship, the two are one. You see the President, but you also see Mr. Theodore Roosevelt.

veld, with a dignity really the greater and the more impressive because it is not official, but the natural manner of the man. He does not seem weary. He is busy, very busy; earnest, very earnest; but he has the manner of a man who likes his work. You recall the campaign story that was told of him when a sympathetic soul expressed deep regret that he had been obliged to get up from his bed in his car, and make his fourteenth speech of that day's journey and to shake hands with another crowd. "No," said he, "don't feel sorry for me. I like it."

Immigration and the Census.

Interesting deductions from the returns of the last census relative to the nativity of the people of the United States are presented in the "National Geographic Magazine" for November.

Of every 1,000 persons living in that country in 1900 it appears that 863 were born in the United States and only 137 outside the borders of the country. In 1890, on the other hand, of every 1,000 persons, 852 were native and 148 foreign born.

The Changing Character of U.S. Immigration.

During 1891-1900, 3,687,564 immigrants entered the United States, one and one-half million less than in the ten years preceding. Of German immigrants during the past decade there were 505,152, whereas during the preceding ten years there were as many as 1,452,970. Norway and Sweden's contribution during 1891-1900 was 321,281, as against 568,362 during 1881-1890. The figures for Great Britain and Ireland show a similar decrease. On the other hand, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia and Poland, during the past decade, sent over 1,846,616 immigrants, about double the number contributed by them during 1881-1890.

Thirty years ago, Canada, Germany, Great Britain, Ireland, and Norway and Sweden sent 90.4 per cent. of all the immigrants entering the United States, and Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia and Poland a scanty 1.1 per cent. In 1890, the first group were contributing 81.7 per cent. and the second group, 6.4 per cent.; in 1890, the first, 73.9 per cent., while the second had grown to 17.6 per cent. During the decade just ended, the former group supplied only 40.4 per cent., while the latter furnished fully one-half, or 50.1 per cent. This new element of Poles, Italians, and Hungarians have settled in the mining districts of Pennsylvania and in the manufacturing towns of New York, New Jersey, and New England. They now form the bulk of labourers in these States, having superseded the Irish in the heavy work of digging trenches for railways or sewers and in the making and repairing of roads.

It is interesting to note the nationalities that make up the total immigration, amounting to 19,115,221 in ninety years. Germany has contributed over one-fourth, 5,009,280; Ireland slightly more than one-fifth, 3,869,268; Great Britain one-fifth, 3,096,207; Norway and Sweden nearly one-fifteenth, 1,246,312; Canada and Newfoundland, 1,049,939; Italy, 1,040,457; Austria-Hungary, 1,027,195, and all other countries about one-tenth, 1,919,661.

Facts about the Young Men of the United States.

An interesting statistical study of the conditions prevailing among American young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five, inclusive, has lately been made. The method adopted was to

select certain representative cities, towns, and rural districts in different parts of the country, and in "average" blocks of representative city wards to make a house-to-house canvass. Uniform question blanks were used, and in this way much important information was secured. Taking as a basis for his computations figures furnished by Chief Statistician Hunt, of the Census Bureau, Mr. C. C. Michener presents, in "Association Men" for November, the following data:

Sixty-six per cent. of the young men of the United States are unmarried, while 34 per cent. are married. The average age at which these young men married was twenty-five years.

Fifty-five per cent. of the young men of the United States live at home, while 45 per cent. are boarding.

Only 15 per cent. of the young men are in business for themselves, while 85 per cent. are employed by others.

Twenty-two per cent. of young men belong to fraternal orders. Of this number, 70 per cent. belong to one fraternal order, 24 per cent. belong to two, 2 per cent. belong to three, 3 per cent. belong to four, and 1 per cent. belong to five. Of the men belonging to fraternal orders, 67 per cent. are church members, while 33 per cent. are not church members.

Forty-six per cent. of the men in cities of 3,000 or over were born in the country or in towns of 3,000 or less. Three out of seven young men in the country and towns of 3,000 or less look forward to living in the city. Of the population in towns of 3,000 or less, one in seven is a young man. Of the population in cities of 25,000 and over, one in four is a young man.

In the country, one young man is boarding to every six living at home. In the city, five young men are boarding to every one living at home.

In the country, one in two young men go to church regularly; one in three occasionally, and one in fourteen not at all. In the city, one in four regularly; one in two occasionally, and one in seven not at all.

In families where the father and mother belong to the same church, 78 per cent. of the young men are church members. In families where the father and mother are church members, but do not belong to the same church, only 55 per cent. of the young men are church members. In families where but one of the parents is a church member, only 50 per cent. of the young men are not church members. Where the father and mother are both Catholics, only 8 per cent. of the young men are not church members. Where the father and mother are both Protestants, 32 per cent. of the young men are not church members. Where one of the parents is a Catholic and the other a Protestant, 66 per cent. of the young men do not belong to a church. Where the parents are members of Protestant churches, but do not belong to the same church, 50 per cent. of the young men of these families are not church members. Where one of the parents is a Catholic, 44 per cent. of the young men do not belong to church. Where one of the parents is a Protestant, 51 per cent. do not belong to a church.

Siamese Twins.

In one of the recent numbers of the "Nouvelle Revue," M. Suni writes an article upon freaks of nature such as the Siamese twins. He declares that these cases of what he calls "double children"—namely, twins coupled together by some natural physical link—are far from being as rare as people imagine.

The Chinese Brothers.

The subject has been carefully studied by a French doctor at Rio de Janeiro, who was fortunate enough to be able to observe in Vienna the Chinese brothers who formed one of Barnum and Bailey's great attractions some years ago. These brothers were very intelligent, and were very fond of each other. The bit of flesh and cartilage which united them allowed them to have a certain independence of movement, but they undoubtedly exercised upon each other a great influence. For example, when one of them had small-pox, the other developed it on the following day. More remarkable still, when one of them drank whisky, they both became intoxicated, and the one who had not drunk the whisky was worse than the one who had. On the other hand, if one of them went to sleep, the other did not necessarily go to sleep too, and in the same way their desire for food was not necessarily simultaneous. The doctor who had them under observation in Vienna was of opinion that it would have been possible to separate them by an operation.

Rosalina-Maria.

During his residence at Rio, this doctor had another interesting case of a similar kind—namely, two little Brazilian girls who were joined together in this mysterious way. Although the parents of Rosalina-Maria, as the girls were called, were extremely poor peasants, they had no idea of condemning their offspring to a life of public exhibition, but demanded that a surgical operation should be performed, if possible. In this case the junction between the two children was so small as to make life in common very painful for them. Fortunately, the operation, which was performed in May of last year, was relatively successful, as one of the children survived it.

"Quis Separabit?"

M. Suni suggests, though he does not follow it up, a very fruitful topic of discussion when he asks whether the parents should have the unrestricted right of saying whether their children accidentally joined in this manner should be separated or not. There is the remarkable case of the Siamese brothers, Chang and Eng, who earned a good deal of money, if they did not actually make their fortunes, by being publicly exhibited. If they had been separated in infancy, they would probably not have had so easy a life. As it was, they married two sisters, and lived to the age of sixty-three, apparently in the utmost happiness. Of course, in cases where the twins who are connected have only one heart, which is sometimes the case, it is impossible to think of separation.

Radica-Doodica

M. Suni tells a remarkable story of two little Hindu girls who were born on the outskirts of

Calcutta in 1899. Their parents were made the victims of the ferocious superstitions which this unusual birth aroused in the minds of their neighbours. They had to fly into the woods for refuge, and there the father endeavoured to separate his daughters by a somewhat primitive operation. For this he was prosecuted for illegally acting as a surgeon, and also for abuse of his paternal authority. The family were, however, protected from violence by an Indian official, and the children were baptised under the names of Radica-Doodica, two Hindu divinities who symbolise fraternal union. The children were kept for some time in a temple, where the priestesses wished to promote them into goddesses, but they made no difficulty about giving up the children for pecuniary consideration. Radica-Doodica were not much inconvenienced by being linked together. They could sit down easily, and could sleep if one lay upon her back and the other upon her side, while they were able to walk without much difficulty. Their parents always refused to allow them to be separated.

Difficult Cases.

These cases of junction, of which the capital letter H may stand as a symbol, are relatively easy; it is when the junction is so close as to be represented by the letter X or Y that the greatest surgical difficulties occur, which usually defy the utmost skill. There have even been cases which may be described as two human beings as far as the waist, or, in other words, one individual with two heads and shoulders, and, of course, four arms. A case of this kind occurred in Northumberland in the reign of James IV. of Scotland, under whose protection they were brought up, taught several languages, and showed great musical talents. They did not live, however, beyond the age of twenty.

Statistics.

In conclusion, M. Suni considers the comparative statistics of these double births. It appears that an authority named Porak has come to the conclusion that there is one double birth for every 100,000 ordinary births—that is to say, over the whole of Europe there would be about two double births every week. The professional showmen believe that there is more chance of procuring these valuable monstrosities in Hungary, Austria, Galicia, and South Germany than in any other countries. It seems also that most of these double births do not long survive, which no doubt explains their extreme rarity.

The first article in the November number of the "Revue de l'Art," by J. Guiffrey, is a note on the double Venetian portrait, attributed to A. G. Cariani, in the Louvre.

Rebuilding a City.

"The World's Work" for December contains a most striking article, lavishly illustrated, on "The Rebuilding of New York." That city, already great, is being transfigured with an energy and skill exceeding anything hitherto known in human history. We give some extracts from this very notable article:

How it is Being Done.

Without preconcerted action began the tearing down of old New York. It is as if a cyclone had expended its force upon the city, or as if a hostile fleet had bombarded the island. But rising out of the devastation here and there is the ugly framework which presages the newer city, built of steel and concrete upon a rock, artificial stone, when no real stone is there. Monstrous office-buildings with thirty stories above ground and with five stories beneath the street level, each accommodating more busy people than all the main streets of many an inland town, fill the lower end of the island, their unwieldy tops standing up like distorted church steeples out of the cluster of older blocks. Up-town, vast apartment structures spread out over acres of ground, and, rising fifteen or twenty stories, house individual cities of people. Down through the city, from end to end, digging and blasting and drilling, thousands of men are building the greatest subway in the world, which will cost more than 50,000,000 dollars, cutting through rock, mining underground and throwing havoc to right and to left all along its course.

The New Subway.

The new Subway is the most tremendous undertaking of the kind ever attempted. The Boston Subway seemed wonderful, but compared with this new engineering feat it is insignificant. The New York Subway will run through twenty-four miles of some of the busiest streets in the world; it will burrow through hills; it will tunnel under rivers; it will emerge to send its tracks out upon elevated viaducts; it will connect with steam roads, which stand ready to take up the relay.

Since March 24, 1900, the actual work has been upturning the whole city. In some places temporary surface-car lines have been built, as at Union Square, to allow the blasting of a veritable canyon beneath; on almost every section of the work bridges for cars hang over great bustling chasms, all thunderous with the din of labour; up-town are mines running down so deep that a fatal avalanche in the tunnel at the bottom left no traces at the surface. Beneath a corner of Central Park another tunnel is daily boring its way through solid rock; in another place the Subway dives well under the present Park Avenue Subway, to be undermined shortly by the tunnel from Long Island City yet farther down—a honeycomb of tunnels. . .

Nor will there be in the completed underground avenue the stained walls and the damp air that other tunnels know. The long rectangular box is not only floored in alternate layers of concrete and waterproofing, but walled and roofed with the same impervious material, and because it cannot leak it needs no other ventilation—in this it is unique—than will be supplied by the shuttle-like rush of a thousand buzzing cars. Outside the walls and on the roof is the maze of water, gas, and sewer pipes once in the roadway.

A Mammoth Bridge.

The "new bridge," so-called, officially known as No. 2, is most in the public eye; it ranks with the Subway as a spectacular feature in the city's incompleteness. Ferry passengers crane their necks at the spidery structure; and from the old bridge Brooklynites gaze morning and evening over to the scrambling figures at



LOOKING NORTH ON BROAD-STREET.

Showing building operations in middle distance.

work on it. Completed, it will be to most bridges of its length as the flat side of a plank to the edge—its claim to distinction is its width. There are bridges longer, though from anchorage to anchorage it measures nearly 2,800 feet; there are bridges higher, though it rises 335 feet, and a mast 134 feet high could clear its main span by a foot; there are longer spans, though it springs 1,600 feet from tower to tower; but there is no other long bridge so wide—118 feet. Across a double-decked structure will pass on the upper deck two streams of foot passengers and two files of bicycle

riders and on the lower, two processions of waggons and six strings of cars, two elevated and four electric. The four lines of electric cars, requiring two loops at the Manhattan end, will balance the structure and evenly distribute the load: on the old bridge during rush hours one side of the structure is weighed down by a line of heavily loaded cars, while a similar line of "empties" runs along the other.

Moreover, swung though it is on cables, the bridge will be a marvel of stiffness. From end to end will stretch stiffening trusses forty feet deep. In essence

the structure will not be a floor hung on cables, but a long, rectangular skeleton box so hung. It will furnish a firm, safe avenue over forty feet wider than the present Brooklyn Bridge, and from the end of its approach in Manhattan to the Brooklyn end, over a mile and a half in length.

The ugly, awkward framework of girders and beams extends itself in many cases twenty and more stories into the air, and the way has been shown in one foundation construction for digging a building downward, as well as pushing it upward, by which a hilltop 300 feet or more in the air, and a cavern 100 feet below ground will be contained under one roof, and will be connected with a single elevator service.

The New Architecture.

The new city, of course, has a new architecture: houses are framed, first, in lines of steel, and the walls added as a mere afterthought!

Reaching up hundreds of feet into the sunshine, these woven shafts of steel have many advantages over the older masonry construction. Mathematics plans them accurately, while in massive construction many details had to be arranged according to precedent and rule rather than by calculation. The weight of the building is much less, simplifying the foundation construction. The steel columns which carry the load are uniformly small and take comparatively little space. Windows can be made much larger, especially as the building grows in height, when, in massive construction, the supporting walls must grow thicker. There is, of course, more floor space in the upper stories than in the older buildings. The division walls in massive construction are absolutely fixed. In the new buildings the thin partition walls in any story can be altered or taken out, to suit the convenience of new tenants. It is true, of course, that the permanency of steel buildings has yet to be proved by long tests, but the good covering of Portland cement or concrete and careful painting should make the framework durable, and a casing of porous burned fire-clay terra-cotta should protect the steel from fire. The loads not only of the floors, but of all the weight which the floors may have to carry, are figured for in the framework construction, and the strain of a heavy wind beating upon the sides of the building is generally met by reinforcing with more steel or by direct bracing. In the case of the higher buildings certainly the new method of construction is more economical. The entire lower end of the city is rapidly being covered with these sky-reaching steel buildings, and the promise is of a time not far distant when the business section will be a vast mountain of steel through which will cut the intersecting thoroughfares like deep canyons, with streaks of shine and shadow. Some conception of the mere size of individual building achievements can be reached in a few figures of the Broad Exchange office building—the largest in the world—which contains a total floor area of eleven acres, accommodating between seven and eight hundred offices and eighteen elevators: in which the structural steel alone amounts to more than 10,000 tons, and the bricks used, laid end to end, would extend nearly 900 miles.

In the "Cosmopolitan" for November there is only one unusually thoughtful and interesting article—that by Mr. Edmund Gosse on "The Isolation of the Anglo-Saxon Mind," noticed elsewhere. The Bishop of London has an article on "The Housing Question," also worthy of special mention. Mr. John Brisben Walker writes the introductory chapter of a life of President Roosevelt; and Mr. Frank Moss pens a strong indictment of Tammany, under the title of "Municipal Misgovernment and Corruption."

"Young Never-Grow-Old."

The war has not as yet developed much pathetic poetry. It is not till the clatter and blare of the march is past that the cry of the mourner reaches the ear. Perhaps among the first-fruits of the harvest of poetic sorrow may be counted a short poem in "Longman's" by Mrs. Fleming. It is simply entitled "Spion Kop." Two stanzas may be cited out of five, all of which will go home to many a mother's desolate heart:

Young Never-Grow-Old, with your heart of gold,
And the dear boy's face upon you;
It's hard to tell, though we know it well,
That the grass is growing upon you.
Flowers and grass, and the graveyard mould,
Over the eyes of you, Never-Grow-Old,
Over the heart of you, over each part of you,
All your dear body, our Never-Grow-Old. . . .

Never-Grow-Old, your curly head
Will never streak with grey;
Young Always-Young, your springing tread
Will never pass away,
The morning glory of your eyes
Will lean you now and ever;
You keep your boyhood in the skies,
The other side the River:
River that flows by the City of Gold,
River of Healing, dear Never-Grow-Old.

Harry Furniss and Lewis Carroll.

Mr. Harry Furniss contributes "Some Confessions of an Illustrator" to an unusually good number of the "English Illustrated." He begins with the characteristic confession: "I am a funny man, and caricaturist by force of circumstances; an artist, a satirist, and a cartoonist by nature and training." He tells many humorous incidents of his illustrating "Bruno and Sylvie" for Lewis Carroll. He says: "What I did fear was that Carroll would not be Carroll; and Carroll wasn't—he was Dodgson." Here is part of a letter he received from Dodgson as to the portraiture of "Bruno and Sylvie":

As to the dresses of these children in their fairy state (we shall sometimes have them mixing in Society, and supposed to be real children; and for that they must, I suppose, be dressed as in ordinary life, but eccentrically, so as to make a little distinction). I wish I dared dispense with all costume: naked children are so perfectly pure and lovely; but Mrs. Grundy would be furious—it would never do. Then the question is, How little dress will content her? Bare legs and feet we must have, at any rate.

Very few of the crowds who will be singing "Christians, Awake!" will reflect on the fact that the author of that famous hymn was also the father of modern shorthand. The story of this doubly distinguished Lancashire man, John Byrom, is told in "Good Words" by Isabel M. Hamill.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Contemporary Review.

The feature of the "Contemporary Review" is M. de Bloch's elaborate paper on "Militarism and Lord Roberts' Army Reorganisation Scheme," noticed in another part of the magazine.

A Plea for Non-Episcopallians.

Canon Henson has the temerity to suggest to his brother clergymen of the Church of England that after all it is possible that Nonconformists may be Christians, and that if so they ought to be occasionally permitted to communicate when the Lord's Supper is administered in the national church. There must of course be due disciplinary safeguards provided by suitable authority, but with such conditions the Canon thinks they might be admitted. Nay, he goes further. He thinks that the time has come for the frank recognition by English Churchmen of the non-episcopal ministers. By what right, he asks, do we ignore these ministers in our parishes and refuse them all access to our pulpits, or their clergy to repudiate their orders and facilitate their reordination? It is very easy to understand why we do all these things. The Anglican clergy hanker after a monopoly, and not being able to secure it by the time-honoured fashion of clapping their rivals into gaol, they continue to use all the weapons which are left them to make competition difficult and disagreeable. But Canon Henson considers this is a root of bitterness in our religious life, and until it is plucked up there will be no sincerity in our professions of fraternity. Of course not. As long as the Episcopalian parson regards the Nonconformist minister as a poacher in his parish, the only fraternity which you can expect is that which is met between the poacher and the gamekeeper.

The New Reign in Italy.

Mr. Bolton King writes a very interesting article, full of the joyous spirit of optimism, concerning the change which has taken place in Italy since the accession of the new King. He quotes with much approval the statement that Bressi, if he shortened King Humbert's life by ten years, gave a century of life to the Italian monarchy. The King and the Extreme Left support the present Ministry in power, and the present Ministry, according to Mr. King, persists in giving liberty for the first time a fair trial in Italy. The labour unions, both among workmen and peasants, are bearing a plentiful crop of strikes, but drunkenness is diminish-

ing, school attendance is better, and the workmen have gained both financially and in self-respect. They have succeeded in some places in compelling employers to grant holidays on election days, while in others the weekly wages are collected by the Unions from the employers and divided equally among all members, the old and the able-bodied sharing alike. The Socialists have undertaken the organisation of these Unions for the most part, and Ministers have refused to allow that fact to induce them to listen to the plea for measures of repression. The Socialists and the Radicals support the Giolitte Ministry, and have rallied to the side of the monarchy, now that they have a monarch upon whose loyalty they can depend.

Journalism for University Men.

Mr. F. S. A. Lowndes writes a short but intelligent paper concerning journalism as a career for young University men. It is a well-informed appreciation of the advantages and disadvantages of a journalistic career. There are not many facts in the paper which call for notice, but is it true that the average rate of a war correspondent's salary is £80 a month, with a pension of £300 a year to the widow if the correspondent is killed or dies in the service of his paper; and are war correspondents in the piping times of peace retained at £20 to £25 a month?

Some Question-Begging Words.

The Rev. W. W. Peyton, in an article entitled "Anthropology Reconstructed," suggests that it is very necessary to rule out of common use various words which we inherited from a classical beginning, but which have ceased to correspond to the ideas which they are supposed to express. For instance, the following are some of the changes which he proposes to effect:—

God, gods, deities, deifications.

Divine ideas, spiritual manifestations, the unseen archetype of the visible.

Idols, idolatry, superstition.

Eidol, eidolism, overbeliefs, underbeliefs, and anomalies.

It is evident that Mr. Peyton's difficulty is in finding new equivalents for the old words. It is no use offering us a paragraph or a sentence in exchange for a monosyllable. His attempt to find a substitute for monotheism and polytheism is typical of the impossibility of his task. He says polytheism is the vision of the unseen supreme in the many details of the seen, the vision of the Divine in the many forces, laws, principles, beauties, utili-

ties around and in us. Monotheism is the union of these visions into the first Cause and the Heavenly Father.

Other Articles.

M. de Soissons writes somewhat enthusiastically about Maxim Gorki, the new Russian novelist, and Mr. Raymond Maxwell, a doctor in charge of a Boer ambulance in Natal, contributes a diary of the campaign which occupies over thirty pages. The diary contains material which may be serviceable to the historian of the war, inasmuch as it is an Englishman's account of the campaign seen from the Boer camp, but there is not much that is new in it excepting the evidence which it supplies of looting in the Boer lines.

The American Review of Reviews.

The "American Review of Reviews" for December has a larger number of short articles than is usually the case. There is an anonymous paper on Professor Virchow, and a short sketch of Li Hung Chang by Mr. Courtenay Hughes Fenn. He sums up Li's policy as "Let us use the foreigners, but do not let them use us." He believed in foreign methods, but wanted them without the foreigner, and he was perfectly willing to be doubled-faced or ten-faced if he could thereby better his own position, or secure a victory for Chinese diplomacy. Mr. Ernest Knaufft writes on "Kate Greenaway, the Illustrator of Childhood," whose career he regards as an affirmative answer to the question "Can Women Succeed in Art?" Another short article which is illustrated with maps and photographs deals with the Bagdad Railway. Mr. H. B. Hudson describes the career of Governor Pillsbury of Minnesota. Mr. Pillsbury was one of the pioneers in Minnesota, and practically the creator of the University of that State. The longest article in the number deals with "The Three Years' Work of the United States Industrial Commission," which is described by Mr. Samuel McCune Lindsay. In the Progress of the World, Dr. Shaw, among other things, deals with the question of shipping bounties and reciprocity. On the former problem he says that before America enters upon the path of subsidy-paying she must know a lot more about the question than at present. Not twenty-five people out of America's seventy millions could pass an examination to prove themselves capable to deal with the subject. In regard to reciprocity, Dr. Shaw calls for more scientific study and investigation. Speaking of the American census, Dr. Shaw notes that only 4.6 per cent. of the population between five and twenty-five years of age is foreign born, while in the South the foreign-born population of school age is only a small fraction of one per cent.

The Monthly Review.

The only article in the December "Review" which calls for special notice is Mr. Benjamin Taylor's paper on "Shipping Subsidies." But the most interesting article to the general reader will probably be Mr. Andrew Lang's "Magic Mirror and Crystal Gazing." Mr. Lang retails a number of experiments made by himself and by friends, for whose good faith he can vouch, his conclusion being that "crystal-gazing has yielded apparent traces of the existence of unexplored regions of human faculty." How to read crystals he explains as follows:—

It is best to go, alone, into a room, sit down with the back to the light, place the ball, at a just focus, in the lap on a dark dress or a dark piece of cloth, try to exclude reflections, think of anything you please, and stare for, say, five minutes, at the ball. That is all. If, after two or three trials, you see nothing in the way of pictures in the ball (which may seem to vanish, leaving only the pictures), you will probably never succeed. But you may have acquaintances who will succeed. If you, or your friends, are successful, you would oblige by making contemporary notes. If anything like pictures correctly representing what is, unknown to you, in the mind of a "sitter," appears, or if events are represented which later prove to have been actually occurring, the sitter, or other witnesses, ought to write down and sign their statements.

Colonial Imperialism.

C. de Thierry writes on "The Crown and the Empire," her object being to show that genuine Imperialism is a Colonial produce primarily, and has a much older and truer history than British Imperialism. She says:—

The Conservative sneers at the Imperialism of the Radical, as well he may; the Radical shouts jingo at the Conservative, and assures an electorate, which refuses to be charmed, that, unlike the bastard Imperialism of the Conservatives, the Imperialism of the Radical is sane and unaggressive. This suggests the presence of Codlin and Short interest, not the presence of genuine emotion. As a matter of fact, neither party sees Imperialism in true perspective. To the one it is a creed to believe in but not to practise, to the other it is anathema. What it really is, only Colonials and Imperial Englishmen fully understand. To the men who argue about it the glory of the thing itself has never been revealed. Their eye has never glistened at the sight of the Union Jack; their soul never thrilled at the sound of the National Anthem, their heart never hungered for the familiar associations of home; their loyalty never been stirred to passion by a visit to the cradle of the race for the first time.

The "Cobra."

An anonymous writer takes exception to the finding of the Cobra craft-martial that the vessel broke in two from structural weakness. He points out that there was never any good evidence adduced to prove that the destroyer could not have struck upon a sunken wreck, or a temporary shoal. The diver's evidence was inconclusive, and as the dragging for a submerged wreck failed to find the after part of the Cobra itself, it might easily have missed any other obstruction. Such occurrences are of course improbable, but the breaking-up of

the ship from inherent weakness is equally improbable, and no sufficient evidence was brought to prove or disprove any of these theories.

Other Articles.

The editorial deals with "National Fog," but does not give any clear idea as to how it is to be dispelled. Mr. Cloudesley Brereton gives us "A Bird's-eye View of Education in America." Mr. George Calderon contributes a translation of one of the Russian bilini—a translation which gives more of the spirit of the original than is usual in such renderings. The article deals with "The Symbolism of Signorelli's Pan," and it is as well illustrated as usual. Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman describes Gaston de Foix's hunting book "La Chasse." Here also the illustrations are excellent.

The National Review.

The most important article in the "National Review" for December is one by Captain Mahan entitled "The Influence of the South African War upon the Prestige of the British Empire," noticed at length elsewhere.

England and Russia.

A, B, C, etc., follow up their November article on "British Foreign Policy" with one entitled "Some Consequences of an Anglo-Russian Understanding." Some of these consequences are as follows: Improvement of relations between Italy and France, the improvement of Austria's position in the Balkans, and her emancipation from German influence, and so on; while we would be able to prevent German aggression in China.

White Australia.

The Hon. W. Pember Reeves, Agent-General for New Zealand, writes on "The Exclusion of Aliens and Undesirables from Australasia." He puts the Australasian point of view lucidly, but without saying anything very new. The advantages of black labour on the plantations are that it is cheap and regular. But though the work is heavy for whites it is absurd to suppose that it is impossible, and there are plenty of small cane farmers in the tropical districts who do all kinds of outdoor work. But of course they demand the white man's wages, and the supply is irregular—those are the difficulties.

Freeing the House of Commons.

Mr. J. Parker-Smith, M.P., has an article under this title, in which he lays it down as a principle that it is upon ancient habits of freedom and the force of public opinion that the British Constitution rests, and that the Constitution will never be saved by artificial checks and limitations. Unless this principle is insisted upon in the coming re-

vision of the rules, no tinkering with minor points of procedure will be of avail.

Other Articles.

Mr. Asquith's address on "Biography" is re-published. Sir Charles Warren writes upon discipline. Sir Godfrey Lushington has a paper on "Trades Unions and the House of Lords."

The Nineteenth Century.

The "Nineteenth Century" for December is a very good number. The more important articles are noticed elsewhere.

The Bacon-Shakespeare Cipher.

Mr. W. H. Mallock proclaims himself, if not altogether converted to the truth of the Bacon-Shakespeare cipher, at least very much disposed to believe in the theory of the word-cipher, at which two Americans, Dr. Owen and Mrs. Gallop, have been working for some years. It is impossible to explain this mysterious cipher in the space at our disposal, but the gist of the theory is that Shakespeare's plays are really a kind of "Pepys' Diary," written by Bacon. This cipher conceals the statement by Bacon that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth by a private marriage with Leicester; that the Earl of Essex was his brother; that he was educated in France, where he fell in love with Marguerite, the wife of Henry of Navarre; and that he wrote "Romeo and Juliet" to commemorate this love-affair. Mr. Mallock says:—"To make this demonstration conclusive in the eyes of the world generally would, no doubt, demand some time and labour;" but he unhesitatingly affirms that there are sufficient *prima facie* grounds for undertaking the inquiry.

How to Suppress Professional Crime.

Sir Robert Anderson returns to the charge, and repeats once more his conviction, based on definite facts and a knowledge of the personnel of the criminal fraternity, that it would be easy to put an end to organised crimes against property in England. His proposal is simple. Whenever an habitual criminal is convicted of an offence against property, he would order a full and open inquiry to follow upon the basis of his record as known to the police, and if it is proved that he resorts to crime deliberately and systematically, he should be sent to an asylum-prison for the rest of his life, on condition that if he truly repents and makes full disclosure of what he has done with the property he wrongfully obtained he shall be liberated.

Homes for Agricultural Labourers.

Lord Nelson, in a brief paper entitled "Back to the Land; a Sequel," maintains that the only solu-

tion of our agricultural difficulties is to be found—first, in combination and co-operation; secondly, by high farming; thirdly, by a fair day's work for a fair day's wage, which can only be got by giving the labourer a home. If you take away from the labourer the security of home, he will never take an interest in the farm. The Lincolnshire system, which has been successfully introduced in Northumberland, is the only true solution of the labour question.

Lady Warwick's School.

Lady Warwick writes an article describing a school which she has established at Bigods, in Essex. For the first two years the training is strictly that of a continuation school. In addition to the ordinary subjects, some fifteen hours a week are devoted to chemistry, physics and botany; and the real work of observation is carried on by the pupils themselves in the laboratories and fields. Boys and girls are taught together, the boys receiving instruction in wood and metal work by way of manual training, while the girls are taught needlework, cookery, and domestic economy. In the last two years the pupils receive a more distinctly agricultural and industrial training. There is a model dairy, and experimental garden, a miniature farm, a poultry run, and a carpenter's shop. A similar school has been established at Bruton, in Somerset.

Lady Warwick speaks very highly of the happy family life which the boys and girls lead at Bigods, and thinks that excellent results would follow from the general establishment of such schools throughout the country.

A Defence of the Distressed.

Mr. J. G. S. Cox, in an article entitled "Why the Religious Orders leave France," combats the plea of Mr. Wilfranc Hubbard that the expulsion of the religious orders was necessary owing to their intrigues against the Republic. Mr. Cox maintains that few laymen had better or more intimate opportunities of forming an opinion as to the methods of the Society of Jesus. He has come to the conclusion, after watching their work in France and elsewhere, that they mix not too much in modern politics, but too little. It may be a great surprise to the reader, he says, to learn that a Jesuit never goes to the poll, that he is pledged not to canvass at elections, that he never discusses political questions, even in the privileged sanctity of the recreation ground. What is struck at by the new law is not freedom of teaching only, but also liberty of thought, the right of the Christian parent to choose a school for the children about his knees.

Other Articles.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore writes on "The Field of the Print Collector." Mr. Francis Stevenson

suggests that we should endeavour to solve the South African difficulty by colonising the country with our orphans and destitute children we now detain in reformatories and similar institutions. Major W. Elliot, the honorary secretary of the Lads' Drill Association, pleads for the formation of cadet corps for schoolboys of all classes. Sir H. Meysey-Thompson urges that the War Office should recruit light-weights to finish the war. He thinks that plenty of men could be secured who would not average more than nine-stone-two. At present the average weight of the horsemen is eleven-stone-two.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly Review" for December is not a very good number. We quote at length from "Calchas" paper on "The Crisis with Germany," with Mr. Sydney Brooks' "Aspects of the Monroe Doctrine."

Li Hung Chang.

Mr. Demetrius Boulger has a paper entitled "Li Hung Chang—Statesman or Impostor?" which questioning title he answers by saying, A good deal of each. The one great period of Li's political life was the part which he took in the suppression of the Taeping Rebellion. The weak side of his policy was shown in his dealings with Corea, and by his blundering into war with Japan. After that Li fell away from England and went over to Russia, and that, naturally, according to Mr. Boulger, showed his incapacity and wickedness. Li's death was therefore opportune for his country, as Mr. Boulger says there is no official remaining who will be useful to Russia. But Li, with all his failings, was the one Minister of China with whom it was possible to conduct business.

The French Associations Bill.

Mr. Richard Davey contributes, under the title of "A Few More French Facts," another interesting but rather scrappy article. He has little sympathy with French secularism:—

The Associations Bill, to my mind, and I should think to that of every liberal-minded Englishman who has examined the question impartially, is a very unjust and illiberal measure, for surely in a country which boasts of its freedom, and in an age when men can openly express their opinions, be they ever so eccentric and even dangerous, it is almost incredible that a certain class of respectable citizens should be treated as pariahs because they elect to live in community, wear a distinctive habit, and pass their lives in study, prayer, and works of charity.

Naval Requirements.

Mr. Archibald Hurd has a paper entitled "Missing British Cruisers." He maintains that our cruisers have fallen behindhand in regard to speed,

not to say number. We are now building battle-ships swifter than our cruisers, and cruisers as powerful as many of our battleships. We have done nothing to equal the best foreign cruisers in speed. The following is his conclusion:—

Presuming that (a) we are able to utilise 20 armed merchant-cruisers, (b) press into service a similar number of the best of our gunboats and light ships, and (c) do the best we can with the 36 old cruisers of slow speed, we might be said to have 167 cruising ships or war duties. This is a most liberal calculation.

On the other hand, if hostilities occurred early next year, what would be our needs? The three admirals in 1899 stated that the proportion should be a cruiser to a battleship when blockading; Lord Charles Beresford would have the proportion three to one. We have 17 battleships practically ready, and so Admiral Hornby's estimate we want 186 cruisers for the protection of our commerce, or a total of 233. The deficiency revealed is 64 cruising ships. If we assume that these admirals, the most distinguished then serving their Sovereign, have grossly exaggerated our requirements, no allowances can entirely efface the conclusion to which their estimates lead us, estimates, moreover, which have been confirmed by the annual manoeuvres each year, and are in agreement with all the lessons deduced from naval history.

Other Articles.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn writes on "The Irish Literary Theatre and Its Affinities." There is a translation of Maxim Gorki's remarkable story, "Tchelkash."

The North American Review.

The "North American Review" for November is not up to its average level.

The Next Pope.

Signor R. de Cesare writes on "The Next Conclave." He points out incidentally that only three of Pío Nono's Cardinals survive, 136 Cardinals having died during his Pontificate. Signor de Cesare names four Cardinals who are regarded as "papabili," or possible future Popes—that is, Cardinal Gotti, Cardinal Vannutelli, Cardinal Svampa, and Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto. Cardinal Rampolla has no chance, though he would obtain a certain amount of support:—

Cardinal Svampa appears to be favoured by the prophecy of Mgr. Malachy, the celebrated Archbishop of Armagh, who was one of the greatest personalities in the Catholic Church of Ireland. Four centuries and a half after his death, a prophetic work was attributed to him on the subject of the Popes, from Celestino II. to the supposed end of the world, which, according to Mgr. Malachy, will take place during the next century. This work was published in 1595 by a Cassinese monk, Father Vyon, and was in its turn consulted by another monk, Father Menestrier. These prophecies, although generally held to be apocryphal, exercise a species of superstitious influence in the Curia. The prophecy referring to the 262nd Pope, who was Pius IX., is contained in the motto, "Crux de cruce." The motto, "Lumen in coelo," refers to the 263rd Pope, Leo XIII., while "Ignis ardens" stands for the next Pontiff. The explanations of these mottoes are most wildly extravagant in many cases. "Crux de cruce" is said to refer to Pius IX., because he lost the temporal power; "Lumen in coelo" to Leo XIII., because

there is a star in his coat-of-arms; and "Ignis ardens" to the Archbishop of Bologna, because he is named Svampa (Extinction) and his arms are a burning torch; but this motto might also be applied to Cardinal Vannutelli, whose name is Serafino, which means "inflamed with divine zeal."

The Anarchist Problem.

Mr. R. A. Pinkerton, the famous detective, writes on "The Detective Surveillance of Anarchists." He regards such crimes as Czolgosz's as preventable, saying that if the President had been surrounded by quick-witted men, who kept a careful eye on the hands of everyone who approached, the assassin could not have carried out his plan. Mr. Pinkerton makes the following suggestion for the cure of Anarchism:—

I would advocate the establishment of an anarchist colony, a place where every person who wants anarchy can have it. Let the government set aside one of the islands of the Philippines, equip it thoroughly with appliances for tilling the soil, erect comfortable houses, and provide other necessary conveniences, even to the extent of expensive comforts; then to this place let us send everybody who wants anarchy; put them all on one island and let them work it out among themselves. Have no restrictions at all; let them govern themselves, or refrain from governing themselves, as they see fit. Leave them severely alone on their island, taking care only that they remain there, by establishing a system of patrol boats around it. I know of no other single experiment that would be at once so healthful for this country as such a settlement, and so instructive to the Anarchists themselves, and the world at large as to how their opportunities for individualism and freedom from government restraint would work out.

Tariff War Between Europe and U.S.A.

Mr. O. P. Austin, chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics, discusses the question whether the European war against American manufactures has begun. His text is the fact that under the head of manufactures the exports of the first eight months of 1901 show a fall of 12 per cent., or £17,000,000 sterling below the figures of corresponding months in 1900. It is the first serious check that the Americans have experienced in the growth of their export trade. He does not think that this drop is due to any European boycott. It is confined chiefly to a fall in prices, and to the general reduction of demand all over the world.

Other Articles.

Mr. J. L. McLaurin writes on "The Commercial Democracy of the South," pointing out that the Southern States are now producing one-third of the total exports of the whole country. Mr. J. D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco, gives reasons "Why the Chinese Should be Excluded." Mr. Wells continues his "Anticipations," and Mr. Howells concludes his review of Signor Bellezza's book on "Humour." M. Jules Roche, formerly French Minister of Finance, writes on "The National Debt of France." His conclusion is that vast as is France's debt, it is not too great for the people. In France direct taxes are paid with a regularity without example in other countries.

Harmsworth's Christmas Number.

There is plenty of varied reading of more than average interest in the Christmas number of "Harmsworth's Magazine."

The Duke of Argyll's Spooks.

The Duke of Argyll tells of "Real Ghost Stories," for which he feels he can personally vouch. His Grace will pay no heed to any but stories coming first hand from some one he can trust; but his friends must beware lest they become "habitual spook seers," on pain of forfeiting his confidence. The Duke would fain disbelieve in ghosts altogether, but has unwillingly to admit that he has to bow before the evidence of "healthy young men and women," and also of dogs, "which, although they can't speak, can whine, and howl, and tremble—and undoubtedly do so—in certain rooms in certain houses, on occasions when their masters or mistresses are also disturbed by beliefs or imaginings." The Duke of Argyll's ghosts, however, are very harmless and very purposeless spooks, except the familiar spook which told the laird of Inverawe that "we meet again at Ticonderoga." They mostly inhabit old country houses, though one resides in so prosaic a locality as Hammersmith.

Other Articles.

An interesting paper describes, with full illustrations, some of the world's most interesting beds honoured by celebrities. Mr. John M. Raphael describes his pilgrimage to Lourdes in an article which, though graphic, contains little that is new. Mr. W. J. Wintle takes us behind the scenes at Drury Lane; and Mr. F. A. Collins describes the work of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, the creator of the "American girl" and her profound admirers.

The Forum.

The "Forum" for November contains nothing calling for special notice, with the exception of Mr. A. M. Low's paper on President Roosevelt.

Athletic Ethics.

Mr. Price Collier discusses the "Ethics of Ancient and Modern Athletics," very much to the advantage of the latter. While admitting that modern athletics have their own abuses, he shows nevertheless that the standard of fair play and manliness has risen enormously. He quotes Virgil's famous description to prove it. In the classic footrace Nisus, the leading man, falls whereupon he throws himself in front of Sallius, the second, in order to trip him up and let Euryalus, the third man, who is a friend of his, win. These tactics are quite regarded as part of the game, and Virgil depicts the defeated candidates bursting into

tears. Even the classic boxers are depicted as bragging over their exploits.

The Future of Asia.

Mr. W. C. Jameson Reid writes on "The Political and Commercial Future of Asia." He suspects Russia, and regards her probable predominance in Asia as a world calamity. He says:—

If Russia is confronted by a combined healthy and permanent opposition on the part of England, the United States, and Japan, there is some hope for the future. If, on the other hand, indifference, or a disposition to safeguard merely individual interests, is shown by these interested Powers, or if they cannot be brought to act in harmony in the position they occupy, it is certain that Russia's interests, which perforce must be inimical to all others, will be best subserved. Although the menace of Russia's aggression in the past has been great, there is no reason to disbelieve that such a concerted opposition could, and would, withstand any effort she might make to circumvent it.

Agriculture in China.

The Hon. Charles Denby has an article on this subject. The theory of Chinese land-ownership is that it is all held from the State, on condition of the payment of taxes, the total land tax of the country amounting to from thirty to thirty-five millions of taels. Mr. Denby points out that the Chinese have had to face the same agrarian troubles as European nations, and as far back as two thousand years ago a Chinese emperor attempted by edict to limit the holding of land by any person to fifty acres. The agricultural classes, says Mr. Denby, are the foundation of the Empire, for though living a life of poverty and toil, they nevertheless live peacefully and contentedly.

Other Articles.

Mr. Karl Blind, in an article on "Crispi and Italian Unity," disposes of the statement that Crispi was the organiser of the Sicilian insurrection in 1860. Mr. C. A. Crampton writes on "Sugar and the New Colonies." President C. F. Thwing compares "The Small College and the Large."

The Engineering Magazine.

"The Mining Development of Gilpin County, Colorado," is the title of an interesting article by Thomas Tonge, describing the discovery and rise of one of the most important, although the smallest, mining counties of Colorado.

A Great Future.

In May, 1859, John Gregory discovered Gregory Gulch. Since then £20,000,000 worth of mineral, chiefly gold, has been mined, and principally from a small belt of territory about four miles long by two and a half miles wide. Mr. Tonge says, however, that "after forty-two years of practically continuous operation, the local mining industry,

the improved mining and metallurgical methods now in vogue, has obviously a future much greater than its past."

The first smelter was put in in 1868. As illustrating the local conditions at this time, it may be said that every single firebrick used in its construction cost 4s., having to be brought by wags about 600 miles from the Missouri River; the cost 11d. per pound, skilled labour 32s. a day.

Moreover, the "matte," the product of the plant, in the absence of any local means of separating or refining, had to be hauled to the Missouri River in wags, thence by railroad to New York, and thence to Swansea, Wales, where it was separated and the gold, silver and copper refined.

Prospecting in Western Mexico.

Theodore S. De Lay contributes a rather amusing article upon the troubles of the prospector in Mexico. He strongly advises against anyone starting for Mexico to seek a high-grade proposition which may be worked with small capital. He asserts that the whole of the country has already been prospected by Mexicans, all of whom have had experience of mining operations. Even in countrys so wild and desolate that one would be justified in supposing that it had never been trodden by the foot of man, yet a search over a few acres will generally reveal a prospect hole. The opening for foreign enterprise is in working deep low-grade mines. But this takes money. Mr. De Lay gives many hints about outfit, and who and what should be avoided. He concludes with a description of the necessary steps to be taken to secure your mining rights. He says:

"In carrying on any kind of mining or metallurgical operation in Mexico, it is necessary to exercise great caution against theft of rich ore or mill products by the employees. Popular opinion holds that the mineral riches of the earth are for whoever can get hands on them. I am sorry to say that this theory defeats the Anglo-Saxon mind on long residence in the country. The greater intelligence and daring of Anglo-Saxons has given him a reputation in villainy, embodied in the Mexican proverb: "No hay otro tío como un gringo sin vergüenza."—"There is no one else like a shameless Yankee."

Electric Enterprise in Italy.

Enrico Bignami contributes a second article upon the great electric power installations of Italy. This time he describes the waterpower and electric installation at Vizzola-Ticino, in Lombardy. At present 19,000 horse-power is developed, but shortly it will be increased to 24,000. The article is illustrated with many photographs of machinery and views about the works. Signor Bignami concludes:

"The Vizzola-Ticino installation is to-day, in power output, the largest of its kind in Europe, and the most important also of a series of others that will utilise the residual powers of the river Tessin between Sesto-Calende and the Po, powers estimated at 10,000 horse-power; and which will be employed also for electric traction.

Cassier's Magazine.

The November number does not contain any articles of general interest, except J. C. Mendenhall's paper upon "The Future Power Problem."

A Striking Calculation.

Mr. Mendenhall assumes that the combustion of one pound of coal produces energy equal to the work of one horse for one hour, and that a horse-power is equal to the power of seven men. He then makes the following calculation:

The total quantity of coal taken in any given year from the mines of the whole world cannot be very accurately ascertained, but from the best available information it may be assumed to have been about 700,000,000 tons of 2,000 pounds each for the year 1910, the last of the nineteenth century. Using the relations assumed above, it is found that this represents in energy the equivalent of 9,800,000,000,000 hours of work for one man, and allowing ten hours to each day, and 300 working days to the year, this is found to be equal to the work of 3,000 millions of men during one year. This is about double the entire population of the globe, and it follows that the utilisation of the energy of combustion is equivalent to an increase of the working capacity of this population to the extent of an addition of two able-bodied men for every man, woman, and child.

He illustrates the enormous growth of steam-power by comparing the Britannia of 1840 with the Deutschland of to-day. The former burned 5 lb. of coal per horse-power hour, the latter burns about 1 lb., but requires to produce its 33,000 horse-power fifteen times as much coal in bulk as was burned by the Britannia. Working eight hours out of twenty-four, it would require 700,000 men to drive the Deutschland at her usual speed.

Other Sources of Supply.

It will not be long before the coal supply gives out, and Mr. Mendenhall discusses what will be the future power-producer. Water, owing to the ease with which electric power can be transmitted, is being much more generally used than formerly. Wind-power will assume high rank as soon as energy can be cheaply stored. Heat received direct from the sun is, in the writer's opinion, not worth reckoning. More promising is the great tidal movement of the sea. The tidal wave, however, is dependent upon the rotation of the earth upon its axis; and having thus led up to the subject, Mr. Mendenhall continues:

"The earth may be regarded, mechanically, as a huge fly-wheel of enormous mass, its mean density being not greatly less than that of iron, which, in some way or other, has been set spinning about its axis, and is thus a storehouse of energy, the amount of which is practically inconceivable. . . . Of the immensity of this source of power it is almost impossible to form an adequate conception. If it could be tapped successfully, it might be drawn upon indefinitely, and every demand might be satisfied without serious disturbance of the solar system.

Great, also, beyond our power of calculation, is the stored energy of the interior heat of the earth,

and the writer thinks this source of power may soon be tapped.

Speed of Ships.

Following appropriately upon this article is a paper by E. H. Tennyson-D'Eyncourt, upon the most economical speed for ships. This depends on the size and shape of the ship. But there are many vessels plying to and fro to-day which by foregoing the last half-knot would save very much more in coal than they gain in time.

The Westminster Review.

One of the most interesting articles in the "Westminster Review" is by A. Edmund Spender upon "Alfred Nobel: his life and his will." But is Mr. Edmund Spender right in saying that one of the five prizes which are being provided this month is to be awarded for the best literary thesis in favour of peace? He says also that M. de Bloch made a strenuous effort to induce the Emperor to nominate Bjornstjerne Bjornson for the peace prize. According to the terms of the will, which are quoted in our "Character Sketch," the literary prize was to be awarded for the best work of idealistic literature. Mr. Spender says that an outlay not exceeding 25 per cent. of the prize is to be spent in establishing a Nobel library for the collection of books which may assist the judges to secure a ready reference to works to which the essayists may allude, and to help them in the translation of such compositions as may happen to be written in a special language. Translators can be engaged, if it is found necessary.

Mr. William Dyack writes a very appreciative notice of the poetical work of Edward Carpenter. Mr. Dyack regards Whitman as a "perennial fount of life and lordly vigour;" but he places Carpenter only a little lower down in the ranks of modern teachers.

There is an article by W. S. Cohen, entitled "Help to Ruined Farmers in South Africa," which gives an account of the way in which the people of Silesia were helped back into prosperity after the Seven Years' War. Its central feature was the rebuilding of houses, the distribution of seed and horses, and the discharge from all taxes for six months. Over and above this, there was established the Land Bank, which was the forerunner of the Land Mortgage Banks, that are doing such good work in various parts of the Continent.

Mr. H. M. Vaughan puts in a plea for an Anglo-French Alliance, in which he suggests that we should give the French everything they want in every part of the world; and then having given them everything that they desire, he thinks there would be no further cause of quarrel. That this

is not an exaggeration may be seen from the fact that his scheme of settlement consists of the following heads:

- (1) In Newfoundland full and satisfactory compensation for all French claims.
- (2) A free hand for France in Morocco.
- (3) Ditto in Tripoli, with reserve of existing rights of Turkey or Italy—which is a contradiction in terms.
- (4) In Further India, saving the independence of Siam.
- (5) To give way on any small points of dispute in Western Africa, in Madagascar, or any islands of the Pacific.
- (6) A firm and unchanging support of the French Republic, and stern disavowal of all pretenders for its overthrow.

There is also a long paper by J. M. Attenborough upon the Eighteenth Century Deists.

Foreign Magazines.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

The November numbers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" are exceptionally topical in character, and in the first number the place of honour is given to Lieut-General Den Beer Poortugael's analysis of the annexation of the two Republics, and of the recent South African British Proclamations. This article is interesting in view of the fact that hitherto the "Revue des Deux Mondes" has scarcely taken any notice of the Transvaal War.

Industry, Democracy, and the State.

M. Benoist continues his remarkable series of articles with one on the legislation relating to labour. Beginning with that epoch-making year, 1848, when, as he says, the economic revolution and the politic revolution joined together, and when the miserable populace became by means of the suffrage the legislating populace, M. Benoist traces in detail various laws which have been passed with a view to regulating labour, until he comes down to the striking Conference which the German Emperor assembled in Berlin in 1890. It was not a question of obtaining from the Conference a sort of common form of labour legislation for all the Powers, but the object was that a national labour legislation in conformity with the views of the majority of the delegates might be the indirect result, in each country represented, of the deliberations of the Conference. Certainly the Conference did not afford any positive results; it did not establish a new order of jurisprudence, and quite failed to add to the international law of Europe an appendix of an international right of labour. At the same time, we must not consider that it was absolutely in vain; it was something, not only that the German Emperor took so bold

initiative, but also that so many States were actually represented at the Conference. At any rate, the attempt was made to set against the revolutionary internationalism an internationalism of orderly government.

Versailles.

M. de Vogue has one of his delightful papers on *History at Versailles*," especially in the eighteenth century. M. de Vogue praises the French practice of sending young people abroad, to England and Germany, for example, to familiarise themselves with the language and the life of foreign peoples; but at the same time he urges that they should also be made acquainted with the spirit of their own country, and there is no place in which the old French society is so clearly exhibited as in Versailles. In this view all who have lived in that delightful old town will agree, and yet it is comparatively neglected by English and Americans, in spite of its nearness to Paris. But M. de Vogue's pen brings vividly before us those historical personages—Louis XIV., the Regent, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour, the Duchesse de Barry, Marie Antoinette, to mention only a few who once lived and moved in those stately galleries.

Spain and the South American Republics.

M. Ebray discusses the signs of reconciliation between Spain and the Latin Republics of South America. From his point of view, the tentative efforts put forth on either side of the Atlantic with a view to not exactly an alliance, but an understanding of a very friendly kind between the United States and Great Britain, have their exact analogy in a certain improvement in the relations between Spain and the States which were once her colonies. The parallel, however, does not go far, in M. Ebray's view, for while the movement for an Anglo-Saxon understanding has, according to him, been aided owing to the reserve of the United States, the Spanish-American propaganda has produced a visible result; at any rate, the Congress which sat

at Madrid a year ago in order to discover the basis of a rapprochement between Spain and her old Colonies of America was visible enough, and the movement is particularly interesting from the point of view of the United States' foreign policy—in fact, M. Ebray sets before us a Spanish-Americanism as opposed to Pan-Americanism. Now, this Spanish-Americanism movement was begun by private enterprise, and did not enjoy the encouragement of the Governments concerned until it had been already organised. Naturally the movement is not one of sentiment alone. There are about forty-four millions of Americans of Spanish origin, and between them and the eighteen millions of European Spaniards there ex-

ists a bond, not only of a common race, but also of a constant stream of emigration from the Iberian Peninsula to South America. The promoters of the movement naturally hope that the commercial links which these figures imply may, in time, produce a political and moral cohesion, whatever that may mean.

M. Ebray also notices the correlative rapprochements between the different Spanish-American Republics of the new world. He devotes many pages to discussing the programme of the Spanish-American Congress in Madrid, and he naturally discusses the effect of this movement on Italy and France. Italy, he says, is principally concerned with the enormous number of emigrants that she sends to South America, and it is difficult to see how Spanish-American rapprochements would compromise that interest. To France, however, the question is more complex, owing to her important commercial interests in Spanish-America; M. Ebray considers that France could use the movement in order to bring the Spanish-American Republics within the sphere of her intellectual attractions.

The Revue de Paris.

The "Revue de Paris" is lively and entertaining as usual, and its articles are not, as a rule, so long as is the fashion in some of its contemporaries.

The Sultan as a Financier.

The most topical contribution to the "Revue" is one by M. Gaulis in the first November number, apropos of the recent difficulty with Turkey. He begins by telling us that some years ago, during the Armenian massacres, a man who was in a position to know prophesied, not once, but many times, that the Powers would never enter into a conflict with the Sultan except on matters of business, and that the Sick Man of Europe would only die of his bad finance. The Franco-Turkish difficulty, when for the first time since the Peace of St. Stefano one of the great Powers broke off diplomatic relations with the Sultan, formed a striking fulfilment of this prophecy. Abdul Hamid has certainly afforded Europe more than one opportunity for a searching examination of conscience, so much so that, little by little, ever since the Treaty of Berlin, a new dogma—that of the inviolability of the Sultan, rather than the integrity of the Ottoman Empire—has come to be accepted by Europe.

Turkey is a rich country, and yet the Turks have never acquired financial aptitude, and Abdul Hamid himself, is from this point of view more Turkish than any of his subjects. Financiers with

whom he condescends to discuss the sources of a loan, or some railway concession, are wont to leave the Palace in a state of absolute despair. Fanatic Turks accuse the West with having corrupted the Ottoman Empire, but the true corrupter is the Imperial Palace, whose methods are imitated all through the official hierarchy. The war in South Africa had a great effect upon the Sultan; he feared some movement on the part of his own subjects, and for two years he refused all mining concessions. The regular deficit in the Turkish finances appears to be from two millions to two and a half millions sterling every year; and at the beginning of 1901 it represented an accumulated deficit of eleven millions sterling. In M. Gaulis' opinion the situation is such that something must be done, and that speedily.

Berlin and the Emperor.

An anonymous writer, who signs himself "Un Berlinois," writes a character sketch of the German Emperor, apropos of his difference with the Berlin Municipality, in which he does justice to the extraordinary mixture of medieval and feudal conceptions with modern ideas, which exist in the brain of His Imperial Majesty. Among all his predecessors the Emperor appears to prefer as his model his grandfather, William I., whose memory he constantly invokes. There could be no greater contrast between the grandson and the grandfather. It has been wickedly said of William I. that if he had not been the son of a King, he would have made a very good sergeant-major! At any rate, he had the gift of choosing his councillors, and of letting them have their own way on the whole; moreover, he was exclusively Prussian, and for his title of German Emperor he did not greatly care. Now, whatever else can be said of his grandson, he is certainly not limited in his sympathies, nor is he at all inclined to underrate his Imperial position, or to confine his sympathies exclusively to Prussia; least of all is he the man to leave his councillors to govern. The grandfather took little or no interest in questions of political economy, commerce, and navigation, with which his grandson is positively entranced.

La Nouvelle Revue.

"La Nouvelle Revue" contains several interesting articles, of which Captain Gilbert's addition to Transvaal War literature is worthy of special notice.

The Kaiser and His Army.

Another military article deals from a more or less technical point of view with the great German manoeuvres. These pages make it very clear

that the German Emperor, who in a real sense commands his army, has watched every detail of the South African campaign, and that already he is doing his best to apply that knowledge in a practical manner. The writer points out, also, that for the first time in the history of the German Army, during the recent manoeuvres naval battalions were brought into play; these battalions were commanded by Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia. M. Galler gives the whole text of a very interesting and lengthy telegram which shows how completely the Kaiser keeps in touch with his army. In this telegram the Emperor refers with evident pleasure to the naval battalions, pointing out how great a part the German sailors (*blau-jacken*) played in the international Chinese campaign.

"A Family Palace."

An amusing article, which might well be longer, deals with the Elysee, the official residence of the French President, which is now becoming, according to the writer, a family palace, owing to the fact that M. Loubet is, above all things, a family man. The Elysee has gone through many phases: thus, poor President Faure was most anxious that it should rival, if not eclipse, the great royal residences of Europe. "Under M. Thiers, the Elysee became one vast study, under MacMahon a military club, under Grevy a house of business, under Carnot a church, and under Faure a royal theatre!" Under M. Loubet's benign rule, this most charming of Paris mansions is now what it should be—a happy mixture of a private house and of a great State department. The writer of the article, M. Guiches, pays a pretty tribute to "Madame la Presidente," who, though she has no official position as the President's consort, yet plays so great a part at the Elysee. He appeals to her to widen her social circle so as to include great writers and artists, for up to the present time the "intellectuals," save, of course, those who are also politicians, have been seen but very little at the Elysee.

Other articles in the second November number include a curious paper by M. Labbe on "Doctors and Patients," an admirably illustrated account by M. Maclair of the sculptor Denys Peuch, and some pages on Alexis Potiekhine, who has just celebrated his jubilee as novelist and playwright.

La Revue.

In the November numbers of "La Revue" Dr. Romme relates the wonders worked by vaseline in restoring broken noses, and beautifying unbecomingly features. "The German Novel in 1901," viewed through French spectacles, is also an in-

teresting study. M. Henri Sienkiewicz contributes a plaintive, but highly original story, "Vision Suprême." A light and amusing article deals with "le five o'clock" in the time of Louis XIV., when it was the custom for the fashionable world to unite in the afternoon, not to drink tea, but costly wines, and to feast on a profusion of extravagant and fantastic dainties.

Are French Politicians Illiterate?

On the whole—no, says M. Ernest-Charles, who has been moved to write a long article in proof of his view, by the nonsense often talked about the barbarous illiteracy of French politicians. Everywhere the opinion is loudly asserted that the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies is a kind of convenient dumping-ground for all the moral and intellectual mediocrities who are a nuisance anywhere else—who hate every clever and intellectual man, because they themselves are incurable adlepatates.

But, is this so? says M. Ernest-Charles. Take the Senate first. How can the charge of intellectual inferiority be brought against a body containing such a savant as M. Berthelot, or such talented writers as M. de Freycinet, M. Deschanel, M. Beranger, or M. Francis Charmes, the author of the political notes in the "Revue des Deux Mondes"? The culture of many French politicians may not be academically perfect; it is nevertheless that best calculated to suit the needs of those possessing it. It is not their aim and end; it is rather a useful help to them in their life of activity. The writer cites M. Bourgeois as an apt illustration of an extremely practical man, with, nevertheless, a keen interest in all matters appertaining to art, literature, and science. M. Ribot is immensely learned; but not greatly devoted to literature as a fine art. M. Brisson looks upon letters as frivolity; M. Waldeck-Rousseau is said to scorn them. M. Melix could never be called a literary man; neither could M. Delcasse.

But, says the writer, this does not necessarily prove any decadence—merely that the more and more complex problems that beset politicians require rather practical than cultured men. Nevertheless, intellectual graces must always count for much in the success of a French politician.

Spain as Viewed by a Spaniard.

Nay Cardil contributes a melancholy article on "Intellectual Spain." No person of eminence in Spain but recognises the two chief factors in Spain's misery to be too much of the priest and too much of the soldier. Not even a novel can appear without some priestly personage figuring in it. In everything Spain sees a religious problem. Even a modern writer of distinction will hotly defend the "Holy Inquisition."

The sight of the wretched poverty of the Spanish peasants is heartrending. Many even live in caves, like animals. What they earn is derisive. Naturally, it is not surprising that every year 20,000 Spaniards depart for South America. The pastoral population is even more desperately poor than the peasants. A shepherd will live on a piece of bitter barley bread a day. In many provinces they eat no meat, only cabbages and chestnuts.

Schoolmasters, it is complained, die of hunger in the streets, while any toreador with the least celebrity grows rich. Most teachers only earn £20 a year, so that it is not surprising they should starve, yet with all this poverty, in no nation are the public moneys more carelessly and wastefully administered. "Our proverbial cruelty," this Spaniard continues, "which is displayed like a black blotch on the pages of our native history, is probably due to these two elements, fanaticism and ignorance—a union which begets barbarism."

Yet, in the midst of this decrepit Spain, another Spain is moving—the Spain which riots in the streets, fulminates at the theatre, and applauds plays against clericalism. In this new and struggling Spain lies the only hope for the Spanish people.

A Sermon to American Multi-Millionaires.

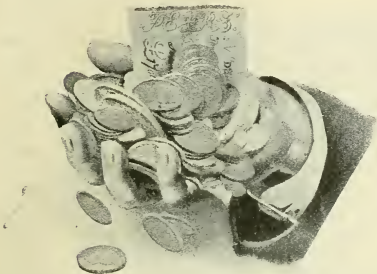
M. de Norvins finds eleven pages all too few to enumerate the sins of the multi-millionaire, who, in his view, seems always an American. The women are worse than the men. They are not ashamed of jilting—"exploiting love"; they catch Stock Exchange fever, and only live for the Wall Street quotations; they are thoughtless, heartless, reckless—a lesson to the Parisian not to be like them. For a vivid picture of a modern life of drive and rush, from early morning till far into the night, nothing could be more vivid than this paper.

Some interesting incidents of the Liverpool landing-stage are told in "Good Words" by T. W. Wilkinson, under the heading "An Ocean Voyager's Terminus."

In some recent numbers of the English "Review of Reviews" appeared some comments by Mr. Stead on Mr. Edwards and the "Daily News," and these were reproduced in our columns. In the English "Review of Reviews" for December Mr. Stead says:—"If I had had the facts now placed before me in my possession when I wrote my articles of February and September, I would not have written as I did, and I frankly apologise to Mr. Edwards for observations which the facts, as now stated to me, did not justify."

INDUSTRIAL SUPPLEMENT.

THE ROMANCE OF BRITISH COMMERCE.—THE STORY OF PEARS' SOAP.



Worth untold Gold.

There are few more conspicuous examples of brilliant success in the annals of British trade than that which is afforded by the story of the way in which the makers of Pears' soap have held their own against the competition of the world. Amid much that is gloomy and depressing, the triumph of the Isleworth soap-makers stands out like a pillar of fire in the darkness to encourage those who refuse to believe that John Bull cannot maintain in the future the pre-eminent position which he won in the past. I therefore gladly availed myself of the opportunity afforded me by the courtesy of Mr. Thomas J. Barratt, the chairman of Messrs. Pears, to include in the series of pictures of successful British industries some ac-



The Vestibule of Pears' Palace.

count of the remarkable business which has placed and maintained their manufacture in the fore-top of the world. The story is one eminently calculated to encourage those who are engaged in waking up John Bull, because the success of Pears' soap has been achieved by methods thoroughly in accordance with the national traditions. There is nothing flimsy about it. Its foundations were truly and deeply laid far back in the past. It is no mushroom growth, and it owes its success to the solid qualities which have ever been the glory of British trade.

Pears' soap dates from the year 1789, the year which witnessed the birth of the French Revolution.

Almost everything else has changed in English journalism since the days when the "Times" and the "Morning Chronicle" were publishing the stories of Napoleon's victories on land and Nelson's triumphs at sea; but one thing never changed. Year in and year out the daily newspapers which have appeared in London have always contained advertisements of Pears' soap. Many of the papers in which the earlier advertisements appeared have long since perished. Newspapers come and newspapers go, but Pears' advertisement goes on for ever.

"I believe," said Mr. Barratt, "in two things—in Free Trade and in Advertising." The Governments of the old world and the new have warred against Pears' soap. They have built tariff barriers to prevent the Isleworth soap being admitted to the wash-stands of their subjects. But the soap has triumphed over the tariff. The only effect of their taxes has been that their subjects have to pay more for Pears' soap than they would otherwise have done; but, pay more or pay less, they have bought it all the same. To-day there is no city in the civilised world where the citizens, be they white-skinned, yellow, red, or brown, or black, cannot, and do not, wash their faces, and shave their chins, with the product of the Isleworth soap-works.

The story of the growth of the business is one of the romances of British industry. A century since it began in the humblest way. Andrew Pears—the first of the dynasty, the great-grandfather of the Mr. Andrew Pears, who at this moment presides over the steaming vats of Isleworth—bethought him that he could turn an honest penny by manufacturing a first-class soap. Sovereigns and statesmen were watching with fear and trembling the earthquake throes of the Great Revolution when he set up his apparatus at the back of his shop in Vells-street, Oxford-street, and began soap-making, little dreaming that thereby he would cause the name of Pears to be as familiar as a household word among hundreds of millions of human beings,

to whom the names of the Prime Ministers of his day are as unknown as those of the monarchs who reigned in Memphis long before the birth of Moses. He was an honest tradesman who made good soap, and who, even in those early days, grasped the fundamental principle of modern business which is a direct negation of the fallacious proverb that "Good wine needs no bush," for he realised that it was of no use to produce the best article in the world unless by some means or other you can bring the knowledge of that fact to your fellow-creatures. Do men light a candle and set it under a bushel? Do they not, rather, set it on a candlestick, so that its light may gladden the eyes of men? So thought Pears the First, and he decided that, having made a good soap, it was his duty to advertise the world of the fact, so that all mankind should at least have a chance to wash and be clean. So he no sooner manufactured the first cakes of Pears' soap than he began to act as his own trumpeter, and cried his wares lustily in the columns of all the papers, therein setting an example to his descendants in the light of which they are faithfully walking even to this day.

He was in a very small way of business. But he advertised, and his business began to grow. The good seed may fall on the most fertile soil, but if there descends upon it no rain from Heaven in the shape of advertisements, it will be as barren as if it had fallen on stony ground. But the canny soap-maker was haunted by a dread of illegitimate competition. There were no trade-mark laws in those days; what was there to hinder some base and unscrupulous rival scooping in the advantage of the advertisements for which Mr. Pears had paid with his own small capital by palming off some fraudulent imitations as the genuine and only Pears? To circumvent such rascals, the elder Pears had recourse to the expedient of allowing no single piece of his soap to go out to the world except in a cover upon which he had inscribed with his own grey goose-quill his own autograph signature! The Pears autograph went with every cake of soap; none others were genuine. In this painful fashion the foundations of the business were laid. The original and only Andrew Pears carried on business alone from the outbreak of the French Revolution until three years after the passing of the Great Reform Bill of 1832. For when a business concern has a history which outlasts a century, one naturally strings on the changes in its internal constitution with those great alterations which affect the constitution of nations. In 1835, Mr. Francis Pears, a grandson of the original Andrew, was taken into the firm as a partner. The grandfather and grandson were the original A. and F. Pears, and the business continued in their hands for several years. In 1865, the present

Mr. Andrew Pears and Mr. Thomas H. J. Barratt joined the grandson, Mr. Francis Pears, who was then an elderly man, and in their vigorous hands the business took a new lease of life. Mr. Francis Pears remained with them for twelve years, and then finally retired in 1877. For nearly a dozen years Mr. Andrew Pears and Mr. Barratt carried on the business alone, but nearly ten years ago they converted it into a limited liability company, known as A. and F. Pears, Limited.

The firm has ever remained faithful to the principles and the practice of its founder. It is true that it is no longer possible for any one member of the firm, had he the hundred arms of Briareus himself, to sign each separate piece of the millions of cakes which issue annually from Isleworth to contribute to the cleansing of the world. But the three essentials remain. They produce the best soap, they advertise liberally, and they take stringent

precautions against fraudulent imitations. The spacious palace in which the firm has its headquarters in Oxford-street is at once a tribute to the success which has followed, and a picturesque and striking illustration of the methods by which that success has been achieved. The hall of the Pears' Palace carries you back to the marble halls of ancient Pompeii. The vestibule of the great

soapmaker is a reproduction in marble and mosaic of the atrium of the palace of some Roman noble. In the hot summer weather there is no such delightful cool retreat, redolent of reminiscences of classic antiquity, as the beautiful hall in which divinities in white marble adorn the sunken fountain which is dedicated to the cult of cleanliness.



Mr. Andrew Pears.

Goddesses be-
ancient a m-
modern scul-
tors stand a-
green foliage
gleaming whi-
and lustrous
above the m-
saic floor, a-
contrasting
pleasant t-
with fresco
walls and ro-
Outside roa-
and rumbl-
the ceaseles-
traffic of O-
ford-stre-
within y-
hear the s-
very ripple
the founta-
as it throws
its spray, as
in homage
the beauty
Thorwaldsen
Venus. T-
devote th-
ground flo-
of their bus-
ness premis-
to such a pi-
ture of puri-
and of beau-
was an inspir-
tion of geni-
— that geni-
of artistic a-
vertiseme n-
which ha-
been, from
old, and is t-

day the secret of the success of Pears' soap. One of the secrets. For the first secret is not advertisement, but quality. Pears' soap is good soap. It bears the hall-mark of excellence, if such a thing can be said to exist in the case of soap. Possibly the nearest approach to such a hall-mark is the official appointment which Messrs. Pears hold for the supply of toilet-soap to the

King and Queen. This Royal Warrant, which was originally issued by Queen Victoria, has been renewed by Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, who as Prince and Princess of Wales were always supplied with Pears' soap. The cause of its success is due to its own intrinsic excellence. It is not a cheap and nasty soap.

Into the mystery of soap-making it is not for me to enter. But unless a whole host of competent doctors have wantonly or corruptly entered into a conspiracy to deceive the public, and unless the

roasted in an oven without perceptible shrinking or bulk. Like good wine, it improves with keeping. No soap is sent out that has not had twelve months in which to mature, and it will keep for twenty years without losing its virtue. It is proof against all vicissitudes of climate. Our officers use it campaigning in South Africa, and one of the last orders filed before my visit was for the ship "Discovery," which was about to start to hoist the flag of England on the Southern Pole.

The soap, which was originally manufactured in



Mr. Barratt in his Office.

expert jurors of twenty international exhibitions have aided and abetted the fraud, Pears' soap comes as near to ideal excellence as it is possible for manufactured articles to attain unto in this fallen world. According to Dr. J. L. Milton, the senior surgeon and lecturer at St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, the ideal soap should contain 15 per cent. of ordinary moisture, nearly 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of soda, and 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of oil. Pears' soap contains 7.25 per cent. of soda, 67.4 per cent. of oil, and 15 per cent. of moisture. It is a transparent soap, devoid of any colouring matter. It is boiled in alcohol and is so solid that it can be

a small back room behind the shop, is now turned out by a thousand tons in the great factory at Isleworth. Soap vats do not readily lend themselves to dithyrambics, but Mr. Andrew Pears, who reigns over the Kingdom of Soap at Isleworth, feels a pardonable pride in contemplating the extent and the perfection of his works. Here every part of the process is gone through which converts the various combinations of oleaginous matter and chemicals, which, when deftly blended together, and judiciously cooked in boiling alcohol, and stored for twelve months in airy warehouses, finally issue to the world as Pears' soap.



"LITTLE BOBS."

(Coloured Plate, one of three, presented with Pears' Annual, 1901.)

*If Cleanliness is next to
godliness, Soap must be
indispensable as a means
of grace. And a clergyman
who recommends moral
things, should be willing
to recommend Soap*

Henry Ward Beecher,

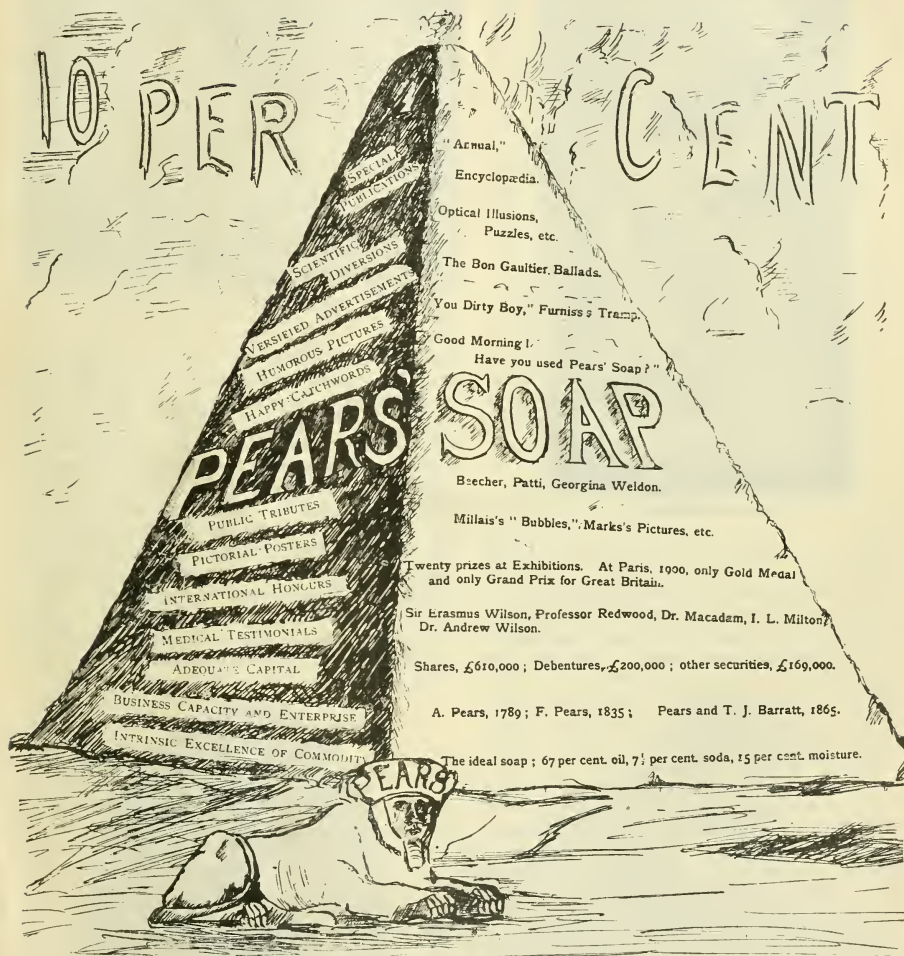
Mr. Thomas J. Barratt is the Chairman of the Board of Directors. Mr. Barratt, now in the full vigour of manhood's prime, upon which his forty years of service in the firm appear to have left no mark, is the presiding and inspiring genius of the commercial part of the business. He is a Londoner born and bred. He served his apprenticeship in a City house, and came, while still a young man, to build up and extend the old-established business of Messrs. Pears. For ten years he has been chairman of the company, and it is not too much to say that to his versatility, ingenuity, and industry is largely due the supreme commercial position which it occupies at the present time. Mr. Barratt is a man of immense courage, of assured self-confidence, of boundless resource, and weariless energy. To push the sale of Pears' soap is not only his business—it is his recreation and his religion. He may have his doubts on other things, but he believes in Pears' soap down to the ground. He is the most weariless preacher of what is next to godliness—a veritable apostle of the gospel of soap and water. And verily he has his reward. The capital of A. and F. Pears to-day is close upon a million sterling, and the dividend for the year ending October, 1900, was 10 per cent.

The aim of Mr. Barratt's ambition has been to impress upon the mind of the whole human race that the right way of spelling soap is not S-O-A-P, as the dictionaries would have it, but P-E-A-R-S. To this end he has devoted his life, and in "realms which Caesar never knew" he has gone far to realise his ideal. Of Pears' soap it may be said, as was said of old time of the Sun, there is no speech or language where his voice is not heard. In almost every tongue heard under the broad canopy of heaven, he proclaims the marvellous excellence of Pears' soap. The other day I visited Glasgow Exhibition, and was confronted at every turn by advertisements of Pears' soap, until you began to feel that the whole Exhibition was little

more than a gigantic hoarding or stationary sandwich-man for Pears. And so it is, more or less, everywhere. If you take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, even then he will follow you with his enamelled discs and picture posters. The Russians have not yet finished the bridging of Asia by their gigantic trans-Siberian railway, but so far as they got, they had to take "Pears" with them, and all railway cars along the new line are supplied with Pears' soap. On the Indian railways it is the same: their enamelled signs meet you at every station. Survey mankind from China to Peru, and everywhere you are saluted with "Good morning! Have you used Pears' soap?" The King's morning drum-beat which follows the sun round the world is accompanied everywhere by the heralds of this indispensable soap. Cities where the King's writ does not run welcome its posters. Only the other day an enterprising young business man from Cairo came to complain that they did not get enough advertisements from Pears' for the vernacular press of the land of the Pharaohs. If the world does not know a good thing when they



"I am 50 to-day, but thanks to Pears' Soap my complexion is only 17."—GEORGINA WELDON.



The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic steps of—(Pears).

—After Longfellow.



"You Dirty Boy!"

have got it, it will not be the fault of Messrs. Pears.

To impress the idea that soap begins with a P, they exhaust all the resources of ingenuity in order to secure the support of those whose names are known by their fellow-men. They get most of them without money and without price. One of their most successful advertisements was given them in autograph, in sheer good nature, by Henry Ward Beecher. Mrs. Georgina Weldon's well-known certificate was equally spontaneous. There is no one of note whom they would not gladly yoke to their triumphal car. If they could use the whole bench of bishops as sandwichmen, and make even the great Lord Mayor's gilded coach a peripatetic advertisement for their unequalled soap, they would do so with a light heart.

One of the greatest successes in this way was their purchase for purposes of reproduction, as an advertisement, of Sir John Millais' charming picture of his little nephew blowing soap-bubbles. For this picture Mr. Barratt paid £2,200. It was, in Millais' own opinion, one of the best he ever painted, and he regarded it with personal affection inspired by the little lad whose features have been made familiar to hundreds of millions throughout the world. How many millions of copies of this picture have been reproduced, even Messrs. Pears themselves do not know. They have printed them by the million in all shapes and sizes, and the money these reproductions have cost throws the

original price of the picture or even the present value far into the shade. Shortly before Sir John Millais' death they had secured his promise to paint a series of subject pictures for use in similar fashion, for the late President of the Royal Academy was fully convinced that for the million no more efficient way could be devised for familiarising them with good art than by a combination between the artist and the advertiser. They were not less successful with Mr. Marks, R.A., nor do they despair of convincing the whole artist world that the day will come when artists will compete as eagerly for the privilege of supplying posters for great advertisers as they now compete for the privilege of being hung on the line in the Academy.

It would be a great mistake to think that Mr. Barratt confines his advertising to posters and hoardings. He has been, and is, one of the greatest advertisers in newspapers and periodicals. How many hundreds of thousands of pounds this *Mecenas* of Oxford-street has contributed to the fund by which popular literature is fed, no one knows. The largest sum ever spent in a single year by Messrs. Pears in advertising was £126,000, and of this a goodly sum must have found its way into the pocket of publishers. But Mr. Barratt is himself a publisher. "Pears' Annual" for several years has been one of the most popular, if not the most popular, of our illustrated Christmas publications. It has, indeed, been almost too successful. Last year it showed signs of advancing to half a million. This year no more than 300,000 copies will be printed, and those who want it will have to order it betimes.



"Bubbles" Electric Night-Light.



He Won't be Happy till He gets It.

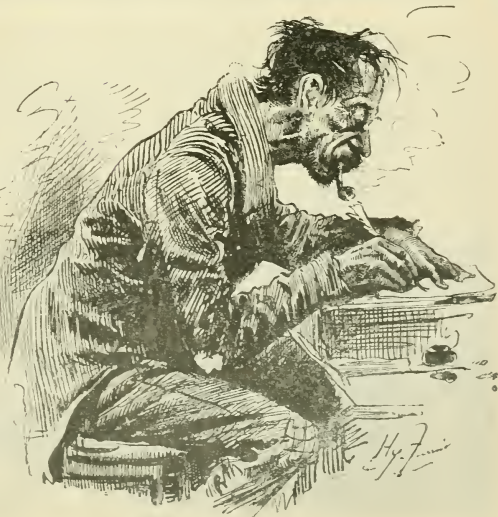
At one time he used the magic-lantern for advertising purposes, but at present he confines himself to displaying in his windows in Oxford-street the admirable living pictures by the aid of the kinetoscope. The picture of the Dirty Boy being actually washed is very humorous. The statuette of the Dirty Boy has been one of the most famous of Messrs. Pears' advertisements. It deserves to rank side by side with the Millais picture, and the familiar baby in the bath, who "won't be happy till he gets it."

Mr. Barratt first saw the original baby in the bath as a small detail in a picture in Paris. He bought the right to reproduce it at a handsome figure, and issued it as "A Knight of the Bath." It was a dead failure. But by some happy inspiration he rechristened it, "He won't be happy till he gets it," and instantly it "caught on" like wildfire. In this case the whole success of the advertisement lay in the inscription. Another most popular advertisement, perhaps in some respects the most successful of all, had no picture to help it into popularity. I refer to the famous "Good morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?" Mr. Barratt told me how this originated. He was sitting meditating one evening when the thought occurred to him. "What a queer fellow Epps is! I wonder how he hit upon that phrase 'grateful and comforting' to describe his cocoa. Whenever we hear these words we think of Epps." From this he fell a-thinking whether he could not link Pears' soap as indissolubly on to an even more familiar phrase. He asked himself, and then he asked his friends, what phrase was in most constant use. They made out lists, and from all it appeared that "Good

Morning" headed the list. So he decided to link Pears' Soap on to Good Morning. The phrase "Good Morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?" was advertised simultaneously in all the papers, and achieved an immediate and durable success.

Another very successful catch phrase owed the greatest popularity to a caricature in "Punch." Mr. Barratt had been publishing a series of testimonials, with portraits of persons who declared that "since first they discovered Pears' Soap they had used no other." Mr. Harry Furniss contributed to "Punch" the familiar picture of the dirty, out-of-elbows tramp, writing a declaration: "Two years ago I used your soap, since when I have used no other." The humour of the drawing tickled the public, and by Mr. Agnew's permission the sketch became one of the most valuable of the advertising assets of Messrs. Pears.

One of the most brilliant advertising coups of Messrs. Pears led to the passing of an Act of Parliament. In the early eighties French ten centime pieces were freely accepted as the equivalent of the English penny; but they were not coin of the realm, and were, therefore, fair game for the advertiser. Messrs. Pears imported hundreds of thousands of the French copper coin, stamped them all with the word "Pears," and put them in circulation. Commissionaires with bags were supplied with Pears' stamped ten-centime pieces at fourteen to the shilling. They made 2d. in the shilling by disposing of them at omnibus stands and elsewhere. The whole town was set talking



Pears' pennies, and at last the Government had interfere and pass a special Act of Parliament, bidding the circulation of French coin after a certain date. The Government bought up all the Pears' pennies, and melted them down. So ended the brief but brilliant run of one of Mr. Barratt's any inventions.

This was not the only time Pears' figured in Parliament. On one occasion Mr. Gladstone, when desirous of illustrating vast numbers, said, "They are as numerous as the advertisements of Pears' soap or as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa."

As a rule Messrs. Pears have avoided punning advertisements. But Messrs. P. have succumbed at last. Shakespeare, who wrote about everything, never mentions soap. But in the chorus to the third act of "Henry V." Mr. Barratt discovered that by a slight alteration in the spacing it is possible to discover, not only soap, but Pears' soap in Shakespeare. Their latest advertisement displays a portrait of the Immortal Bard, inscribed, "Shakespeare saves his Bacon." The quotation now runs thus:—

"For SOAP PEARS this fleet majesticl."

Besides the pictorial advertisement, Messrs. Pears have indulged, although sparingly, in rhyme. One of the most amusing of their versified advertisements was the "Unpacific Yarn," which described in nonsense verses how Bishop Q., of Wan-aloo, worked the miracle of making a black man white by the use of Pears' soap. But the most notable advertisement in verse came to them as an unsought-for gift from the gods in the Bon

Gaultier ballads. In "Paris and Helen," Sir Theodore Martin describes how Paris sought in vain the secret of Helen's peerless beauty. "'Twas a gift she had from Venus," sacredly preserved in a casket with a golden key. The ballad tells how

Paris "Eagerly the lid uncloses,
Sees within it, laid aslope,
Fragrant of the sweetest roses,
Cakes of Pears' Transparent Soap."

Science has also been laid under contribution, and a whole series of optical illusions have been employed to rivet the word "Pears" upon the popular mind. They have used puzzles sparingly, but they have been most prodigal in book-markers, and in all manner of cardboard toys.

The result of all this prodigal devotion of brains and cash to the advertising of Pears' soap has been that Pears leads the world. The lead has been honestly gained by legitimate means. In securing the sale of Pears' soap the firm has incidentally given an immense stimulus to popular literature, has aided in developing the art of colour-printing, and has done a great deal in a humble way to familiarise the far-off races of distant continents with the idea that London, where Pears' soap comes from, is one of the greatest distributing centres in the world.

It has been well said that there is no such non-conductor of human sympathy as dirt, and those who make good soap may be said to be among not the least efficient or the least recognised servants of the great cause of the fraternity of mankind. And among these Messrs. Pears hold the foremost place.



The Factory at Isleworth.

BUY DIRECT OF THE MANUFACTURERS and SAVE FIFTY PER CENT.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,

BELFAST, IRELAND. LTD.,

AND 156, 164, 166, AND 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address,
"LINEN—Belfast."



Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers,

AND FURNISHERS, BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING,
THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK,

Members of the Royal Family, and all the Courts of Europe.

Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions,
Regiments, and the General Public, direct with every description of



HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Which, being **WOVEN BY HAND**, Wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining Direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common power-loom goods.

IRISH LINENS: Real Irish Linen Sheetting, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 1/11 per yard; 2½ yards wide, 2/4 per yard. Roller Towelling, 18in. wide, 3d. per yard. Surplice Linen, 7d. per yard. Dusters, from 3/3 per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, 4/9 per doz. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 8jd. per yard. Our special Soft Finished Longcloth, from 3d. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN: Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/6; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5/6 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11/3d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel, or Mess Orders)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS: Fine quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold pure linen fronts and cuffs, 35/6 the half doz. (to measure 2/- extra). New Designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Finishes for the Season. OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 14/- the half doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS: "The Cambrics of Robinson and Cleaver have a world-wide fame"—The "Queen." "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—"Sydney's Home Journal." Children's, 1/3 per doz. Ladies', 2/3 per doz. Gentlemen's, 3/3 per doz. Hemstitched.—Ladies', 2/9 per doz. Gentlemen's, 3/11 per doz.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS: COLLARS.—Ladies' 3-fold, 3/6 per doz. Gentlemen's 4-fold, all newest shapes, 4/11 per doz. CUFFS.—For Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—"Court Circular."

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING: A luxury now within the reach of all Ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 2/3; Nightdresses, 3/11; Combinations, 4/6. India or Colonial Outfits, £9 19s. 6d.; Bridal Trouseaux, £6 7s. 6d.; Infants' Layettes, £2 19s. 6d. (see list).

IRISH POPLINS AND DRESS MATERIALS: Every Novelty for the Season at lowest wholesale prices. The "Queen" newspaper says: "It is far better economy to buy from Robinson and Cleaver."

OUR ROYAL ULSTER FLEECE TRAVELLING RUG
Is the Handsomest, Softest, Warmest, Lightest, and Cheapest in the World.

PRICE 15/6, Extraordinary Value.

FACTORIES AT BELFAST, BALLYKELLY, AND BANBRIDGE, IRELAND.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all letter orders and inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to BELFAST, IRELAND.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

By "AUSTRALIAN."

Mammoth Borrowings.

To those who have spoken idly and in ignorance of the true extent of the Great Australasian Debt, the figures of our total borrowings during the past twelve months must have come as a somewhat severe shock. We set out below the exact extent of the loans raised and compare the same with the previous year's increase in indebtedness:—

ISSUED LOCALLY.

	1900.	1901.
Victorian Government	£850,000	£1,160,000
Metropolitan Board of Works ..	600,000	700,000
Melbourne City Council.	—	350,000
Savings Banks (Victorian)	250,000	225,000
New South Wales Government ..	1,300,000	1,600,000
Sydney City Council.	—	225,000
Queensland Government	—	1,110,000
South Australian Government ..	650,000	550,000
Tasmanian Government.	—	250,000
New Zealand Government	—	650,000
Total	£3,650,000	£6,815,000

*These issues are for loans to farmers.

In the totals for each Government the sales of stock privately are included.

ISSUED IN LONDON.

	1900.	1901.
Victorian Government	—	£3,000,000
N.S.W. Government	*1,000,000	£5,000,000
Queensland Government	1,400,000	1,374,213

PHŒNIX



ASSURANCE CO.

Fire Losses Paid Exceed £23,000,000.

Premium Income Exceeds £1,100,000.

VICTORIAN BRANCH: 60 MARKET ST., MELBOURNE.

ROBERT W. MARTIN, Manager.

South Australian Government..	1,000,000	—
West Australian Government..	1,880,000	1,500,000
Tasmanian Government	—	450,000
New Zealand Government	*300,000	1,500,000

Total

*4 per cent. Treasury bills.

†For conversion purposes.

‡£1,000,000 of this total was at 4 per cent. T.B. for four years.

Total local and London borrowings, 1900 ..	£9,230,000
Total local and London borrowings, 1901 ..	19,639,213

All but £3,000,000 (the Victorian loan) of last year's borrowings was for conversion purposes; the new issues were all for carrying on either the Governments and corporations or their works. We have not the slightest desire to make out the financial position of Australia worse than it is, but, as we have previously pointed out, an awakening to facts now will prove far more useful than much lachrymose regret at some future date when the incubus of our great debt proves too much for the husbandmen and industrious workers of the country.

New Loans.

In addition to the loans set out above, the Commonwealth wants £1,000,000, the Victorian Government £500,000, the New South Wales Government £2,500,000, and other States smaller sums all within the next few months. There is in reality a boom in borrowing, and though Victoria has, so far, kept out of the disgraceful extravagance which has marked the administration of the finances of New South Wales and the confusion of accounts which has followed the administration of Queensland's finances, by "a business Cabinet," there is evidence sufficient to show that if Victoria continues to keep the public accounts as at present, she will be forced to materially increase her non-reproductive expenditure. The public of Victoria should always be wide awake to the possibilities of financial trouble being forced on them by bad government since the crisis of 1893, and possibly, therefore, they may be relied on to resist any return to extravagance in public works, but they are now allowing much useless expenditure to be carried on, and the Parliament of the State, steeped as it is in ignorance of our financial position, votes sums for this and sums for that regardless of consequences. Now that the tariff and the fiscal issue have been relegated to a higher Parliament, it is to be hoped that the next election cry will not be Constitutional reform or no Constitutional reform, but "Economy, or Extravagance?" The cry which is being raised now is but a part of the greater question mentioned, which should be brought prominently before the public.

Checking Expenditure.

In reviewing the position of the States and the tendency of legislation enacted during the past few years, we have pointed out frequently that much of the trouble has arisen through the want of organisation among what may be termed the middle classes. The Labour party have their strong associations or unions, and a solid political platform, and the capitalists, few in number, easily work together. The majority of those between the two parties mentioned have no organisation whatever. Some alarm is now being felt at the reckless expenditure of the States, and the socialistic tendency of legislation, especially in New South Wales, and the result is that a meeting of patriotic citizens has been held in that centre to consider the expediency of organising to oppose further extravagance and experimental

legislation, a reduction in taxation, and the protection of private enterprise from the inroads of ultra-democratic Governments. The proposed objects are set out thus:—

- (1) Reduction of expenditure by Federal and State Governments.
- (2) Opposition to increase of land and income taxes.
- (3) Reduction of members of State Parliaments.
- (4) No interference by Government with private enterprise.
- (5) Opposition to extreme socialistic legislation.

The scheme is a good one, except that it is proposed to bind the work of the proposed organisation within certain boundaries, which, at some future date, might prove irksome. For instance, it is questionable whether item 2 should not be amended to "Opposition to increase of all taxation." The incidence of taxation might be varied, such as an increase on land and reduction under other headings, which the proposed association would be forced to fight. The reduction of members of State Parliaments is not nearly so important as the reduction of the time of sitting of State Parliaments. Let there be but one sitting of the State Parliament every year, say, for sixty days—an absolute limit—following the American State plan, and the number of members of the Parliament, who really cost but little, would be a safeguard rather than an assistance to over legislation, which is the bane of the country.

Australasian Gold Yield.

The figures show that there has, as we predicted, been a considerable increase in the Australasian gold yield. We append the figures, in crude ounces, for all the States except Victoria, which gives her return in fine ounces:—

	1901. oz.	1900. oz.
Western Australia	1,881,756	1,580,950
Queensland	816,592	951,456
Victoria	790,050	821,007
New South Wales	279,724	345,650
South Australia	31,000	24,086
Tasmania	79,000	81,125
Commonwealth	3,878,122	3,804,274
New Zealand	455,559	373,616

Australasia 4,333,681 . . 4,177,890

The increase is a very satisfactory one, though it is almost wholly due to Western Australia. A comparison of the figures is appended:—

	Australia. oz.	New Zealand. oz.	Australasia. oz.
1861	2,434,535	194,031	2,628,566
1871	1,837,028	730,029	2,567,057
1881	1,334,976	270,561	1,605,537
1891	1,411,469	251,966	1,663,465
1899	4,048,582	389,558	4,438,140
1900	3,804,274	373,616	4,177,890
1901	3,878,122	455,559	4,333,681

The figures are not a record (1899 topped all previous yields), but they represent about £16,000,000 (allowing for crude ounces), and it is almost certain that Australasia will once more figure as the chief gold-producer of the world, owing to the difficulties now attending mining in South Africa. The world's gold production is thus compared:—

	Weight. Fine ounces.	Value. £
1891	5,991,877	25,451,877
1892	6,835,440	29,035,105
1893	7,345,963	31,203,666
1894	8,647,488	36,732,194
1895	9,345,568	39,697,448
1896	9,725,496	41,311,154
1897	11,385,072	48,360,709
1898	13,959,601	59,296,616
1899	14,900,145	63,291,791
1900	12,370,054	52,544,649

About 28 per cent. of the world's gold production is taken out of Australasian mines.

The Australian Mints.

The receipts of gold at the Australian mints in 1901 showed a moderate increase on the previous year's figures. We compare the totals thus:—

	RECEIPTS.			
	1898. oz.	1899. oz.	1900. oz.	1901. oz.
Melbourne	1,555,996	1,513,601	1,146,071	1,048,239
Sydney	719,965	948,743	1,044,517	864,654
Perth	—	209,418	581,200	860,372

Australia 2,275,961 2,671,762 2,771,788 2,773,245

The issues of the mints showed a decline, as the following figures show:—

	ISSUES.			
	1898. oz.	1899. oz.	1900. oz.	1901. oz.
Melbourne	5,815,610	5,835,269	4,484,654	4,075,234
Sydney	2,618,210	3,272,445	3,731,738	3,030,868
Perth	—	690,990	1,945,077	2,910,525

Australia 8,433,820 9,898,704 10,161,469 10,016,627

The business of the mints is immense, and it is satisfactory to find that negotiations between the Australian Governments and the Home authorities have advanced to a point that suggests the coining of silver in these States at an early date.

The Banking Position.

Trade has been quiet, production has decreased, and mining is dead, so we cannot speak hopefully of the banking position. Still, the latest banking returns, considering these facts, are satisfactory. A comparison of the leading figures is appended:—

	Dec., 1899.	Dec., 1900.	Dec., 1901.
Notes	£951,796	£963,446	£947,593
Public deposits (current)	12,149,388	12,099,300	11,990,440
Public deposits (fixed)	14,255,466	14,759,271	15,130,822
Government deposits	2,705,244	2,840,102	2,557,814
Coin and bullion	6,971,796	7,777,858	7,051,313
Advances and discounts	30,143,323	30,612,533	31,263,825
Total assets	40,522,115	41,755,924	41,460,638
Total liabilities	31,274,373	31,895,569	31,856,495

A comparison of this kind appeals to readers more than reams of explanatory matter. The improvement in deposits is satisfactory, especially in the fixed accounts. In the Government account such "leanness" is shown that an early loan is certain. Advances and discounts are heavier, and will probably increase freely in the second quarter of the current year. Should local borrowing be continued actively we may expect to see a dearer money market in the second half of this year.

The Trustees, Executors and Agency Co., Ltd.

The above company, according to its accounts for the half-year ended December 31 last, continues to make fair progress, though its balance-sheet is not as satisfactory as could be desired. We append a comparison of the principal items in the accounts:—

	Dec., 1899.	Dec., 1900.	Dec., 1901.
Capital	£90,000	£90,000	£90,000
Reserve fund	—	5,000	5,000
Property	65,000	65,000	65,000
Investments	45,692	48,612	50,692
Cash	4,296	5,949	5,424
Total expenses	5,840	6,081	5,302
Net profit	2,692	3,745	2,783
Interest	606	551	575
Commissions, etc.	7,934	9,274	7,946

To form a reserve fund this company wrote up its holdings in the A.D. and M. Bank to a considerable extent. The balance-sheet values and actual market prices compare thus:—

THE
COLONIAL MUTUAL
FIRE
 INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

FIRE . . .
 ACCIDENT . . .
 EMPLOYER'S
 LIABILITY . . .
 FIDELITY
 GUARANTEE. } **Insurance.**
 PLATE-GLASS
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 MARINE. . .

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 ADELAIDE—71 King William Street.
 BRISBANE—Creek Street.
 PERTH—Barrack Street.
 HOBART—Collins Street.
 LONDON—St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, E.C.

WM. L. JACK,
 MANAGER.

AUSTRALIAN
MUTUAL PROVIDENT
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HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR BONUSES.

Cash Bonus for One Year, 1900—£537,895
Cash Bonuses already divided £9,253,771

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MOST ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT.
MOST STRINGENT RESERVES.

EVERY YEAR A BONUS YEAR.

DIRECTORS OF THE VICTORIA BRANCH:

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 JAMES CRICK, ESQ., J.P., DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN.
 THE HON. A. DEAKIN, M.P. JOHN COOKE, ESQ.
 WILLIAM HENRY MILLER, ESQ.

659 Collins Street,
 Melbourne.

W. J. WALKER,
 RESIDENT SECRETARY.

	Book Value.	Market Value.
Deposit receipts	£14,000	.. £11,200
Preference shares	2,800	.. 2,800
Total	£16,800	.. £14,000

The difference of £2,800 should be written off, while a margin on market value would be businesslike. The company has a splendid trust business, as the following comparison shows:—

	Dec., 1899.	Dec., 1900.	Dec., 1901.
Amount at credit	£6,277,747	£6,326,344	£6,569,543
Advances and mortgages	1,982,409	1,758,457	1,966,412
Debentures, etc.	740,195	£86,608	915,938
Property	2,493,737	2,557,705	2,503,537
Other securities	990,915	1,082,083	1,089,185
Cash	61,591	91,490	94,470

What the company wants is a strong reserve fund, and it is to be hoped that the management will be firm enough to impress on shareholders the absolute necessity of building up this account to respectable dimensions. Trustee companies are far safer than private trustees, for the simple reason that they cannot abscond, and, if proved wrong in their actions, are always able to pay.

The Bank of Victoria, Ltd.

An excellent half-year has been completed by this institution, and it is worthy of more than passing note that the profits earned are greater than in any previous half-year since the crisis. Albeit they represent scarcely 4½ per cent. on the paid-up capital, ordinary shareholders will evidently have to wait another year for their expected 5 per cent. dividend to place them on the same footing with the preference shareholders. Late results of the bank compare thus:—

	Net profit.	Reserve.	Dividends.
			Pref. Ord.
Dec., 1901	£33,136	.. £10,000	5 p.c. .. 3 p.c.
June, 1901	31,391	.. —	5 .. 3
Dec., 1900	30,178	.. 20,000	5 .. 3
June, 1900	28,554	.. —	5 .. 2½
Dec., 1899	27,906	.. 30,000	5 .. —
June, 1899	27,637	.. —	5 .. —
Dec., 1898	27,800	.. 20,000	5 .. —
June, 1898	24,340	.. 50,000	5 .. —

The chief headings of the balance-sheet compare thus:—

	Dec., 1900.	Dec., 1901.
Capital	£1,478,010	.. £1,478,010
Notes	132,675	.. 136,322
Reserve fund	120,000	.. 130,000
Deposits	4,650,990	.. 4,752,498
Liquid assets	1,727,666	.. 1,906,689
Advances and discounts	4,950,574	.. 4,867,111

The bank's steady improvement is a matter for congratulation. The disclosures re salaries paid have not done the bank much good, nor, indeed, were the chairman's threats taken kindly by the general public. On the other hand, the business is a solid one, and when banking conditions improve a considerable advance in the bank's profits will be noticeable, provided full provision has been made for depreciation and losses by the boom.

Insurance News and Notes.

The insurance on Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Shamrock was done at Lloyd's for five guineas per cent. per annum, including the voyage to America and back and the races.

Sunday, December 15, was the 53rd anniversary of the birth of the Australian Mutual Provident Society, and its flags were flying on the following day in honour of the occasion.

We have been informed that the management of the Victorian branch of the Alliance Marine and General Assurance Company has been placed in the hands of Mr. A. A. Locke (in succession to Mr. Clement E. Jarrett resigned), as from the 1st inst., and that, in future, the business of the company will be conducted at its new offices, Imperial Buildings, 410 Collins-street (corner of Bank Place), Melbourne.

A fire was observed on the evening of Christmas Day by the watch on the s.s. Wilcannia, which was berthed at the Port Melbourne railway pier. It was found that the coal in the bunkers had taken fire, and the ship's hose was run out. This was found insufficient, and the Metropolitan Brigade was called. The large fire engine was used to pump water into the vessel's hold, and the flames appeared to have been got under. The following day, however, they broke out with renewed violence, and burnt for several days before they were finally extinguished. The cargo of coal had to be discharged before the vessel was permitted to proceed to sea. The hull was practically uninjured.

The Equitable Life of U.S. has increased its limit on a single life from £40,000 to £50,000.

The meeting of shareholders of the United Australian Mutual Fire Insurance Company, to consider the proposed sale of its business to the Colonial Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Limited, was held at 405 Collins-street on December 24. The chairman stated that they recommended the sale of the whole of the goodwill and assets of the company for the sum of 2s. 6d. per share on the 192,048 shares on the register, expenses of liquidation to be met by the vendors. The motion was carried, and Mr. James Moore and Mr. Alfred Webster, the manager, were appointed liquidators at a fee of fifty guineas each.

According to an ordinance of the German Government, all foreign insurance companies, fire, life, security, or employers' liability, are now under the control of a special bureau of the Imperial Government, and the concessions to do business are granted and signed by the Imperial Chancellor. The effect of this law, "Commercial Intelligence" says, is to place the whole system on a uniform and much broader basis than previously, when the various kingdoms, States, or provinces had different regulations. Foreign companies require to qualify for the whole empire, and have the right of appeal to the Chancellor, instead of the numerous and various State officials.—"Journal of Commerce."

"Coast Review" contains an interesting table of fire and life claims in the United States, showing the total amounts paid and the ratios of contested claims. In 1900, fire companies paid no less than 89,566,349 dol., and, the contested cases involving 1,430,992 dol., the proportion of the disputed claims to the total sum paid was 1.60. The life companies during the same period paid 120,945,587 dol., and contested the payment of 965,631 dol.; the ratio in this department was thus only 0.80. For 1899 the ratios were 1.39 and 0.99. It should be mentioned that the figures relate only to the business of those companies reporting to the New York Insurance Department.

A disastrous fire occurred on the premises of Messrs. Dillon, Burrows and Co., manufacturing confectioners, at Pyrmont, Sydney, on the 26th ult. The building rapidly flamed from end to end, and the efforts of the brigade were powerless to save it. The factory was completely destroyed, together with the valuable machinery. The insurance was about £12,000.

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THE POINTS OF THE 1900 REPORT.
Annual Premium Income, £317,192 Sterling.
New Ordinary Branch Assurances Issued,
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SYDNEY.**

Mr. Clement E. Jarrett, formerly agent for the Alliance Marine and General Company, has been appointed general agent of the Maritime Insurance Company, Limited, of Liverpool. This company was established in 1863, and has a paid-up capital of £100,000, and a net premium income of £250,429.

A serious outbreak of bush fires occurred in several country centres of Victoria at the close of last month. The principal districts visited were Broadford, Kilmore, St. James, and Thoonia, near Benalla. The latter was the scene of the disastrous bush fires of last summer, when enormous loss was caused to the farmers of the district.

About three a.m. on the 30th ult. a fire broke out on the premises of Mason Bros., Limited, general mer-

chants, Pitt-street, Sydney. The building is a large one of several stories, closely adjoining others of a similar character. Lines of hose were laid on in front, and, to get at the rear, an entrance was forced into McCarron, Stewart and Co.'s premises adjoining. Hoses were carried through this building, and the balconies connecting the windows of both buildings, which have been made compulsory under the Building Act, were used to much advantage to fight the fire from, and it was soon got under. Extensive damage was done to the building and stock of Mason Bros., which consisted principally of crockery in bulk. McCarron, Stewart's premises were partially damaged by water.

A sensational occurrence took place on the electric railway near Liverpool last month. The train was approaching an underground station, and by some unknown means, but probably caused by electricity, took fire. The flames spread to a heap of sleepers coated with tar. These burned fiercely, and the tunnel soon became like a furnace, with the result that the train was completely destroyed. A number of passengers perished before they could be rescued.

The Colonial Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Limited, held a special meeting on the 31st ult. to consider a recommendation of the directors of the company to purchase the assets and goodwill of the United Australian Mutual Fire Insurance Company. The chairman stated that the latter company was founded in 1879, had a net income of £15,035, and the losses, compared with premiums, were 50 per cent. The expenses were heavy, however, and the company had not been progressive of late. The purchase money would amount to £24,000. The assets included valuable properties in Collins-street, Melbourne, and Pitt-street, Sydney, and the directors considered the acquisition of the business would mean a substantial increase of income, with a proportionate addition to the profits. A resolution to complete the purchase was unanimously carried.

Mr. T. P. Purves, general manager for Australasia of the New York Life Insurance Company, has received a cable message from the head office in New York, stating that the new business for 1901 actually paid for amounted to £53,900,000, and that the total insurance in force now amounts to £280,896,000, being a gain of thirty-three and a half millions sterling for a year.

Cable advice has been received in Melbourne from the head offices of the Phoenix Assurance Company and the Atlas Assurance Company that the provisional agreements for the amalgamation of the two companies will not be completed.



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